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TALKS AND TALES.

A MAGAZINE

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The Conn. Institute and Industrial Home for the Blind,

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HARTFORD, CONN.

F. E. CLEAVELAND, President.

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FOR THE BLIND.

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We are pleased to make acknowledgements to the following hotels for the substantial aid received for our Industrial Home for the Blind, through the courtesy of the proprietors and the generosity of their guests. We wish also to thank the proprietors for the opportunity given us to present the cause and needs of our Home, and we hope to make some return to them for their kindness by publishing in TALKS and TALES, before the beginning of the next season for the reception of summer guests, brief descriptions of the attractions of the hotels below mentioned.

Mt. Everett House, So. Egremont, Mass., $18.41; Interlarken Inn, Lakeville, Conn., $21.05; Red Lion Inn, Stockbridge, Mass., $23.80; Curtis Hotel, Lenox, Mass., $16.10; Berkshire Inn, Gt. Barrington, Mass., $18.80; Wononsco House, Lakeville, Conn., $12.65; Sharon Inn, Sharon, Conn., $19.86.

LAURELS IN BLOOM, LOVERS LANE, NORFOLK, CONN.

TALKS AND TALES.

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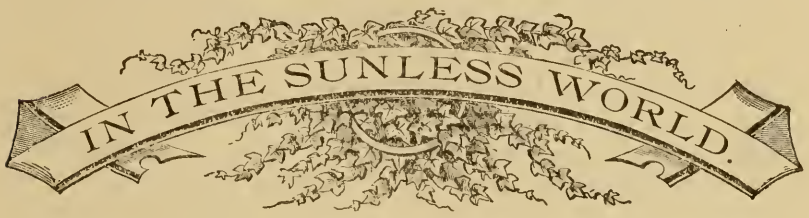

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

DOES this title sound paradoxical to the reader? Then it is because he has never learned the value of making the greatest use of all the senses with which he has been provided. How do we define beauty? The poet has said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and a feeling of pleasure, or joy, in beholding that which is grand, or beautiful, is but the responsive action of the mind, to what is conveyed to it through the sense of sight.

Seal the eyes forever and you begin to appreciate that exquisite pleasure that may come into the mind and soul through the medium of your remaining senses.

An imprisoned colt let out into the green fields, expresses only in a dumb way the pleasure which it is possible for the blind to experience as they walk through the shaded wood listening to the song of birds; or seated on the bank of a rippling brook enjoying the balmy air, sweet with the scent of violets, and the music of the streamlet with its merry tinkling silvery sound as it dances along, singing it's own song of greeting and farewell.

Would you get a glimpse into the life of one of the inhabitants of the sunless world, who finds happiness and joy upon every hand, then listen to the words of Alfred Hirst, who, after twenty-two years of blindness, writes as follows of his experience:

"For nearly a month past, our garden has furnished us with wall flowers and sweet violets, yet up to this date neither the blackbird, his cousin the thrush, nor the skylark, has deigned to give us a song. The birds are amongst my dearest friends.

"The blind are, more than the sighted, subject to insomnia. Now when they can not set up that barrier betwixt day and night which is the dear mother of fresh thought and joyous health, the movements of the sparrows in the ivy, or the small birds' melodies amongst the orchard trees, tell them, as the latter told Wordsworth, that day has begun once more. I await, too, the arrival of the cuckoo with more impatience, year by year. The 'double shout' of that blithe new comer, that thrice welcome darling of the Spring, that blessed bird has a peculiar charm for me.

"I can no longer see the rural sights which once delighted me, but I am sure that rural sounds please me more than ever.

"The songs of birds, the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of cattle, the music of the winds and waves, all please alike, and enable me to see with my mind's eye what others behold.

"Nor does the sense of smell lag far behind that of hearing in yielding pleasure.

"Milton in a passage of great beauty, describes the pleasure which he felt when after being for a long time pent up in a populous city he sallied forth to breathe among pleasant villages and farms, and how thoroughly he revelled in the 'smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine or dairy,' but I would add scores of other and more delicious odors to this modest catalogue.

"My sense of smell has become much more sensitive since I lost that of sight. I could give instances illustrative of this fact, but I will give only one here. I was at the Cape of Good Hope in October of 1881. Whilst driving with a party of friends from Capetown to Constantine, I suddenly became aware that I was surrounded with a very familiar odor, but one which I had not enjoyed for nearly twenty years. I said, 'Surely we are driving through gum trees.' 'That is so,' replied a friend.

"Miss Helen Keller possesses this sense in such a highly developed state, that she can turn from one rare flower to another and give their names without any mistake. Of course there is no difficulty in doing this with such flowers as violets, cowslips, wall flowers, mignonette, lillies and the like and I could soon learn to distinguish between a score or so of the best roses. As it is I can tell a John Hopper from a Bessie Johnson, and both from either LaFrance or Homer, whilst a Marshall Neil differs almost less in form and color from a Gloire de Dijohn then it does in scent.

"Few sighted persons I imagine experience more delights than I do in out-door exercise. Often when jaded with overwork, I feel amends if I can take my favorite walk to Whitby, by a route which takes me for the last mile along the beach to the foot of the pier. On the beach when the tide is low and my spirits high, with the fine firm sand beneath the foot and facing the breath of heaven pure and sweet and the piers with their lighthouses, I

feel inclined to do that which the impotent man did after his interview with the apostles at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple."

The late Henry Fawcett, who by his example, put heart into his fellows in affliction everywhere, bore weighty testimony to the same effect, and in a great speech, appealed to the seeing to take their blind friends on long country walks.

Since the death of Dr. T. R. Armitage, now more than six years ago, perhaps the foremost man in the blind world has been Dr. F. J. Campbell, principal of the Royal Normal College. One day a few summers ago whilst walking in the beautiful grounds of the College at Upper Norwood, with the president, the Duke of Westminster, the latter exclaimed, "Dr. Campbell, it is terrible to think that you cannot see anything of this beautiful view." "Pardon me, your Grace," said the principal, "I know every spot and every tree, and while you look on the beauties you see, my imagination pictures the scene with beauties beyond my power of expression." Dr. Campbell's experience is not exceptional. It is shared by the intelligent blind everywhere.

Mr. Hirst again says, "Dreams form no unimportant or unpleasant part in my dark world. Like Homer's wandering hero I also have seen many goodly states and kingdoms and the faces of many men. I almost invariably dream that I can see. This is most delightful. Sometimes I am driving a carriole in Norway, but much oftener I am amid much cracking of stock whips some sixteen feet long, helping to yard three thousand or four thousand head of wild cattle on the western plains of South Australia, or watching the fleecy stock spreading and whitening on the plains. Very often I am riding down the swift Emu or hunting still that swifter creature, known among kangaroos as a flying doe—i. e., a doe without young. Not unfrequently I am at sea, slipping through the perpetual summer of the tropics, or sailing through the hundreds of icebergs in the Southern Ocean. Sometimes I am once more seated in a battery on a moor in Swaledale, and whilst waiting for the grouse, admire that lovely stream flowing betwixt rich meadows and the clouds floating along the opposite side of the valley. Not seldom I shoulder my crutch, as it were, and show how fields are won, by fighting over again a well contested match at cricket when Tom Emmet bowled in vain.

"One of the most curious things in connection with these dreams is that in them incidents which have happened since I became blind, appear before me as if I had seen them. This is the case with the incident in a long voyage which I made long after I had lost my sight. I see the ship and the islands we passed, the Cape of Good Hope where we called, and the faces of friends I then gained, but never actually saw. I have even in my waking hours vivid pictures of people with whom I frequently converse but have never beheld."

Hannah Mary's "Regrets."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

OLD lady Baxter sat by the front window, sewing carpet rags. The stiff, distorted fingers, and the swollen feet upon the cushioned stool, told their story of disablement, and it was in fierce defiance of fate that their owner maintained her reputation for being "tasty" in mixing colors, even after it had to be admitted that her "jinin'" was not what it once was. Each time she selected a bit from her motley material, her keen black eyes traveled to the window, pouncing upon whatever came within range with the clutch of possession; but there were few passers along the sleepy road except now and then a tow-headed boy on his way after the cows, ploughing his bare feet through the yellow dust and switching at the ragged mayweed along the edges. The smallest incidents moved her to querulous comment, and her gusty old voice had a dominant ring, as if all the repressed energy of locomotion had gone into it. Twenty years of meek servitude had not accustomed Hannah Mary to its quality of unexpectedness, and she still started whenever the strident tones came her way.

The little stand that held Hannah Mary's basket was out of range of her grandmother's eyes, and she was quite absorbed in her own fancies as she held up the hat she had been trimming, and turned it from side to side with an air of growing disapproval. What she really saw was a distracting vision of shimmering ribbons, roses of freshest pink, and mysterious, phantom-like feathers of glistening white, fluttering over Almira Baker's red-brown curls.

"Massy sakes, Hannah Mary!" demanded the imperative voice, "ain't you done fussin' over the bunnit? Fetch it here, an' lemme see it."

Hannah Mary meekly obeyed, and the poor little hat seemed actually to wilt under her grandmother's stare, as if conscious of its lack of merit.

"It don't look right, but I can't make out what ails it. It's done up real han'some, and the ribbon's good as ever 'twas on this side, but it seems to want something—I donno what."

"Well," laughed the old lady, "I can tell what it wants, it's air—they ain't a mite of air to it, Hannah Mary. Them bows ought to perk up, an' not look so dreadful meachin' and 'pologizin'. If you had a nice bunch of regrets to set it off—"

"What?"

"Regrets—them slim, white, spraggly feathers Mis' Baker bought for Almiry."

"Oh' them. There's lot's of pretty things if a body's got money."

"Money ain't all. There's such a thing as gumption, but if folks ain't born with it you can't put it into 'em. If I had the use of my hands, I'd show you a thing or two. I been studyin' over it ever since I laid my eyes on them regrets."

She laid down the ball of rags, and her eyes gleamed with a sudden inspiration. "See here, Hannah Mary, you look in the blue chist and fetch me them white turkey feathers we saved up."

Hannah Mary cast an imploring look at the back of her grandmother's head, but went obediently. There was but one opinion in that house, and that was old lady Baxter's. Other people might agree with it or not, as they pleased, but it made no difference. One might not chance to believe in the revolution of the earth, but it went on all the same. Hannah Mary knew the old lady was perfectly capable of inventing any absurd decoration for her hat, and she already saw herself standing up in the singers' seat with a halo of turkey feathers around her head.

"I will not wear it, I will not," she said, vehemently, as she raised the corner of the green paper shade to admit a little light into the sacred darkness of the spare room, and reluctantly lifted the lid of the blue chest. Perhaps something had happened to them—perhaps the moths had eaten them—but no, there they lay, under the little sprigged shoulder shawl. With a sudden instinct of rebellion, she seized the horrible things and thrust them under the puffy bolster of the spare bed. An insane plan to smuggle them out of the house and burn them was taking shape in her mind, with a delightful sense of excitement.

"Can't you find 'em?" called her grandmother, and Hannah Mary blushed as she faltered, "I don't seem to see 'em anywheres."

Involuntarily she lifted her eyes, to encounter the grave, reproachful face of Jonathan Edwards looking down upon her from the tarnished frame that fenced him in. In that very room she had done solitary penance through an endless summer day, after telling a lie from childish terror, and she always believed that the text in the open book upon which the solemn finger was laid, was the very one which predicted a sulphurous fate for all such transgressors as she. Back to her memory came the warning couplet, which declared:

> For liars always are found out,
> Whatever way they wind about.

And, with the old terrified quake of childhood, she snatched the feathers from their hiding place.

"Here they are, grandmother, after all," she announced, with hypocritical cheerfulness, and the old lady gave a grunt of satisfaction, as the bundle of plumage was laid in her lap.

"Now you fetch me that p'tater knife," she said eagerly, "and put one of them old case knives where it'll get het up. I'll show ye I ain't so crippled up 't I've lost all my knack. I've trimmed bunnits 'fore now, I should say. No, I shan't cut my fingers off. I'm used to my fingers as you be to yours; it kind of braces 'em up havin' the jints set this way. I took a good look at them regrets—you see, they have to be spraggly so's to wave about and curl over."

"Oh, grandmother," ventured Hannah Mary, "I like my hat well enough the way 't is."

"Well, then, I don't. They ain't a mite of style to it It looks like a last year's bird's nest. Just you wait, Hannah Mary, I'll show you a thing or two."

Hannah Mary looked on with the fascinated interest of a prisoner under whose eyes the scaffold for his execution is slowly rising, yet in spite of her distress, she marvelled at the skill with which her grandmother split the stiff quills, and the grace into which she contrived to coax them by judicious scrapings of the hot knife. As the work went on, her spirits rose, and when the long filaments, reinforced by a few fluffy feathers, trembled in her grandmother's shaking hand, she laughed with the pleased excitement of a child.

"There," said the old lady, triumphantly, "needn't to tell me what I can't do. Just you perk up them bows, Hannah Mary, and plant the regrets in the middle, so's they'll lean kind of easy and graceful."

Hannah Mary caught something of the inventor's spirit, and there was innocent delight in the soft, girlish face that surveyed itself in the slanting mirror, dimpled and smiling under the novel adornment.

"You never looked so well in all your born days," said her grandmother, exultantly; "now you spry 'round, Hannah Mary, and mix up some sody biscuit, and make me a cup of green tea; I'm clear beat out. No need to put your hat away; just leave it where 't is till choir meetin'."

"Don't you think it's most too dressy for choir meeting?" ventured Hannah Mary.

"No, 'tain't, not a mite; and if John Stetson had as much sense as a screech owl—"

Hannah Mary bent hastily over the flour barrel, but all through her preparations for supper her thoughts traveled occasionally to the new hat, and hovered over it with pleased anticipation. As she moved briskly from kitchen to pantry, the sweet, untrained voice ran in little musical snatches over the anthem for Sunday morning, and if she fancied a deeper voice

filling out chords, and bearing her pleasant company, it was a harmless dream, and altogether maidenly.

Mrs. Baxter was scornful of rehearsals; her theory being that, "if it was in you to sing, you'd sing, same's a bluebird or robin; and if it wasn't, no amount of practisin' could put it in." But she secretly rejoiced in them, because Hannah Mary sometimes brought home bits of news too secular to be intruded upon Sunday, and because her absense formed the excuse for a weekly gossip with the neighbor across the street. She would be coming in presently, Hannah Mary thought, as she lighted the lamp after supper. Almira would come with her, and the two girls would stroll away to the meeting-house, where John Stetson would be waiting on the steps to escort them through the dark entry and up the narrow, crooked stairs. Would Almira wear her new hat, and would John Stetson think—

A sharp clash of the gate, a rattle of the latch, and Mrs. Baker came in, holding her green figured shawl about her sallow face and long chin.

"Hannah Mary," she began abruptly, "I c'm over to let you know Almiry ain't goin' to choir practice. She ain't feelin' very good. I sent word to Elmer Sharp to fetch his wife or Doshy along to help out—"

"What ails Almiry ?" said the old lady, suspiciously. "Doshy Sharp can't sing more'n a crow."

"I don't reely know. She—she don't tell me—just says she ain't goin' to-night nor to-morrow. See here, Hannah Mary, you go over and coax her up. I hate to have her act so the worst way."

Hannah Mary went on her errand with her foolish heart in a flutter. If Almira did not go, it would mean that John Stetson would walk home with her alone. She blushed in the dark, and put the thought away as altogether unworthy. Almira had so plainly settled upon John as belonging to herself, and Almira always got what she wanted.

Mrs. Baker's eyes, roving abstractedly about the room, spied the hat.

"For the land's sake, if Hannah Mary hain't got regrets on her hat, and I dunno but what they're full prettier than Almiry's !"

"Think so?" said the old lady, with a twitch of her grim mouth.

"Fact of it is, Mis' Baxter, Almiry's makin' all this to-do over them regrets. Penelope Winters came in this afternoon to git my risin' sun pattern, and I showed her Almiry's hat. You ought to have heard how she went on, telling how't they get them feathers off the backs of birds down in Florida, and leave all the young ones to starve. My ! it was just awful. And she said she'd send me a trac' that told all about it. Well, I can tell you, them regrets came out quicker'n a wink, and the hat was every mite as pretty without 'em—ribbons and roses agree better'n feathers with young girls, 'cording to my judgment—but if you'll believe it, Almiry went in a regular tantrum over it when she come home; said she wouldn't never put

that hat on her head unless she could have 'em back. Of course, I couldn't give up in a matter of principle, and I was a good mind to burn 'em up and done with it it, only I didn't know but what Althea wonld take 'em back towards doin' over my Dunst'ble. Almiry said Penelope Winters was a meddlin' old maid, and made it all up out of spite, but 'taint so. I read some of it myself, a real movin' piece about the millions of innocent little birds slaughtered every year."

"I dare say," burst out the old lady. "I wonder if Penelope Winters ever counted up how many innercent little worms are baked to death in their cradles, to git the stuff for her changeable silk! And how's she goin' to reconcile it raisin' innercent little chickens just a-purpose to kill off and eat? I dunno but what a chicken has the same right as any other bird—"

"Don't seem to me that's the same thing," said Mrs. Baker, but with a distinct regret at not having thought of the argument in time. "Folks have to eat and have clothes, but feathers are just pride and vanity, and you destroy the little birds 'that sing among the branches,' as David says."

"Them regrets never sung among the branches, I can tell ye, now," chuckled Mrs. Baxter.

"Anyway, I don't see what I'm goin' to do with Almiry. When she gets up about a thing, she'll stick to it if she was to die for't. She takes that from her father's folks."

"Shoh, Lucindy, she takes it from you. You're as set as the liberty pole, once you take a notion, makes no difference whether or no you've got a rag of reason to fly a-top. See here," she added, fiercely, as the gate sounded its warning, "don't you say a word about them regrets to Hannah Mary."

Hannah Mary's face was mildly troubled. "She won't go, Mis' Baker, and she won't say why. Don't seem much use in my going"—

"You go along, use or no use," commanded her grandmother. "I sh'd hope you ain't afraid to travel the main road, with houses clost enough to pass the time o'day most all the way. Turn round and let Mis' Baker see that bunnit. Don't you call that tasty and becomin'?"

"It's becomin'," admitted Mrs. Baker, with significant emphasis.

"Well, that's what bunnits are for. Fur's use goes, a body might as well go bareheaded like the Injuns."

Hannah Mary looked back beseechingly, feeling that she had in some way offended, and then her gentle face vanished in the soft dusk of the summer night. She went along the little footpath, conscious of a pleasant sensation that was not really excitement, but a faint stirring of expectation. Just beyond the first group of houses was the only lonesome bit of the way, past the old tannery with its bleached front and empty windows, and the acrid smell of bark and lime from the ugly pits. But almost before she had

time to notice it John Stetson came across the footbridge to meet her.

"Doshy Sharp brought word Almiry was sick, and I thought you might be 'fraid."

"No; what should I be 'fraid of?" laughed Hannah Mary; but when John took her singing-book and drew her hand through his arm, she found it very pleasant to be protected.

They exchanged a few commonplace remarks on the way, but for the most part they were silent. A night hawk swooped over their heads with a sharp ping, some wild creature abroad on a secret errand ran rustling into a clump of elder bushes as they passed, once there was an odor of sweetbrier, and once a warm honey sweetness seemed to fill the air from the four o'clocks in the minister's garden. A mass of tansy ran down the bank from the fence, and its rank, pungent smell clung to Hannah Mary's skirts as they brushed it, yet she felt as if she had walked all the way through flowers of paradise. She came up the stairway into the lighted gallery with such shining eyes that Elmer Sharp stopped tuning his bass viol to stare and Miss Penelope beamed sympathetically towards her, and then her gentle old face, full of regret and trouble, drooped over the keys of her organ.

"Come now, let's git started," said the leader. "We got to go over that anthem half a dozen times if Almiry ain't comin'."

Miss Penelope was in a tremble, but had the stuff of martyrs in her. In the little bustle over finding the places she managed to whisper to Hannah Mary: "I don't see how you dast bring an offering to the Lord with the blood of his murdered minstrels on your head."

Hannah Mary stared at Miss Penelope in mute wonder. What on earth did she mean? Did she think she had killed Almira? or what in the world—

The tuning fork twanged sharply, and Hannah Mary was instantly intent upon her part. The lamps, with their tin reflectors, were arranged to light the gallery only, and the meeting-house below was dark. Here and there a little gleam struck the top of the rail, or the polished oak of a pew door, and one could easily fancy dusky shapes wandering about aisle and chancel, or grouped in shadowy corners. All the romance of Hannah Mary's life hung about the old meeting house. The gray slab in the little burying ground that commemorated the virtues of her great-grandmother added to its list of domestic graces the unusual tribue, "She was a marvellous sweet singer."

Old lady Baxter loved to tell the story of that Sunday morning when a British officer in the congregation stood spell-bound after the hymn was ended, his eyes fixed upon the lovely face of the singer, and his senses enthralled by the beautiful voice, quite forgetting to sit down till Mistress Doddridge plucked him by the coat-tails. Always when Hannah Mary sang in the unlighted meeting-house she fancied it filled again with the men and

women of those days. In the great Doddridge pew she could see the flash of scarlet and the rapt face of the lover upturned to the gallery, where she, her own great-grandmother, poured out her soul for his ears alone. It was the one little touch of fantasy that kept her life from fading utterly into the commonplace. To-night the imagination took possession of her as never before, and John Stetson, released from Almira's vigorous oversight, caught the full fervor of her lips and eyes as she turned from the lover of her dream an instant towards him.

But Miss Penelope's tender heart was still burdened with her message, and she pulled Hannah Mary by the sleeve as she sat fanning her flushed face. "I don't s'pose you know," she said, "about the way they get them egrets—half a dozen beautiful birds killed at nesting time for that one bunch, and all the young birds left to starve."

"Give us the key, Penelope," called Elmer Sharp, and Miss Penelope turned to the organ, but not before she had seen a smile break over Hannah Mary's face, and perceived that she was inwardly convulsed with laughter. Her fingers trembled on the keys, and two tears splashed down upon the bony hands from a fountain that was very near to overflow.

But after rehearsal Hannah Mary's arm crept quickly around the flat waist, and her fresh cheek almost touched Miss Penelope's as she whispered "Oh, Miss Penelope, don't think I laughed about the little birds—it's dreadful, and I don't see how anybody can be so cruel—but grandmother made these regrets out of turkey feathers. We thought they looked real pretty, but I wouldn't wear 'em for anything, to have folks s'pose they were real, I'll take 'em right out soon's I get home."

"You're a good girl, Hannah Mary," said Miss Penelope. She looked curiously at the girl, conscious of a sort of illumination about her face, and added, fervently, "I hope you'll be happy."

Half an hour later John Stetson was still saying good-by to Hannah Mary at the gate. Neither of them had noticed the old tannery, or the smell of the four o'clocks as they passed the minister's garden, but now Hannah Mary looked across the road and saw the lamp burning in the front room at Mrs. Baker's.

"Oh, John," she said, "I meant to tell you, Almiry said if you wanted to know why she didn't come to choir meeting you should ask her. Mebby you better go over; she's sittin' up."

"I ain't frettin' about Almiry's comin' and goin'," said John. "I've got the only girl I care about right here now, but I'm 'bleedged to Almiry for stayin' home to give me a chance."

"There goes grandmother, thumping for me to come in," said Hannah Mary, with a start. "I mustn't stay another minute. Why, John, you've got my regrets on your shoulder. I guess I didn't sew 'em very good. '

A fresh cannonade, and Hannah sped up the walk and let herself softly in at the door. She took off her hat and sat down to view it judicially, with a new sense of competence and mastery. Without knowing it, she had entered upon that sovereignty with which love endows a woman.

"Hannah Mary, what you doin' out there?" demanded her grandmother.

"Just fixin' my hat a little before I put it away," quivered Hannah Mary.

"You takin' out them regrets?"

"They came out, grandmother. I guess they wa'n't sewed good," but in an instant love rose up to shame the cowardly evasion. She came into the bedroom, shielding the flaring candle with her hand. A great tenderness swelled within her heart as she looked at this wreck of life and hope and ambition, and she said, gently; "I've fixed it without 'em grandmother, and I like it better. They were just as pretty as real ones, but after Miss Penelope told me about the birds in Florida, and how cruel it all was, I should be ashamed to have anybody think I'd be so wicked"—

The old lady glared at her without a word.

"And John Stetson says he's read in the *Advocate* how they kill off singing birds by millions just to trim women's hats, and he thinks if women knew"—

"I don t see what difference it makes to us what John Stetson thinks," said the old lady, belligerently.

"It makes a good deal of difference to me, grandmother," said Hannah Mary, bravely.

"Shoh," said Mrs. Baxter, with a pleased twinkle of her black eye; "you don't tell me John Stetson has made out to speak up. Well, of all things! Won't Lucindy Baker be mad! My, my! to think of her upsettin' her own dish, bein' so sot to have her own way. My, my! Mebby it'll learn her a lesson. You set some salt risin', Hannah Mary, and put the beans a soak 'fore you go to bed."

Hannah Mary tinkled about the pantry, and old lady Baxter heard the faint click of the spoon on the yellow bowl, the soft gush of the water from the spout of the kettle; gentle, housewifely noises, but running through them all a slender thread of song, sometimes altogether lost, and then coming out clear and sweet like a little brook slipping along a meadow, and the dear old Pharisee turned contentedly on her pillow, her last thought serenely exultant over the downfall of her neighbor's hopes, and sank to sleep, at peace for once with herself and all the world!—*Congregationalist.*

Mother Fairchilds' Tea-party.

DORA READ GOODALE.

WHEN Mrs. Sylvester Chadwick built a cottage at Palfrey and determined to spend her summers there, she had no intention of establishing herself in isolated grandeur. A very splendid-looking woman she was, with coils of thick, gray hair, fine, ruddy complexion, dark eyebrows and full, bright, brown eyes. With her three handsome daughters about her, she inevitably suggested the old comparison of a full-blown damask rose encircled by buds. She dressed richly, too, for her one son, the apple of her eye, liked to see his mother in fine, new clothes; but under this distinguished and fitly adorned exterior, she carried one of the kindest, least exacting, most genial natures in the world.

Palfrey, though a plain, uncultured community, in which pride and independence luxuriated unchecked, fell promptly under her spell, and forgot to eye with suspicion the lady who liked to accept friendly services as well as she did to render them.

While the house-building was in progress she was frequently on the ground, and became acquainted with most of the men in the neighborhood, all of the children, and a good part of the wives. The young girls seldom ventured upon the charmed territory, at least while the owner was present; her matronly, silk-clad figure, her well-modulated voice and graceful, confident gestures frightened the rustic young things away. But not a fragment of information respecting the family escaped their greedy ears, and it was surprising to see of how much fact and fiction they contrived to possess themselves.

In course of time the house was finished, and the Chadwicks moved in. It was then thrown open for three successive afternoons, and an informal invitation extended to every one. The bolder spirits—chiefly well-seasoned matrons—ventured first. These having spread a reassuring report, the hard-working men-folks and sharp-faced spinsters followed their lead, while half-bold, half-bashful youths, and maidens undergoing a kind of blissful embarrassment, formed the main part of the company on the third day.

Mrs. Chadwick's house was a revelation in itself. Her oldest daughter, Alice, possessed artistic ability; Olivia, the second, played and sang very well, while Juliet, who was barely fifteen, had wonderful powers as a mimic. Each of the three entertained the guests in her own way, with the most

delightful readiness and good-humor; they passed cake and ice-cream, played with the children, laughed off accidents, and when the visitors were gone, though the tongues buzzed merrily, not a word was said that reflected unkindly on eccentricities of costume or infringements of etiquette. Every one of these young ladies had inherited something of the mother's rooted graces of character.

"Oh, dear! oh dear! how dreadful it is to be poor!" cried Mary Fairchild, on coming home fresh from the splendors of Amity Lodge, as the new house was called.

"I don't see anything so dreadful," remarked her brother Dick, philosophically. He had been planting corn, and wore overalls and a jumper, and was eating hot doughnuts.

"You ought to look in the glass, then," returned Mary, and went on, quickly, "You'd change your mind, I guess, if you could see their piano, and splendid books, and the walls just covered with pictures, and the girls with real tortoise-shell brushes—oh—dear—"

"Their hair is no prettier than yours, if they do brush it with turtle-shells," said Dick, soothingly.

"Nonsense!" replied his sister, with an impatient shake of her rebellious brown locks. "You ought to have seen their brother, looking as if he'd come straight out of a bandbox."

"I have seen him lots of times, and he's an uncommon good chap," responded Dick, the imperturbable, beginning to whistle.

Mary Fairchild was not really poor, except by comparison. She lived in a comfortable, though very old-fashioned, house, her father being a dairy farmer, whose name appeared in big letters on the village milk-wagon. He himself frequently appeared on the front seat, which began to be a trial to Mary. Mrs. Fairchild was an admirable, judicious woman, with a gift for quietly achieving her ends when you were least expecting it, and the young people, who were both pupils in the high school, enjoyed a wholesome, active life with a fair share of "advantages."

Of course the Chadwicks were not dependent upon Palfrey for their society; they entertained a succession of what Juliet called "long-haired artists, and long-tongued lawyers, and their long-suffering wives;" but they maintained their cordial attitude towards the country-people, and Mary soon became a favorite with them. At first she was invited to act as guide in their frequent excursions, for she knew every cross-road and "view" for twenty miles round; and she was so bright and appreciative and full of resources that it grew to be quite the thing to "run down and get Mary," if there were tableaux, or a boating-party, or a set of tennis on foot.

"You are a true Yankee, Mary—you can turn your hand to anything,' Mrs. Chadwick used to say.

But though from time to time one another of the Chadwicks dropped in at the farmhouse, they never penetrated beyond the somewhat chilly front parlor. Mary, I fear, in spite of her Yankee good sense, was a little bit of a snob about her own way of life. People with three servants couldn't understand what it was to have grandma picking chickens in the back hall, and mother hurrying to get the bread kneaded up, and Dick, in a dreadful old jacket, doing—one didn't know what! But, towards the end of the season she resolved, and announced to her family with due solemnity, that the Chadwicks must all be invited to tea.

"Why, of course, have them here whenever you like," said her father, with a man's fatuous disregard of details. They were all gathered in the sitting-room after evening prayers.

"It isn't so simple and easy as you seem to think," returned Mary, who was anxious that the home circle should be impressed with the full seriousness of the undertaking before she began. "They have everything, and I do want them to think that we live like civilized beings, at least. I have the supper pretty well planned in my mind, and we can get Katie Foley to come over and wait on table, I guess. I've been to the Chadwicks' so many times that I know just what it's proper to have and how to serve the courses and all that, and I can do the cooking as well as any one. Of course we shall have to have the table in here—"

"In here? Humbug!" interrupted Dick. "Why not have tea in the kitchen, as usual? It's the pleasantest room in the house, big and airy and comfortable, especially in summer, when you don't cook there, anyway. I say what's good enough for us—"

"Oh, of course—you'd ask Mrs. Chadwick to eat bread and cold sausage standing up in the pantry, I dare say," retorted Mary, whose temper was not proof against opposition; "however, as this is my party, not yours—"

"And the lounge, and the sewing-machine, and grandma's work-table, and my desk will all have to be lugged out into the shed, I suppose; and the big table squeezed in?" pursued Dick.

"Exactly; now do be quiet, I shall take them up to my room when they come," she went on to her mother, giving Dick a decided cold shoulder. "It looks so nice since I stained the floor and fixed up a dressing-table. Then they can amuse themselves a little while in the parlor while we get tea dished up—Kate is too stupid to be trusted with anything."

"I'll amuse 'em, never you fear," put in grandma, who was a remarkable old lady and a great conversationalist.

"Goodness, grandma!" began Mary; she caught her father's eye and went on in a modified tone. "Of course I mean you to come in, and hope you'll enjoy yourself, but please don't go off into one of your endless stories about people and things that they don't know anything about. Remember

they re strangers here, and not absorbingly interested in the Hawkeses and the Billingses. Now about the invitations, mother. I thought I'd have written ones, in the third person: 'Mrs. Fairchild presents her compliments—' "

Mrs. Fairchild, who had been listening quietly, pushed up her spectacles at this suggestion.

"That'd be silly," she said, with the serene lack of emphasis which made her speeches very effective. "You must recollect, child, that all the trouble you take won't make it anything out o' the common to them. It's proper enough, though, that it should come from me, and I'll stop in there in season to ask 'em down."

"Oh, very well, mother," replied Mary, a little taken back by this unexpected conversance with the proprieties. "I shall have to fix up my blue dress to wear, I suppose," she continued.

"That purple striped thing of yours is ever so much more becoming," commented Dick, with brotherly frankness.

"Well, I only hope you'll look decent, and try to show some manners, if you can," said his sister, reprovingly.

"I sha'n't, for I sha'n't be at your old tea-party. I'm going eeling that night with Jim Perry," returned Dick, who had taken a rapid resolution.

"Just as you please. Their brother is off on a bicycle trip, and I dare say we can get on without you," answered Mary, in a tone of relief.

The following Thursday was the appointed day, and Mrs. Fairchild, who called on Monday, reported that the ladies "would come with pleasure." Meanwhile new features had developed with surprising rapidity, until one would have thought that at least a presidential visit or a wedding reception was impending.

"Seems to me it's all foolishness, her turning things upside down, and wanting me to wear my Sunday clo'es," grumbled Mr. Fairchild in private but Mrs. Fairchild only replied, "Don't you worry, now, William, all that young folks need is a little regulating."

On Wednesday father went to mill for a load of grist, while mother placidly did her usual baking and "cleaning up," leaving, as Mary gratefully observed, an immaculate field for to-morrow's operations.

At four o'clock that young lady put on the striped percale and sat down to sew. Half an hour later, happening to glance up, she saw four well-known figures, in dainty attire, approaching the gate. She turned white and then red, and rushed to the kitchen, where mother stood by the window sponging a coat.

"Mother, mother!" she cried. "The Chadwicks have mistaken the day, and here they all are, and no tea or anything! What on earth shall I do?"

"Where are they?" asked Mrs. Fairchild, quickly.

"Just coming in. Oh, what shall we do?"

"Why, make the best of it, of course; you can't send 'em away again. Take 'em into my room to lay off their hats—yours is all cluttered up with dressmaking, I expect. There! They're knocking, so run right along."

"But what about tea?" implored Mary, distractedly.

"I'll see to that. Run along, child; I never saw you look prettier."

Mary felt her cheeks burn more warmly at this unusual speech. She hurried to the door, and greeted her guests with as much grace and naturalness as she could summon.

"I hope we didn't come too early," observed Olivia, calmly, as they were ushered into her mother's room. No tortoise-shell, brass work or triplicate mirrors there, but so many little records and indications of character that Mrs. Fairchild's life as well as her ancestry might have been read in its sober appointments by any one versed in such writing.

The girls merely glanced with veiled interest at the old-fashioned furniture, but Mrs. Chadwick ventured to say with an unusual brightness in her fine eyes, "My dear, how this takes me back to my own mother's room, with the little Bible and overfilled work-basket always on the same stand at the head of her bed."

On reaching the parlor, Mary was somewhat surprised to find grandma ensconced there, company knitting in hand. She remained discreetly quiet, however, and conversation was eddying amiably about the American public school system, when a meteoric figure shot across the front lawn, and an excited but jovial boy's voice shouted:

"Mary! Mary! Come quick! The pig has got out!"

"Oh, do let's go and help, and see the fun anyway," cried Juliet, starting up, while an irrepressible smile went round. Poor Mary could do no less than comply, fervently wishing meanwhile that Trotters and all his kin were in the depths of the sea.

Back and forth went the quarry, with Dick in hot pursuit, dashing through flower-beds squeezing under fences, and scattering poultry and cabbages in his mad career, while Mary flourished a stick and Juliet waved her handkerchief and cheered on the competitors equally with her smiles. After some ten minutes of this inspiring race, piggy was finally captured on the barn floor amid prodigious squealings, and the girls retired from the scene, leaving Dick, spent with exertion and laughter, perched on the meal-barrel and mopping his brow with a piece of old bagging.

"Oh, what a lark! I wouldn't have missed it for anything!" declared Juliet, nodding gaily to Mr. Fairchild, who at that moment drove into the yard with his load. "I do think a farm is the most delightful place in the world."

"Especially the menagerie," said Mary, relaxing in spite of herself.

As they went up the steps they heard grandma holding forth, and found that dear old lady launched upon the tale of Andrew Hawkes' school-keeping experience. Her glasses were far down on her nose, and she was using her knitting-needle, from which the stitches had half run off, to emphasize the dark points in Sammy Hawkes' character. Mrs. Chadwick was throwing in a word now and then, and the others listening with an interest which, if not real, was certainly well-feigned.

Mary, who had heard the story before, wondered if it would ever end, and, apprehensive regarding supper, she went into the kitchen. Her mother passed her on her way to the parlor, and after a three minutes' chat—"as if nothing at all was the matter"—begged the guests, with reassuring cheerfulness, to step out to tea.

There was one dreadful moment when they passed on unmistakably into the kitchen, but really the room did not look so very bad, with its broad, western windows, aud spotless table set out with grandma's lustre-band china, and—yes, the usual thing, one of mother's countrified, heterogeneous company spreads—plates of biscuit and rye bread, pitchers of milk, cottage cheese, pickled beets, baked apples, spiced peaches, ham, cold chicken, honey, doughnuts and "snaps" in homely profusion. Alas, for the salad and the pineapple ice—for Katie Foley and her waitress' cap.

Father asked a long blessing, standing, as usual. He had on his second-best coat, and looked absent-mindedly benevolent. Dick sat by Juliet and talked and joked, unburdened by ceremony. Alice begged permission to sketch the fireplace and photograph the pump, while Olivia invited suggestions for a harvest festival.

Towards the end of the meal, an old half-witted neighbor came in to ask mother for a piece of soap, a newspaper and some toothache drops, and before leaving insisted on shaking hands with the whole company. The episode led to an animated discussion of social problems, in which Mrs. Fairchild's kindly common sense and mother-wit easily carried the day.

When the party adjourned to the side porch and the big yard, Mary s spirits had risen with a sense that the worst was over, and she exerted herself to be so gay, gracious and charming that the idiot and the runaway pig should be blotted from memory. That she succeeded was proved by the sprightly voices and peals of laughter which shook the pendent branches of the sweet-bough tree.

"I do hope you'll invite us again," observed Juliet, like any spoiled child, as she tucked a loaf of brown bread under her arm preparatory to saying good-bye; "the people about here are very pleasant, but their ideas of entertainining are so exclusive."

Mary darted her mother a side glance, but she was beaming impartially upon her guests.

"Mrs. Fairchild and I have lived long enough to learn that true hospitality lies in letting people share our every-day lives; but like other best things, it's the rarest, and I'm afraid the most difficult," and Mrs. Chadwick shook hands with that simple warmth to which her fine presence lent a peculiar charm.

"Well, I don't see but things were very well enjoyed," said Mr. Fairchild, mildly, as he loosened his boots that night; "but 'twas kind of odd their making that mistake about the day, now wasn't it, mother?"

"You can't see through a stone wall any farther than other folks, can you, William?" replied his wife, with an air of quiet amusement, and not another word could she be got to say on the subject.

Mary, meanwhile, was thinking that mother would repay further study. [*Youth's Companion.*

If any little word of ours
Can make a life the brighter;
If any little song of ours
Can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word
And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of ours
May make a life the sweeter;
If any little care of ours
May make another's fleeter;
If any little help may ease
The burden of another;
God give us love, and care and strength
To help along each other.

—[*Selected.*

"Dan'el's Leetle Gal."

W. BERT FOSTER.

"OLD DAN'EL" tended the switch half way up Big Iron Mountain. Old Dan'el's hair, which swept the greasy collar of his faded coat, had long since taken on that yellowish white hue which tells of the flaxen hair of youth, and his blue eyes were faded and watery. Dan'el had grown old in the service of the Iron Mountain Road, and was only fit now for his present position. There was not much for the switchman to do. There was only a side-track on the short level, and the wood road branched off here and wound around the mountain through the timber where the company's choppers were at work the year round. Two or three times a week, perhaps, a freight train shunted a few cars off on to the side-track, and every day or two a string of "flats," piled high with ties or timbers, crawled out of the forest behind the wheezy little yard engine and slid down the main line to Warner's Mills at the foot of the long incline.

Yes, Dan'el had almost outlived his usefulness, and had been shelved in this out-of-the-way place by a corporation which, although "soulless," still had some lingering compunctions against discharging a man who had been in its employ so many years. There was a rough cabin beside the switch which had been built when the branch road was laid out. The company gave the old man the use of this, and his scanty wage supplied his simple needs and those of his granddaughter, Meg.

It was when he thought or spoke of Meg that Old Dan'el became other than the decrepit, dull-looking man he usually appeared. His cheeks would flush, his old eyes flash, and his broken voice grow full and tender when he talked of "my leetle gal." Whenever and wherever he could gain an audience he would dwell upon the perfections of his grandchild, till "Dan'el's leetle gal" became a by-word among the rough railroad men.

In Dan'el's eyes Meg was the fairest flower ever plucked from God's garden and dropped upon earth to bless mankind. His wife and children had all left him, and the little girl, the orphan daughter of his youngest child, was all he had left to love and cherish.

From Old Dan 'el's description, one would expect to find little Meg a vision of loveliness; whereas, there was probably no homelier young one in all the Iron Mountain district. Her hair was red—not a pretty red, but a deep brick color—and she had freckles to match. Her nose turned up, her

mouth was wide, and there was more than a suspicion of a squint in her eyes. But the eyes, if one took the pains to look into them, were deep and true; and when she smiled, and she was nearly always smiling, two beautiful, even rows of white teeth were revealed, and there was the glow of healthfully flowing blood in the freckled cheeks.

She was a sunny-tempered, happy little girl, despite her lack of beauty. It was quite evident that it was the child's soul Old Dan'el worshiped, and her outward imperfections could not hide its beauty from his old eyes.

The train-hands laughed at her clothiug, and called her "Brick-top." She didn't mind the last, but as she grew older she *was* ashamed of her frocks. They were fashioned so crudely, and of such coarse material. She had never seen other little girls—that is no closer than the car windows as the passenger coaches passed the junction, but she knew she was dressed differently from them. Bill Thomas, who braked on the wood train, had a little sister down at the mills, and once he bought a frock for her in Pittsburg, and showed it to Meg while his train was waiting for the down express to pass. Meg was thirteen then, and out of the next bolt of cheap calico that Old Dan'el bought of a traveling peddler, she tried to fashion something that looked like the frock Bill had shown her. But the result was sorry enough, and she had never dared wear it before the trainmen.

It was only on Sunday that Meg felt perfectly safe from the thoughtless taunts and jokes of the train hands. On that day none but through trains passed the junction. But there came a time when even this weekly escape from her tormentors was denied her. The Iron Mountain Road, in the wisdom of a new set of directors, revised the running time of the trains so as to get an extra trip each week out of the tie train. The flats were drawn up to the junction behind one of the Sunday morning passenger trains, and the first train-load of ties was sent down Monday morning instead of on Tuesday, as heretofore. It was a saving of time and money to the corporation, but it robbed the men who worked the flats of their Sunbath rest.

The junction, which had always been a quiet place on the Lord's day, soon took on an entirely different appearance. The long hours of the Sabbath hung idly on the men's hands. Teasing Meg, and listening to Old Dan'el's prosings about "his leetle gal" soon became tiresome. Some of the choppers (as godless a crowd as ever got together) began to wander over from their cabins in the timber, and they brought cards. Before many weeks they brought something else, and then the little junction became the scene of orgies such as poor little Meg had never dreamed of before.

Years before Old Dan'el had used far more liquor than was good for him, and he was less able now to withstand temptation than he had been in his younger manhood. For the first time in her life Meg began to know

what a real heartache meant. The men's teasing and the shame she felt in wearing mean frocks was nothing to this. Twice her grandfather had staggered home at night so intoxicated that she had to help him to bed. The rough fellows had first plied him with drink, for a lark. He needed little urging after that first occasion.

"Gran'daddy," she told him, the Monday morning following the old man's second escapade, "gran'daddy, if the super or one of the inspectors should come up the mountain an' ketch you that-a-way, do you know what would happen?"

"Yes, Meg, I know what would happen,"replied the old man miserably.

"You'd lose your job, that's what would happen," pursued Meg severely; "an' Bill Thomas, an' Andy Maguire, an' them other fellers would lose theirn, an' sarve 'em right," with vicious emphasis in this last; "but what'd *we* do?"

And poor Old Dan'el promised never to touch the stuff when it was offered him again. But Meg feared for him—and for herself.

Toward the end of that week she became suspicious. Two of the worst of the woodmen came over to the junction and held a long conversation with Maguire, the conductor of the tie train, and Bill Thomas. When the loaded flats had gone she overheard one of the choppers say to his mate:

"Jack, did ye hear that? We'll have a regular howl Sunday. Andy promised ter bring up some of th' rale stuff."

"I 'eard 'im," said the other. "No more o' this blue-lightnin' th' peddler brings us. I'm sick of it."

"Oh, dear," thought Meg, sitting on a heap of ties outside the cabin, "whatever shall I do? I *know* gran'daddy 'll get the nasty stuff again—sure! They ain't no business to bring rum up hers, an' I'll just tell 'em so."

But she knew it would be a waste of words to take Maguire and his crew to task, and before Sunday morning she had formed another and more daring plan.

The long train of empty flats, with the caboose on the end, was shunted on to the branch road about ten o'clock that forenoon. The brakes were set at either end, and the crew left the train and walked up the track. Meg knew where they were going. They were going to meet their friends from the camp.

"Now's my chance," thought the child, and she darted into the caboose which Maguire had left unlocked. "If he's brought rum, I'm going to smash the jug," she muttered, setting her white teeth hard. But no jug, or other receptacle which might contain the liquid poison, was in sight.

"It's in the locker," she thought. But that was locked. However, Meg determined to get at the stuff. She caught down an axe from the wall, and quickly sprung the lid of the chest. Sure enough, a straw-covered jug

and a dozen bottles met her gaze! Without a moment of hesitancy the girl carried the jug outside and returned for the case of bottles. As she approached the door of the caboose with her burden, she heard voices. The men were returning. She reached the platform with a bound. The train men, with a crowd of a dozen or more choppers, were at hand.

"Bring it out, Andy!" cried Bill Thomas, who evidently had already sampled the contents of the locker. "Boys, it'll be a treat for you."

At that moment they caught sight of the girl.

"Hey! what you doin' up there, Bricktop?" demanded Maguire, hurrying forward. Then he saw the jug setting between the rails and the case of bottles in the girl's hands. He sprang forward with an oath.

"Drop that!" he yelled, as he sprang up the steps.

"I have," she said, and sent the bottles crashing down upon the jug.

"You little spitfire!" he shouted, seizing her by the shoulder, while the others stood aghast. "What have you been doin'?"

"I've just sp'ilt yer fun for ye to-day, Mr. Andy Maguire!" she replied, with satisfaction. "Every one of 'em's busted, an' I'm glad of it. So now you can let go of my arm—you hurt."

"I'll hurt you worse than this!" growled the angry man, pitching her off the steps.

He ran back into the caboose and saw what she had done.

"You little wretch!" he exclaimed, from the car platform. "You'll rue this. Boys, she's spilt ev'ry drop."

A groan arose from the thirsty men. "But you'll pay for this, miss," declared Maguire, shaking his fist at her. "That's burglary, that's what bustin' that locker is! I'll send you down to the super in the mornin' an' see what *he'll* have to say about it. I've got the money for the tie camp in that locker, an' I b'lieve you was after it."

But Meg had run into the house, and did not hear him. The choppers went grumblingly away.

"See here, Andy," said Bill Thomas, soberly, "what d'ye want to send the gal down to the super for?"

"They'll know the locker was broken into at the repair shop, won't they?" demanded Maguire. "An' likely it'll get to the super's ears."

"Well, what of it?"

"If I tell the trut' we'll lose our jobs, won't we?—every last one of us. I'll say the gal was after the money. If the super knows we brought that stuff up here, we might as well leave b'fore we're asked."

"But it's tough on the gal," objected Bill.

"It's tougher on us if we're found out. Don't be a fool, man. Remember to look out for yourself first. I'll send her down in care of Adams the first thing in the mornin'."

The first accommodation train down was flagged Monday morning, and poor little Meg was bundled aboard in tears, and placed in the conductor's charge, along with a written report of the breaking open of the caboose locker, with orders to deliver both to the superintendent of the division at Warner's Mills.

Meg, with the fear of some terrible, unknown punishment for her crime before her tearful eyes, pressed her wet face to the window of the rear coach of the accommodation for what might be her last glimpse of the junction. She saw the weather-stained cabin that had been all the home she could remember, with trembling, white-haired Dan'l standing by the switch before the door. The switch was open, for the freight engine was steaming slowly down off the side-track, preparatory to backing up to the waiting flats on the branch. She saw Bill Thomas at the brake wheel on the rear of the caboose.

Suddenly something happened. The long line of flat cars jarred and began to move. She saw Bill clutch the wheel and throw his whole weight upon it in an endeavor to wind it up; but the brake rod must have snapped, for the next instant he was dashed from his foothold by the recoil of the wheel and she saw him fall from the moving train. In a moment the caboose was over the switch and its wheels struck the main track. Meg sprang up with a scream and rushed to the rear door. The conductor followed her, fearing that the girl would try to throw herself from the steps. But when he saw the caboose behind them he understood her excitement. Not a man appeared on the runaway train, which, having cleared the switch, was gaining speed with every revolution of the wheels. A rear-end collision seemed inevitable.

The conductor reached for the bell-rope and signalled the engineer full speed.

"Run for the forward cars! there's a wild train behind us!" he shouted, and drove the passengers like frightened sheep before him.

The accommodation sprang ahead, and for a few moments the distance between the two trains was rapidly increased. But the runaway was now tearing down the incline with a velocity frightful to behold.

Little Meg was panting right behind the conductor as he reached the platform between the two rear cars.

"Stop, mister! set that brake!" she cried, pointing to that on the second car.

"What do you want, child?" he asked.

"You set that brake," she said. "I'll set this 'ere, an' then you kin uncouple. This car'll throw the wild train off the rails. Quick!"

"God bless you! I believe it will," he gasped, and seized the wheel.

The pressure retarded the train for an instant and the rear car "bumped."

Instantly he pulled up the pin, and Meg, her thin, childish arms like steel cords, wound up the brake on the rear coach. It fell behind at once, and to the horror of the conductor he found himself swept away from that hardy little figure on the platform of the doomed car. He saw her dart through the coach and set the brake at the further end. The runaway train seemed almost upon it now.

With straining eyes he saw Meg return to the front platform, and screw the brake up a point or two. The car slowed down; if there had been time it would have stopped altogether.

On one side of the rail was a steep declivity, on the other a high bank. The girl climbed down upon the steps on the side next to the bank, and prepared to jump. The conductor closed his eyes to shut out the sight, and uttered a fervent, if brief, prayer.

"God Almighty help her!" he groaned.

Perhaps in answer to that prayer strength was given her. She glanced back at the plunging cars behind. The smoking wheels of the caboose seemed hardly to touch the rail. She leaned as far out from the steps as possible, closed her eyes, and jumped. She struck the bank and dug her fingers into the clay desperately. Her face was buried in the earth as the passenger coach rumbled by. Close on its trail shot the runaway, and, a moment later, the awful crash reached her dull ears like a roar of muffled thunder. After a few minutes she staggered to her feet and climbed down to the track. Below her the road-bed was strewn with the wreckage, and down in the cut were the shattered remains of the passenger coach and the caboose. The accommodation had stopped far down the track, and she saw the figure of the conductor running toward her. Then she dropped between the rails.

. . . . . .

Conductor Adams delivered his charge to the superintendent at the Mills as he had agreed, but the reception she received at that dignitary's hands was not exactly what poor Meg had feared when she started from the junction. And the reception the superintendent gave the crew of the flat train when they came in to report was not exactly what *they* had expected, either.

Besides the material appreciation which the passengers on the accommodation showed Dan'el's little girl, the Road took upon itself the duty of her education, and although Old Dan'el was discharged from active service, neither he nor his grandchild was allowed to want.

Meg is now one of the chief telegraph operators on the Iron Mountain Road, and although she will never be handsome, red hair and a freckled face, and even a snub nose, cannot overshadow her true worth to those who know her.—[*Union Signal.*

A Flower Mission.

MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

"MONEY for your flower mission, Nell? What beggars you girls are! A fellow should be a millionaire to half keep pace with you."

"I wish you were, Tom. I'd give you no rest until every poor child, every family in this city had at least one boquet this summer."

"As if they would care if they had! What's a flower more or less? Everybody has them."

"No, not everybody. I wish they had. I wish, too, you could see some of my poor children when I give them even the least of my treasures. Oh, Tom, you miss so much!"

"Do I? Well, here's a dollar."

"That's a dear boy. I hope the dearest girl in town will smile on you for it."

"I hope she may. Just now I am puzzled to know which she is."

"I saw you out driving with Leo Lancaster last evening."

"Yes. Sometimes I think it is she, then when I meet her cousin, Marie Gentle, the attraction pulls the other way."

"And I do not know either lady well enough to advise you."

"And I might perversely jump the advice if you did," laughed Tom, "A man is a poor subject for advice, when ladies are in question."

"Miss Lancaster is certainly very handsome," mused Nell.

"But Marie has an expression which is simply angelic," replied her brother.

The two separated for the evening, and Tom Mortimer hailed a passing down-town car, an open car, which rapidly filled with passengers.

There was but one vacant seat after a few moments, and that the one just in front of him, occupied only by a laboring man, going home from his daily toil, soiled and shabby, with that pathetic look of habitual weariness upon his thin face which told of long hours of toil, scanty food and tenement housing. His lunch pail was beside him on the seat, while he nursed in his hard hands a blossom which he had evidently picked up from the street, a pink aud white geranium, with a short stem, which had separated it from its fellows in some boquet. Tom thought of the dollar he had just given with a new sense of satisfaction as he observed how carefully the

humble flower was cherished. The rays of the setting sun were hot and bright, and the man shaded his prize with his rough hand. He held it loosely and carefully, that the warmth of his fingers might not wilt it, and as he gazed at the wonderfully shaded petals, a soft, rested look came into his eyes and a smile of eager anticipation crossed his thin lips.

Just then the car stopped again, and two ladies were waiting to get on. One was large and finely formed, with a beautiful face, her charms heightened by a rich dress fashionably made. Her face gathered a frown when she saw the humble occupant of the only available seat, and she brushed past him haughtily, her ruffles catching the tender petals of the flower in his hand, her swinging fan striking the stem ruthlessly, in spite of his alarmed effort to save his treasure. It was Miss Leo Lancaster on her way to some pleasure occasion, and Tom watched the performance with eager interest. She had not noticed him in her haste, and her cousin Marie was even more intent upon the little flower which lay upon the floor of the car, broken and crushed beyond all recovery by the high-heeled shoe of the fashionable girl, and he could watch the little drama unseen.

He saw the blood mount up to the poor man's forehead in an angry flush, then the grieved, disappointed look which settled over his homely face, while Marie quietly seated herself by his side. She always dressed neatly and simply, this girl with the angelic expression, and her movements were quiet and well-bred. The man caught an odor of sweet violets from her clothing as she passed him, but nothing more, and it rested him.

She turned her fair head and whispered something in her companion's ear. Low as the whisper was Mr. Mortimer had caught it. "Leo, you broke the poor man's flower and crushed it. Won't you apologize?" but Miss Lancaster shook her head with an unpleasant look upon her haughty face.

A bunch of spicy carnations was pinned to the front of her satin gown, and the man cast one hungry glance toward them, then turned his head from the beauty and the fragrance with a look of bitter sadness. The sweetness and the glory of life was not for him, only its grime and weariness—it's dull, dead level of work and care, and the reality of it broke in upon him with more than usual force.

Miss Gentle also wore flowers, a bunch of fragrant blue violets, so unobtrusive that they seemed a part of her soft, silken costume, but in her hand she carried a boquet which a friend had given her, a lovely mass of roses with a few late lilies of the valley.

Their odor crept up to the poor man's nostrils, and he turned his head slightly to inhale it. After all, his life could not take away all the sweet fragrance and sight of beauty from him,—and his eyes brightened a little with even the meagerness of a borrowed pleasure.

The car went on, and the young ladies were about to alight.

"We will get off on this side," said Miss Lancaster, turning to her companion. "It is so annoying to pass people," with a look at the poor man as if he had no right to be there.

A look of annoyance passed over Miss Gentle's fair face. She had hoped that her cousin would still make some gracious reparation for the unconscious mischief she had done, but instead she was only thinking of her own trifling inconvenience. One moment of doubt, and then she turned to the poor man with a smile sweeter than the flowers themselves, and laid her boquet in his hands, saying in her low, gentle tones, "Perhaps your wife or your little ones will enjoy it."

The car stopped, and Miss Lancaster stepped off, her laces and swinging fan occupying all her attention, but it may be the pleasure shining in Tom Mortimer's eyes was a magnet to draw Miss Gentle's glance toward him, and their eyes met, such warm approval and admiration in his that hers dropped instinctively as she greeted him.

"Why didn't you tell me that Mr. Mortimer was behind us," said Miss Lancaster rather pettishly, as the car passed on.

"Because I didn't know it myself until we alighted," replied Marie, quietly.

"Then you were not posing for effect when you gave your boquet to that grimy creature." Miss Lancaster turned with a malicious glance at her cousin's face from which the conscious flush had not yet died away.

"Leo!" Miss Gentle exclaimed, with hurt emphasis. "Why will you say such things? My heart ached for the poor man when I saw how disappointed he was at losing his poor little flower. I hoped you would share your carnations with him, or at least give him a kind word."

"The idea!" Miss Lancaster's head tossed haughtily. "It is annoying enough to have my fair cousin condescending to all sorts of people."

Meantime Mr. Tom Mortimer was watching the man before him, with an interest sharpened by the conversation so lately held with his sister, as well as the latter circumstances. He had been one of those who looked upon the "other fellow" who occupied the round of the social ladder below him as another class of being. The idea of the brotherhood of man had never appealed to him so strongly as at this moment when the toiler lifted the boquet toward his face with a timid reverence, as if fearful of soiling it by too close contact. He breathed long breaths of its fragrance, and gazed at it with a dumb adoration and delight which forever dissipated Mr. Mortimer's notion that the poor do not care for flowers, and that eyes unused to beauty are therefore unconscious and unappreciative. Mr. Mortimer was alone on his seat now, and he drew nearer the object of his notice.

"Pretty things, aren't they?" he said in his gentlest tone.

The man started. He had been so absorbed in his pleasure that he had quite forgotten others might notice him. "Yes, sir. They're heavenly. My wife at home will feast on them for a week. She's sick, sir, and it's little enough that she has of pleasure or beauty. It won't be long, though, until she gets enough of it."

"Is she so bad, then?" Tom's voice grew more tender as the tremble and shiver in the other's voice betrayed his deep distress.

"Yes. It'd make your heart ache, sir, to see her suffer. It's consumption, and I'd give my life a'most to give her the comforts she needs. She loves flowers so, and pines for 'em, but it's little enough I can earn for the necessities, let alone things that are only good to look at and smell of."

"Tell me where you live," Tom said hastily, as the car approached its terminus. "I have a sister who would be glad to visit your wife, I am sure." The workman gave his address which Tom carefully copied in his notebook, and the two separated.

In the third story of a grimy tenement house in a noisy, wretched part of the city, a woman lay in a dark bedroom, thick with the foul odors of neglect and lack of ventilation. Her face, once round and pretty, was shrunken and haggard. Her thin hair had streaks of grey, and was pushed off her skinny forehead, and her little hands and wrists were like claws in their extreme emaciation.

A little girl in the adjoining room was busily engaged in preparing a meager supper, when the outer door opened and the father came in. She turned her head with a wistful look. Poor child, she was coming to dread the sight of her father's face, with the heavy shadow on it, but to-night it was radiant with pleasure, and she gave a cry of pleased surprise.

"See what I brought for mother," he said, coming close to her with the boquet held out in his hand. "See, Lida, the prettiest lady you ever saw gave them to me."

The child ecstatically drew in a long breath of the fragrance.

"Oh, but they're lovely! The darling little lilies—"

Jim, have you come, Jim, dear?" a faint voice called, the exertion of speaking followed by a hacking cough.

"Yes, Mary." The little girl followed on, her frying pan in hand, as her father went to the bedside.

"Oh, Jim, what beauties! Roses—and lilies of the valley—why, I ain't seen one since I came from home. I had such a bed of them just under the sitting-room window. Oh, Jim! they make me homesick," and the sick woman buried her thin face in the flowers, while sobs shook her slight frame. "If I could only be buried at home, Jim, I wouldn't mind it so much," she said after a moment, during which the eyes of her husband, the

light all gone out of them at sight of her grief, had rested sadly upon her, realizing afresh how every day was bringing the inevitable nearer.

"There, Jim, it was wrong of me to give way so. I won't again. Where did you get the beautiful things?"

Lida went out with her frying pan while her father told the story of the flowers, and the sick woman soon forgot her grief in her delight and gratitude.

"There are lovely folks in the world, Jim, after all," she said. "It does seem sometimes as if there wasn't much besides dandelions and hollyhocks amongst folks, they are so coarse and common, and then maybe we'll come across a whole bunch of roses and lilies-of-the-valley, as sweet as these are."

"That young lady was as sweet as any rose and as gentle and pretty in her ways as them lilies," replied her husband gratefully. "I could a-kissed the hem of her garment—it wasn't so much the flowers as it was the sweet, pretty way she gave 'em. The young man, too; he's true blue, I'll bet. I hope his sister will come to see, you, Mary, if she's like him."

She did come—dear Nellie Mortimer—with her gentle, loving ways, which fitted into the sick woman's need so gracefully that she quite lost the sense of being cared for as an object of charity. Fruit found its way into the carefully hoarded stores of the child housekeeper, whom Nellie took into her warm heart at once, and one lovely day sweet Marie Gentle came too, her beautiful eyes looking into those of the sick woman's with such angelic sympathy that she felt as if she had seen a vision.

"Oh, Jim, they are all so good to me," she sobbed when her husband came home. "The lady who gave you the boquet has been here. Her father is president of the railroad, and she says I shall be carried home and laid to rest in our own little churchyard. It's so pretty and green there, I'm sure I can rest better."

As much as Leo Lancaster cared for any one beyond herself, she cared for handsome Tom Mortimer, and it was an unsolved mystery to her when he turned from her brilliant charms to her cousin Marie. The incident of the crushed flower in the street car did not weigh upon her mind for a moment, and yet it was a link in the chain of circumstances which changed Tom Mortimer's whole life.

"I have actually to curtail Tom's extravagance," said Nellie to her friend, Marie, one day. "Since he has seen what our missions are doing, he is absolutely greedy in giving."

"Oh, yes, dear Nellie," replied Marie, her sweet face luminous with happy feeling, "your brother has well learned the sweetest lesson life has for any of us, the joy of doing good."—[*Union Signal.*

A Miserable Wife.

"YES, professor, I am afraid I shall have to rent or sell my farm, my wife is so miserable. I cannot carry it on without hiring, and hiring eats up all the profits."

I looked at the speaker admiringly. He was about fifty years old, and as robust as a man of thirty. His whiskers were neatly trimmed, showing a full red cheek. He wore a jaunty hat and natty cutaway coat, and below his vest hung a single fob and heavy gold seal. I was proud of him. He was such a perfect specimen of a New York gentleman from the rural districts that I wanted to imprint his picture on my memory.

"So your wife is miserable?"

"Yes, kinder droopin', with a dry cough and no ambition. She just kinder drags around the house, and looks so peaked and scrawny it gives me the blues. It does, I swan."

"Naturally weakly, wasn't she?"

"She! Oh, no. When I married her she was the smartest girl on the creek. She used to work for my father, and the way she made the work stand around took my eye. She was a poor girl, and her industry got her a rich husband."

Here he took out a gold watch, looked at the time, put it back and adjusted the silk fob on the front of his nicely fitting trousers.

"So she did well, getting married on account of her industry?"

"Why, of course; she was getting only two dollars and fifty cents a week, and she became mistress of a farm."

"Excuse me, but how much are you worth now? Confidentially, you know; I am a scientific man, and will never use such facts to your injury with the assessor."

"Well, professor, I could crowd fifty thousand dollars pretty hard."

"That is good. How long have you been married?"

"Thirty years next Fourth of July. We went down to Albany on a little teeter, and I proposed the match, and Jane was willin'."

"How much do you suppose you have made in these thirty years?"

"Hum—um—lemme see. I got the Davis farm the first ten years, then I run in debt for the Simmons place, got war prices for my cheese, and squared up both places. Well, I think I have cleared up thirty thousand dollars since we spliced."

"Very good, indeed. And your wife has been a great help all this time?"

"Oh, you bet! She was a rattler! She took care of her baby and the milk from twenty cows. I tell you she made the tinware flop! Why, we have had four children, and she never had a hired girl over six months in that time."

"Splendid; and you have cleared thirty thousand dollars in that time?"

"Yes, easy."

"Now, how much has your wife made?"

"She? Why, durn it, professor, she is my wife."

"I know it. But what has she made? You say she was poor when you married her. Now, what has she made?"

"Why, you beat all! Why, she is my wife, and we own it all together."

"Do you? Then she can draw on your bank account? Then she has a horse and carriage when she wants them? Then she has a servant girl when she wants one? Then she rides out for her health, and has a watch and gold chain as you do? Is that so?"

"Professor, you must be crazy. Nobody's wife is boss in that shape Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now look here. You say she did well in marrying rich, and I cannot see it. If she was getting two dollars and a half per week when you married her, and had saved her wages, she would have had now thirty-six hundred dollars. If she had invested it, she would have had five thousand dollars. Now you tell me she is broken down, used up and miserable, and looks so badly she makes you sick, and she has no money, no help, and will probably get nothing but a Scotch granite tombstone whdn she dies."

"Professor, if you was a younger man, I would lick you quicker'n a spring lamb can jump a thistle."

'What for? I am stating this case fairly, am I not? Your wife is no longer young. She is no longer handsome. Her hands are as hard as a local editor's cheek and she has stooped over a milk-can until she has a hump on her back like a peddler."

"Shut up, will you?"

"She has raised four children. One of them is at college. One is taking music lessons in Boston. The other two are teaching school. She is at home alone, going around in a tread mill life whichwill end in a rosewood coffin and a first-class country funeral."

"Stop that, professor, will you!"

"While you are still a handsome man, with just enough gray in your whiskers to make you look interesting. No doubt you have been thinking of some nice young girl of eighteen who would jump at the chance to marry your thirty cows and twenty acres of hops."

"Professor, I won't stay here if you don't let up on that."

"And your wife does not look well in that new Watertown wagon, so you take your hired man and neighbors' girls to meeting. Your wife never goes anywhere, so you do not get her a watch like your own, nor a new silk dress, nor a pony that she could drive, nor a basket phaeton that she could climb into without a ladder. She never says anything, so you have not got her a set of teeth like your own, gold and rubber, and her nose is pushed up into her forehead, and her face wrinkles. She never goes out. She has to work in the kitchen, so she gets no nice shoes like yours."

"Darn my skin if I don't—"

"No, you won't; you will just let her work right along, and then you will marry some high-flyer who will pull every hair out of your head, and serve you right, too."

"Professor, for mercy's sake, stop!"

"When you know, and I know, that if your wife had a chance to rest, and had nice clothes, like other women, she would be one of the best looking women of her age in the town."

"I swan I believe it."

"And, old as she is, if you were to get out the carriage next Sunday and drive around with the colts, and tell her you wanted her to go to meeting with you, she would actually blush with pleasure."

"Darned if I don't do it."

"Then, Monday, if you were to tell her you were going to hire a girl, and that she must sit in the sitting-room by the new nickel-plated coal stove and work on that new silk dress you are going to buy her—"

"Professor, that's me."

"And then hand her a nice wallet with steel clasps and with five nice new twenty-dollar notes in it, and tell her to do her own trading after this, because you have got tired looking after so much money."

"I will, as sure as you live."

"And then, when the tear starts in her eye, and the same old blush comes out that you thought was so nice when you went on that teeter to Albany, if you would kiss her—"

"It's all right, professor."

"Then I think you wouldn't have a miserable wife any longer. Then you would no longer want to sell or rent the farm, but would be showing the mother of your children how much you respected her for her life of devotion. Then she would know she was a partner in that $30,000. Then, if you made your will all right, and she had a good rest, I think she would some time be an eligible widow."

"Think so, professor?"

"I know it. Woman is a plant that wants sunshine. You have been

leaving your wife in the shade too much. She has lost her color. You have made her think she is an old woman. She has given up all hope of admiration and love, and is only waiting to die and get out of the way. Suppose you were treated so?"

"What, me? I am all right."

"Yes, I know. Women pity you because you are tied to such a sorry-looking wife. Foolish old maids and silly girls whisper behind your back what a nice-looking man you are, and what a stick of a wife you have, and you are just soft enough to wear tight boots and oil what little hair you have left on the top of your head, and go around figuring up how long before your wife will die."

"Say now, see here, professor, there is a limit to endurance. I am going."

"I am coming down to see you next week; will it be all right?"

"Yes, if you drop this kind of talk and won't tell of my complaints about my wife. I'll try your medicine. Would you stick for that prescription about the pocketbook and twenty-dollar notes?"

"How much did you say you had made together?"

"I cave. The dress will be all right, and the pony and phaeton will be handy for the gals. Come down and see us, old man, but not a word about this talk. If you wasn't an old man, I'd—"

Tipping his derby back on his head and shaking the wrinkles out of his tight trousers, he put his hands into his pockets and sauntered away.

"There," said I, "is one man who has taken the only legal and God-given way of getting rid of a miserable wife."—[*Albany Journal.*

The Origin of Lace.

THERE once lived in the city of Bruges, according to a French legend, a frail and blonde young girl named Serena. Her family was poor; her infirm and widowed mother and her young sisters lived only by her labors; in order to maintain them she had to work incessantly, and to spin ten hanks of flax every week. Serena was loved by Arnold, a sculptor's apprentice, who was to marry her as soon as he became free. But seeing the distress of her family increase day by day, the young girl made one morning a heroic vow. "Holy Virgin," she said, "give me the means to relieve my family, and I renounce the happiness of life; I surrender the desires of my heart!" The following Sunday Serena went with her sisters into the fields. As she sat on the grass, sadly musing, a quantity of the light filaments called the "Virgin's threads," and which are thought to escape from Blessed Mary's distaff, appeared upon her white apron and interwove themselves into a magnificent design. Serena at once understood that she had been heard. She carried the miraculous network home, and with a thread of exquisite whiteness, spun and whitened by herself, endeavored to imitate it. The task was at first difficult. As the threads interlaced, Arnold, who was watching her, attached a little bit of wood to the end of each one, and thus the bobbins were made. Then, to sustain her work, the young girl fastened it with pins upon a ball of wool, and thus devised the cushion. Within a week the first bit of lace was finished, and soon all the ladies of Bruges wanted lace for their head-dresses and bread was no longer lacking in the home of Serena. When Arnold, a freed sculptor, came to claim her hand, the young girl, faithful to her vow, refused. But so beautiful a story could not end so sadly. After having left to the pious working girl for one year the merit of her sacrifice, the Virgin appeared to her and released her from the vow. Arnold and Serena were married. They were happy; they had many children; all these children were daughters and all these children were lacemakers. This is why, in the city of canals, clocks and swans, there may still be seen, on the threshold of many homes, a blonde young girl plying the busy bobbins with agile fingers and weaving threads of white flax into frail, fairy like and marvelous fabrics.—[*Colo. Index.*

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

THE success after he became blind, of Mr. Grove Yale of Norfolk, Conn., who was one of the Argonauts of '49, illustrates what it is possible for blind men to accomplish in the mercantile world. Losing his sight by an accident in the mines of California, he returned to his former home in Norfolk, Conn., to solve the problem of his future usefulness and ability to maintain himself and those dependent upon him. The loss of his sight and the consequent necessity of adjusting himself to his new conditions, made extraordinary demands upon his powers of mind. The habit of reflection and the concentration of thought being cultivated, Mr. Yale soon found that he could see and understand far more than before he became blind.

He became a student of economics, in a way. He could see in his mind's eye the hundreds of bushels of apples which were allowed to fall and rot upon the ground simply because the everyday farmer could see no way to utilize this surplus.

Mr. Yale conceived the idea of building large retaining tanks, buying up these apples, and manufacturing vinegar, for the New York and Boston markets.

By this means, he not only created a business which yielded a good profit to himself, but he became a public benefactor by furnishing a home market for the farmers for a product that had previously gone to waste.

There is always some one in every small community who is able to look beyond the borders of his town, think for the people and bring home to their doors the advantages to be derived from being in touch with the outside business world. Such a man always easily fills his own coffers and is usually at the same time a desirable citizen, as his fellow townspeople are permitted through his business operations to share these advantages. The subject of this sketch was such a man. He became, and is now, a prosperous merchant. The people of Norfolk have come to depend upon his judgment and place reliance upon his foresight, thus he has become an important factor in town affairs, a counselor whose advice is sought and followed.

The writer has frequently heard men who had been acquainted with persons for years both before and after they became blind, when speaking of what these men had accomplished after losing their sight, make this remark: "He has amounted to a good deal more since he lost his sight than he did before."

These men did not realize that this remark was equivalent to saying that the man who thinks before he acts, even though that action may be circumscribed by some limitation, like blindness, or deafness, or the loss of a limb, is more likely to be successful than the man who is not thus limited but who acts without due reflection.

Let every reader of this article, whether he be blind or seeing, realize the fact that the loss of sight does not take with it the power of thought and that it is the power of thought and the quality of mind which distinguishes one from another. The writer is acquainted with a man who has been blind from childhood and yet to-day is at the head of an industry which furnishes employment for from two to three hundred men.

The nineteenth century with its lap full of blessings for all mankind comes not empty handed to the blind; the telephone, typewriter, the Braille writer, the Braille copper plate machine which enables the blind to produce a copper plate ready for printing about as easily as the type-writist could produce the same matter upon a type written page, have added so greatly to the possibilities of useful employment for the blind, that the problem presented by this limitation has been greatly simplified.

How many men are at the head of great business enterprises to-day who have nothing to do with the actual details of their business which require physical sight? Eyesight is a much cheaper product in the market than brains. William E. Cramer, the former editor of the Albany Argus and later proprietor and editor of a Minneapolis daily was totally blind. The writer is acquainted with the daily life and habit of an editor of one of our great dailies whose business hours are spent in his editorial sanctum where about the only communication he has with the outside world is by means of his telephone and his pen.

The blind man with the Braille writer, typewriter or an amanuensis at his command is just as well equipped for this work as the editor to whom I refer.

Mr. Collins E. Wilcox, of the town of Cornwall, in this State is another example of a successful business man though blind. He has for years conducted a store in connection with a market, runs a meat cart and with the aid of a boy to drive his horse, serves his customers to their full satisfaction, cutting up and preparing the meat with his own hands.

There are many blind men who have become successful piano tuners and who also conduct a business in musical merchandise. A notable instance of this is the case of Mr. A. C. Andrews, of Willimantic, who has been established there for many years and who is one of the substantial and influential citizens of that city.

"Comfort one another,
For the way is growing dreary,
And the feet are often weary,
And the heart is—oh, how sad!
There are heavy burdens bearing,
When it seems that none are caring
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another,
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the look of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
When life's daily bread is broken,
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies."

THE HEART OF THINGS.

THE RUSH FOR GOLD.—No one would think it strange that Hamlin Garland was caught in the rush to the Klondike. It seems perfectly natural that this son of the plains should take to the trail; not only because he was seeking material for a new book, but because he loves the free air and free life of the mountains. He started out in the spring of 1898 taking the overland route. He went to a little station on the C. P. R. R , bought a horse and provisions, and accompanied by an equally adventurous companion, set out for the North. It was easy enough work for a week or two; then the hardships began,—hardships that culminated in some awful experiences in the Stikeen Divide.

"Beneath us lay a thousand quagmires. The forest was filled with impenetrable jungles and hidden streams, ridges sullen and silent were to be crossed, and the snow was close at hand. Across this valley an eagle might sweep with joy, but the pack trains must crawl in mud and mire through long hours of torture."

No, thank you. None of that for us. It is hard to understand how men can endure so much in the hope of getting a few thousands of dollars. Its worse than any other form of lottery. It need not surprise us that Mr. Garland had enough of it going up; in fact, he had so much of it on the way up that he had no stomach for any more of it when he arrived at his journey's end. He put in a week a long way south of the Klondike, and gladly took the steamer for home. We are glad he has written this story of a cold, almost unendurable experience on the trail. It makes us more confident than ever that we were not created for prospectors. Our love of adventure will never lead us in that direction.

(The Trail of the Gold-Seekers. By Hamlin Garland. Macmillan Co. $1.50.)

THE GOOPHERED NEGRO.—From "The Conjure Woman," by Charles W. Chestnutt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"All dis time the goopher was a workin'. When de vimes sta'ted ter wither, Henry 'mence ter complain ev his rheumatiz; and when de leaves begin ter dry up, his ha'r 'mence ter drap out. When de vimes fresh up er bit, Henry'd git peart ag'in, en when de vimes wither ag'in, Henry'd git ole ag'in, en des kep' gittin' mo' en mo' fitten fer nuffin; he des pined away, en pined away, en fine'ly tuk ter his cabin; en when de big vime whar he got de sap ter 'n'int his head withered en turned yaller en died, Henry died too,—des went out sorter like a cannel. Dey did'nt 'pear ter be nuffin de matter wid him, 'cep'n' de rheumatiz, but his strenk des dwinel away 'tel de did'nt hab ernuff lef' ter draw his bref. De goopher had got de under holt, en th'owed Henry dat time fer good en all."

(This collection of stories by Mr, Chestnutt is well worth reading. There are no better negro tales by any author than these. They are at once gay and serious; they portray the wonderful hold of superstitous fear possessed by some negro necromancers over their more ignorant fellow.

CURRENT EVENTS.

GRACE A. CHILD.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.—Two Arctic expeditions have recently been heard from within a few weeks of each other. One, headed by Mr. Walter Wellman, an American journalist, has reached Tromsoe, Norway, reporting great suffering and the death of one of their number. The expedition was planned by Mr. Wellman with two objects in view in neither of which was he successful. One was to search for traces of Andrée in Franz Joseph Land and the other to outdo Nansen's record. He succeeded in reaching about 84° north, which is further than any explorer except Nansen has penetrated but more than two degrees less than Nansen's "Farther North." The other expedition, under Lieutenant Peary's direction, is heard of at Brigus, Newfoundland, where they report explorations and geographical discoveries in Ellesmere Land and important work bearing on the future of the expedition. Among other journeys Lieutenant Peary has traveled by sledge to Fort Conger, the headquarters of the Greely expedition, where he found the buildings exactly as Greely left them sixteen years ago, and brought away the original Greely records and many articles left there by him and his men.

SAN DOMINGO.—The revolution in San Domingo which followed the assassination of President Heureaux is reported as having subsided and the success of the revolutionists is shown by the resignation of Vice-President Figuereo, the legal successor of the murdered president. General Vasquez is at the head of the provisional government which the revolutionists have organized but it is uncertain whether he will remain in that position or give way to General Jiminez, who has been the ostensible head of the party and reported to be the one sure to be chosen president. According to latest accounts, Jiminez has reached San Domingo, having at last succeeded in leaving Cuba where he was detained on the ground that he was about to engage in a filibustering expedition against a government in friendly relations with the United States. He proposes a liberal government based on honesty and justice and urges a reform of the tariff and currency, questions which in part are said to have caused the revolution.

NEW YORK'S WATER SUPPLY.—New York is to be congratulated on the recent foiling of an attempt of a private concern to get control of the city's water supply. The Board of Public Improvements was in the act of making a contract with the Ramapo Water Company of New Jersey by which the city would have had to pay about $5,000,000 a year for forty years. The vigorous action of Comptroller Coler and the exposure of the newspapers has thwarted the scheme. The city's water supply is sufficient for years to come and when

it is necessary to enlarge it, it can be done at one-half or one-third the expense of the Ramapo scheme. The explanation of this apparent folly on the part of city officials is said to be the fact that the Ramapo Company is officered by prominent Republicans like General Tracy and Edward Lauterbach and that in all probability another deal has been made between the Republican machine and Tammany officials.

STORM IN PORTO RICO.—A terrible storm and hurricane has visited the West Indies falling with the greatest violence on Porto Rico. From two to five thousand deaths are reported in that island alone. Crops and plantation buildings are wholly swept away while the roads have been made impassable. The condition of the people is made even worse by the unsanitary condition of the towns. Through appeals by Secretary Root to the Governors of the states, large contributions of food and clothing have been received which have been promptly shipped from New York to the afflicted island. It is probable that the government at Washington will have to devise some means for assisting the business men and planters until the damage can be in some measure repaired and business resumed.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. — The British Atlantic fleet during its summer maneuvers has clearly proved the value of wireless telegraphy at sea. Three war vessels including the flag-ship of the squadron were furnished with Signor Marconi's apparatus. By its means the first vessel to sight a certain convoy of merchant ships sent the news back to number two and that back to the flag-ship, all in so short a time that the flag-ship had learned of the position of the convoy while the latter was still eighty-six miles away. The *New York Herald* has secured Signor Marconi to report for it the great international yacht race between the Columbia and Shamrock by sending the result of the race through the air from his post on the steamer, Grand Duchesse, to the cable ship anchored near Scotland Light from which it will be telegraphed to New York.

CUBAN CENSUS.—The Census of Cuba which the President has ordered to be taken is to be completed by January 1, 1900. In addition to the numerical population of the island, the questions are to bring out the extent of education, how well the Cubans are able to speak the English language, amount of property owned and rented by each individual, amount of land cultivated, and other facts necessary to be known preliminary to establishing a civil government in Cuba. Much interest will be felt in the result especially in the number of natives left in the island after the dying off of so many recontrados. The last Spanish census was taken some years ago but is not to be relied upon. Cubans will be employed as enumerators, but the final tabulations will be made in Washington.

MEXICO has in hand a troublesome war with the Yaquis, one of the most powerful tribes of Indians in that country. According to accounts it has been provoked mainly by a natural and just attempt of the tribe to resist the entrance of white men into their territory which has of late proved very attractive on account of the discovery of gold there.

THE DREYFUS AFFAIR.—Dreyfus, who has been on trial for selling French military secrets to a foreign government, on September 9th was judged "Guilty" with "extenuating circumstances" and sentenced to ten years imprisonment. Ten days later the French Cabinet decided to grant him a pardon. The trial has shown several things pretty clearly to the world at large. The first is, that Dreyfus is not guilty but on the other hand that one or more members of the General Staff of the French army have done the very thing with which he has been charged and that he has been chosen to be made the scapegoat of their crimes. It has further been shown that military tyranny rules in France rather than the principle of civil justice.

THE TRANSVAAL.—The conditions in the Transvaal at present show little promise of a peaceful settlement of the difficulties between the Boers and the British government. At one time President Kruger seemed inclined to yield to the demands for reform with reference to the grievances of the Outlanders, but his reply to the latest dispatch sent by Mr. Chamberlain, British Secretary of State for the colonies, withdrew the franchise proposal and was eminently unsatisfactory in tone. The common opinion of the English press is that the Boers intend to fight. The gathering of their troops and massing of artillery is continually going on while the British force in South Africa is being increased to nearly twenty-five thousand men.

AFFAIRS IN THE PHILIPPINES.—The past month has brought news of but slight changes in the position of our troops in the Philippines, the most important advance being that to Angeles about ten miles northwest of San Fernando. The announcement of Mr. Root, the new Secretary of War, that the purpose of the administration is to push the war with all possible energy has been followed by a call for ten more regiments of volunteers in addition to the ten previously ordered. This means that by January or February there will be ready for the fall and winter campaign about 63,000 men.

MAYOR JONES, the "Golden Rule" mayor of Toledo, has consented to enter the field as candidate for governor of Ohio with platform principles aiming toward a co-operative commonwealth. They include the direct making of laws by the people, public ownership of all public utilities, and the general betterment of the laboring classes.

IMPORTANT news from the East comes in the shape of a reported alliance between China and Japan for the purpose of saving China from dismemberment by the European Powers. Japan is to teach China how to organize for modern fighting and for the development of her industry.

SELECTED MATTER.

Live It Down.

Has your life a bitter sorrow
Live it down.
Think about a bright to-morrow,
Live it down.
You will find it never pays
Just to sit wet eyed, and gaze
On the grave of vanished days;
Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?
Live it down.
You can win a brave heart's guerdon;
Live it down.
Make your life so free from blame,
That the lustre of your fame
Shall hide all the olden shame;
Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?
Live it down.
Useless griefs will make it double,
Live it down.
Do not water it with tears—
Do not feed it with your fears—
Do not nurse it through the years—
Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?
Live it down.
Do not hide your face in terror:
Live it down.
Look the world square in the eyes;
Go ahead as one who tries
To be honored ere he dies;
Live it down.

—*Selected.*

AN artificial stone now being made at Working, England, by the Owen process, consists of 87½ per cent. of quartzose sand and 12½ of lime, which, first being sifted and mixed, are subjected for thirty-five hours to a hydrostatic pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch. A distinctive feature of the process is the boiling of the water used before it is pumped into the pressure chamber, the driving out of all air in this way being claimed to obviate blow holes and similar defects in the stone. The product improves with exposure to the atmosphere, being capable in a month of standing a pressure of 4,000 pounds to the square inch. It is cast to any desired form in steel moulds. Pieces of the material have been repeatedly subjected to sudden cooling from a high temperature and to freezing—while saturated with water—and sudden thawing, without any signs of disintegration.

MRS. LESTER WALLACK is the sister of Millais, the great English painter, and comes of an excellent family. Wallack ran off with her when he was a young man, and advertised himself largely by his brilliant stroke. He was then an ensign in the English army, and it was his army life which gave him the English lingo that he has always used with such unction since. He was born in Varick Street, New York, but his father sent him to England to school, whence he went into the army.

SPRUCE is not commonly accounted a costly wood, but some of it may be very valuable. Spruce is largely used for the tops of stringed musical instruments, such as guitars and

mandolins, the finer grained being the more desirable. The value of rosewood depends upon its color and quality. It ranges in price from a cent and a quarter to ten cents a pound. Thirty-grain Adirondack spruce would be worth more than the finest rosewood. It might be that not one such log would be found among a thousand.

MRS. CARLYLE was thrifty and sensible. Deep studies and cultivation put before cooking did not prevent her from giving the philosopher his meals. Amid her own studies, she writes: "A bit of meat, roasted at the oven, suffices two days cold, and does not plague us with cookery. Sereetha can fetch up tea-things, and the porridge is easily made on the parlor fire—the kitchen one being allowed to go out (for economy) when the Peesweep retires to bed at eight o'clock."

IT is quite a well known story of antislavery times, how, when public feeling was at its height, Garrison had been dragged through the streets of Boston by a mob and death itself was not unlikely, that the invalid wife of Wendell Phillips wrote him a note, which was handed him just before he was to make a speech against slavery. It was very brief, but had a world of meaning. It read, "Don't shilly-shally, Wendell."

DR. WALMSLEY, of the Darenth Asylum Schools, says that of the 132 imbecile children that were admitted to his institution in a year, the family history was well ascertained and clear in 104 cases, and he further demonstrated that alcoholic intemperance of parents and hereditary predisposition are the main factors in the production of idiocy and imbecility.

A GOSSIPY writer in the Troy *Press* says of Bret Harte's father, whom he met years ago, when he was a private tutor of two of his playmates: "I remember him well—a very pleasant gentleman. He married a girl out of the mill. She was one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw—as handsome as a doll, but had no education. Her husband educated her, and she became one of the finest ladies in Hudson."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES attributes his years and good health to an early morning walk or horseback ride before breakfast. He was naturally of a delicate constitution, and when he married Doctor Jackson's daughter the father-in-law said to him: "If you have the necessary physique to stand horseback riding, do it; if not, take an early walk each day." He scrupulously followed the advice.

THE South African Republic First Raad has taken the liquor question out of the hands of the Second Raad, and appointed a commission to overhaul and amend the law.

THE New York *World* was originally started as a daily religious paper, under the editorial charge of J. Watson Webb.

UPON the death of Carlyle, William Black became the greatest literary smoker in England.

THE fragment of Beowulf as edited by T. Arnold, in 1876, consists of 6,357 lines.

CHARLES SPRAGUE, who lived to be eighty-three, was on a railroad train but once in his life.

POPE was the first man who made an independence by literature.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Little Cookie Man.

S. ISADORE MINER.

When we were
children,
just like
you,
Your mother,
dears, and I,
And grandma
had a baking day,
Our happiness was high.
She'd let us bake some patty pies,
And scrape the frosting pan;
And if we were—oh! very good,
She'd make a cookie man.
A little cookie man,
And bake him in a pan!
The greatest treat, so crisp and sweet,
That little cookie man!

She'd cut him from the sugared
dough,
And dress him in a hat;
As his eyes were made of caraway,
He could find no fault with that.
'Tis true his legs were rather stiff,
Each arm was like a fan,
But those were trifles in our joy
Of a little cookie man.
A little cookie man,
With crust of oven-tan,
He grew quite stout 'fore taken out,
The little cookie man!

Oh, that was many years ago;
I'm wiser now than then;
And yet I often mourn the days
Of the little cookie men.
For though I've been both north and
south,
And met full many a man,
I've not found one I liked so well
As those baked in a pan—
As the little cookie man
Grandma made in a pan;
Oh, he was so sweet, and good to eat,
That little cookie man!

—*Dallas News.*

MR. NUTT'S DOG NED.

MR. and Mrs. Nutt have a small farm, a lot of children, and a nice dog.

Mr. Nutt works the farm himself, and his two big boys, Tom and Harry, help him. Mrs. Nutt and Mary, the eldest girl, do the milking and churning; the next daughter, Nell, feeds the chickens; and the three younger children, George, Lucy, and Kate, hunt eggs in the hay loft and crannies, out of school hours.

Mr. Nutt's dog, Ned, watches and takes care of the whole family in his vigilant dog's way.

Ned is a brown cocker spaniel, and the most cheerful wiggling waggling dog in the world. He follows Mr. Nutt wherever he goes, ploughing, planting, hoeing, or harvesting, follows the boys to pasture with the cows, watches Mary at the milking, and runs all over the place, barking and finding when the others hunt for eggs. He runs to the post-office, fetches the evening paper, escorts the children to school, and then

hurries home to help Mrs. Nutt to churn; or else, on off days, sits in the sun on the hill, flicking his tail and snapping at flies, waiting for school to be over when he can race off to meet his friends. In these resting moments he is joined by a small, young, speckled hen, who never leaves him if she can help it.

Of course the Nutt children love Ned dearly and cannot say enough in his praise. They think he might learn to read, he is so clever, and they know that he can count.

This is how they found it out, and also the way he won the friendship of the little, young, speckled hen.

The little, young, speckled hen's mother, the old. big, speckied hen had a way of stealing her nest and hiding the eggs, and, therefore, had to be watched. Once upon a time, Mrs. Nutt and Mary missed her for many days, and even the children failed to find her.

One day they heard a great cluck-cluck-clucking, in the yard, and who should come marching along, with head high in air and feet hardly touching the ground for pride, but Mrs. Speckled Hen; and huddled around her, tripping and tumbling over the grass, a weeney, fluffy brood of chicks with pink feet and legs, beady eyes, and yellow down for feathers.

The children fairly danced when they saw her, they were so glad. They screamed at the top of their voices, "Mother, mother, come and see! here is Old Speckle with *ten* chicks!"

Mrs. Nutt and Mr. Nutt, Tom and Harry, Mary and Nell, came hurrying out to see the runaway hen come home with a brood. Ned came too, but with a look of grave concern; and while the others counted and admired the little chicks' that knowing fellow also sniffed around the little newly fledged creatures, while Mother Speckle spread out her wings crossly, and tried to drive him away.

"Yes, ten chicks," the Nutt chil-children counted. "Speckle has ten chicks! Where can she have hidden the nest?"

Ned cocked up his ears at "ten chicks," cast a scornful look at the stately mother, and then dashed off to a neglected stump in the far corner of the stone-wall.

Presently he came back with an egg in his mouth, laid it gently in Mrs. Nutt's apron, and then jumped about, wagging his tail and barking furiously.

The egg Ned had brought was not a very fresh-looking egg. Mrs Nutt touched it with her finger, and it was warm; it stirred in her aprou, and then the tiny tip of a yellow beak was seen, pecking at the shell, from the inside—a little live chick was there trying to get out into the great world.

Mrs. Nutt put the egg in cotton near the fire, and "*peck, peck*," sounded the little beak, and "*break, break*," went the shell. Soon out came another weeney, fluffy chick, with pink feet and legs, beady eyes, and yellow down for feathers, and Mrs. Nutt called to her children to come and see Speckle's eleventh chick. Then they all went and put it under Mother Speckle's wings, and then she brooded it with the others. All the time Ned watched them intently, licking his mouth and yawning, wagging his tail and following the chicken jealously, even to the soft cover of its mother's widgs.

The foundling never grew as big as the other chicks, and was called "Ned's chicken." Ned knew it from the others, and would fetch it tenderly in his mouth to the house from

the barn, when told, "Go fetch your chicken!"

And the chicken learned to watch for Ned, and followed him everywhere.

The Nutt children made a special pet of Ned's chicken. They say, if Ned had not watched Old Speckle when she stole her nest snd laid her eggs in the neglected stump, and if he had not counted the eleven eggs and known that one was missing when Speckle came home with ten chicks—then Old Speckle would have forgotten the poor little odd one, in her pride over the ten, and "Ned's chick" would have stayed in the stump, in the shell, and have never seen the light of day, nor known the great fun of scratching up the flower-seeds in Mary's garden.—[*Selected.*

"It is half past eleven," said grandpa, "and the mason will not have the chimney fixed before three o'clock."

"Then I suppose we must go along with a cold lunch," said grandma.

"Well" said grandpa, after a moment "perhaps I can boil some eggs. I will try it."

"But isn't it too windy to make a fire out of doors?" asked grandma.

"I shall not need a fire," said grandpa.

"That sounds like a joke," said Edith.

"No joke at all," said grandpa. "Come out and see. And bring the eggs," He added, "and a can with a tight cover."

When, a few moments after, grandma and Edith went out in the back yard, grandpa was putting some fresh lime into an old pail.

He took the can of eggs they brought and filled it nearly full of cold water. Then, fitting the lid on carefully, he set it in a hollow place he had made in the lime. Edith watched him curiously.

"Will the lime burn?" she asked. "Shall I bring the matches?"

"You forget," said grandpa. "I was not to use any fire. We'll start it with cold water."

"Now I know you're joking."

"Wait a moment," said grandpa, "and you'll see."

He poured in the water and put a board over the pail.

"Oh!" cried Edith, when in a very short time it began to bubble and steam as if a hot fire were burning under the pail. And "Oh!" she cried, a great deal louder, when a white, creamy mass came pouring over the top and down the sides of the pail

It did not last long. In six minutes the bubbling had almost stopped. So grandpa took a long dipper and gently lifted out the can, all coated with lime.

He rinsed it off, then opened it, and took out the nice, white eggs and when they broke them at lunch they found them cooked just exactly right.—[*Selected.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"Did you lead your class?"

"No; but the whole faculty were after me."

———o———

Small Margery had just been stung by a wasp. "I wouldn't a minded its walking all over my hand," she said between her sobs, "if—if it hadn't sat down so hard."

———o———

He—"Come here, Anna! Here's a vegetable pedler."

She (hurrying to the door)—"Nonsense! That's the milliner with my new hat!"

———o———

"Poor old turkey!" said little Pollie, sympathetically, as the well-stuffed bird was brought on the table. "Just to think of being so chuck-full of lovely stuffing and not being able to enjoy it!."

———o———

Miss Beacon Hill—"Dear me! Strange, but I cannot remember. Where is Dresden?"

"Young Lakeside—"Oh, that's easy. In China. Saw the address in a show window to-day."

———o———

Landowner (to party bobbing in the stream)—"Hello there! don't you see that sign, 'No Fishing Here?' "

Angler—"Yes; ain't it ridiculous? Fine fishing here; just look at that for a string [holding up a dozen or twenty big fellows], beauties, ain't they? The chap who stuck up that sign evidently didn't know what he was talking about."

Boy—"I want to buy some paper."

Dealer—"What kind of paper?"

"Better give me fly-paper. I want to make a kite."

———o———

"Pauline couldn't establish her claim to be a Daughter of the Revolution."

"Weren't her papers all right?"

"Yes; but they said she was too peaceable."

———o———

Doctor—"The bicycle gives people the best exercise in the world."

Patient—"But I can't afford to ride a bicycle."

Doctor—"Oh, you don't need to ride one; just dodge them."

———o———

She—"Sometimes you seem very manly, and at other times almost effeminate. What is the reason?"

He—"I suppose it is heredity. Half of my ancestors were males and the other half females."

———o———

The superintendent of the junior league in a city in Kansas was drilling the children for a concert. Standing before them, she said: "Now, I want Katie Smith—where is she? She was here just a moment ago. Oh, dear! You children have plagued me so by running out, and now Katie is gone just when I wanted her." Just then a hearty laugh ran through the crowd, as a little voice said, close by her side, "Here I am, Mrs. K., right under your sleeve."

Mrs. Strongmind—"If women would only stand shoulder to shoulder, they would soon win the suffrage."

Dr. Huffy—"But, madam, that is something they can't do, with the present style in sleeves."

———o———

A little girl whose parents recently moved to another city, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a block, thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."

———o———

"You will not find the women of stable character scurrying about the streets on a bicycle," said the old-fashioned boarder.

"Of course not," said the Cheerful Idiot. "The stable woman would prefer the horse."

———o———

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country which read as follows: "I hev tuk your paper for leven years, but if you kant spell enny better than you have been doin' fur the las' to months, you may jest stoppit."

———o———

It was the evening before their marriage. Robert was just about to leave, when Mary detained him. "There is something, dear that I feel that I ought to tell you before our marriage. I am a somnambulist." Robert hesitated for a moment, and replied with the air of a man who has solved a perplexing problem: "You know I am a Methodist myself, but I suppose we can take sittings in both churches."

"Were you frightened, Willard? asked Mr. Grimes of his little boy, whom he had sent on an errand after dark. "Well, I should say so!" answered the little fellow, "The streaks of scaredness just run up and down my legs!"

———o———

An Irishman and a Frenchman were one day having a dispute over the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I say," said the Frenchman. "that, if he was born in France, he is a Frenchman." "Begorra," said Pat, "if a cat should have kittens in the oven, would you call them biscuits?"

———o———

A Month after the Elopement.—She—"I got a letter from papa today, saying that he had made his will."

He—"Do we come in anywhere?"

She—"Not directly, but he has left all his money to an asylum for idiots."

———o———

At a dinner in London, Mr. Gladstone said to Father Healy, a witty Irish priest, "Mr. Healy, I have recently come from Rome, where I saw the offer of a plenary indulgence for fifty francs: Now what authority has your church to forgive my sins for fifty francs?"

"That is too large a subject to take up with the dessert," the Irishman replied gently; "but," his eyes twinkling, "I think any church that would forgive your sins, Mr. Gladstone, for fifty francs, is letting you off very cheaply." Mr. Gladstone readily joined in the shout of laughter which followed this apt reply.

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. . . . . and . . . . . .

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TALKS AND TALES.

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YOU ask for an article upon some place that particularly interested me, during my recent travels; and I wonder which of the many pleasant memory pictures, that crowd about me, in response to my call for a subject, is most likely to entertain your readers. The one which appeals most invitingly to me takes me far away from the confusing bustle and never ending common-places, of the close, noisy city, to the delightful retreats among the woods and hills of the romantic Kennebec, the land of beauty and history, where the moose and the deer still roam their native wilds, and nature is nature still in spite of the despoiling hand of man.

True, the lower valley of the Kennebec is at last thoroughly given over to civilization. As far up as Bingham the traveler comes upon thrifty villages every few miles, with a generous sprinkling of busy little cities. The ordinary sights and industries too, are well represented. There are the flourishing farms and gardens despite the rocks, the inevitable New England mills and factories, the foreign colony with its odd blending of the old and the new. Even the locomotive, that uncouth symbol of this hurrying practical age of ours, goes rushing along the beautiful valley as unceremoniously as elsewhere, sending its hideous shrieks to echo and re-echo among the adjacent hills, in contemptuous disregard of the romantic memories asleep in their quiet recesses.

Yet, there is nothing ordinary about Maine. You feel it in its invigorating mountain and sea air, sweet with the fragrance of its pines, as you see it in the wildness and sublimity of its ever varying scenery. The crowds of

pleasure-seekers, from all over the United States, that spread themselves over Maine every year are as powerless to detract from its native interest, as they are to make it in the least like the humdrum world from which they have escaped. Now and then, to be sure, the gay, fashionable life of Bar Harbor and some of the other great resorts does strike us rather incongruous with the simple grandeur of their surroundings. In general though, the mammoth hotels of the popular resorts, like the unassuming cottages of the less pretentious colonies, or solitary tent, by mountain stream or unfrequented beach only add to the picturesqueness of the scene.

From the first nature seems to have designed this bit of land for something out of the common, an out of door school perhaps; or it may be a playground for her tired children. Certainly few places in America offer the pleasure-seeker and the rest-seeker more in the way of natural attractions, or are better adapted to meet their various tastes. Its twenty-four hundred miles of bay, indented, island strewn seaboard, with its sheltered coves, its rugged bluffs, its magnificent sea and landscape (to say nothfng of the fascinating studies in rocks and marine life, tempting one at every step) never fails to enthuse the most fastidious or the most capricious. Then, there are its grand old forests stretching away in such peaceful somber dignity. What hunter could ask larger moose or more abundant deer than are to be tracked in their quiet depths. Its mountains too, though not as high as those of some of the other states, are quite high enough (and rough enough too, for that matter) to satisfy the most ardent climber. While, as for infinitude of lakes and ponds and streams, stretched out over the entire state, like some vast silvery net, nothing could be more delightful. The most charming part, however of all this charming region is that which is comprehended in Kennebec Valley. This mighty river, from the far-famed Moosehead Lake, at its source, to the matchless Casco Bay at its mouth, flows continuously through a country of bewildering beauty and exceptional historic interest. Moosehead Lake, the grand reservoir of the valley, lies in the west central part of the state, in the heart of a veritable wilderness. Bold mountains, rocky cliffs and dense forests still guard it faithfully, though the chopper's ax has made sad inroads into the noble woods. It is the largest lake in New England, and naturally enough, the pride of the pine tree state. Its lonely shores, however, are seldom frequented but by lumbermen and pleasure-seekers, and there is hardly a human habitation in its vicinity, excepting the little village of Greenville at its foot and the Mount Kineo House, an immense hotel, capable of accommodating five hundred guests. So the deer and its sylvan neighbors have things pretty much their own way there now, as they did in the long ago. The lake is extremely irregular in outline. At one point it is nearly bisected by a slender promontory, which extends out from its eastern shore; while, close by

it has a width of about fifteen miles. It is from this promontory that Mount Kineo (dearest of all the Maine mountains to the Indian heart) rears its baron crest a thousand feet above the surrounding waters. The lake is about thirty-six miles long, and from four to twelve miles wide. It has an elevation of about a thousand feet; and its depth is variously estimated at from three hundred to nine hundred feet.

Between Moosehead Lake, which is the fountainhead of the East Branch of the Kennebec, and that part of the highlands which separates the waters of the Kennebec from those of the St. Lawrence upon which the West Branch of the Kennebec has its origin, all is woods and lakes and mountains, with here and there a deep ravine or dreary bog. It is safe to say that there is not a wilder piece of country than this to be found in all New England. Yet, forbidding as it is, its fine hunting and fishing lure many a hardy sportsman to its solitudes season after season.

The extreme northern terminus of the valley is marked by the three interesting lakes named respectively, Wood Pond and Little Big Wood Pond; but the best known of all these northern lakes is Long Pond. A splendid sheet of water it is too, stretched out for ten miles amid the most delightful of woodland scenery. Its crystal waters stocked with trout, Moose River meanders gracefully through a large part of this wilderness, growing in its shade from a mountain spring to quite a river. The Parlin Pond House (another of Maine's forest hotels) stands on the road from Jackman to the Forks, dispensing the hospitalities of the woods to all who visit its vicinity. As far as I could learn, there is hardly a permanent human habitation within ten miles of it.

The East Branch of the Kennebec, after leaving Moosehead Lake and passing through Indian Pond, on its way to meet the West Branch, picks up Cold Stream and a number of other turbulent streams that come tumbling over the rocks in the roughest kind of a way. The West Branch, or Dead River as it is more generally called, on its way to The Forks, also receives many liberal contributions from the mountain streams that cross its path. So they are both full fledged rivers before they unite their waters to form the Kennebec proper. Thus this noble river is generously provided for from the beginning; and it is quite worthy its splendid environs, even when it starts down its rocky road to the sea. Yet it keeps on widening and deepening and gathering in the brooks and rivers that come hurrying to meet it all along its course until by the time it reaches the Merry-Meeting Bay, where it is joined by the lovely Androscoggin, it is indeed "a great river" as it was so appropriately called by its discoverers.

The praises of Casco Bay, that exquisite sheet of water lying between Portland and the mouth of the Kennebec, have been sung by so many writers and travelers it would be presumptuous in me to hope to tell you

anything about it that you do not already know, or that would strengthen your pride in the beautiful, verdant archipelago. If you have visited it you will never forget its gracefully waving coast line, with the bold bluffs of Cape Elizabeth and the picturesque mouth of the Kennebec, and in the distance the mist-robed mountains, or the charming way in which the 365 islands (as they are popularly supposed to be) are scattered about in the blue waters, with the restless ocean beyond them stretching away in all its mysterious grandeur. Even if you have not been there in reality gliding in and out among the wooded islets, in the trim little boats that ply those waters, or fishing from those jutting rocks, which seem thrust up from the deep for that particular purpose, you have been there in fancy. Indeed, who has not accompanied Captain Kidd on his excursions to those parts, watched with Whittier for "The Dead Ship of Harpswell," or wandered about the beautiful coves and beaches with Mrs. Stowe, now gathering shells with the Pearl of Orr's Island, now trembling for the struggling ship which the fierce winds and angry billows are lashing to its doom upon the rocks. I should really like, though, to ramble again about the pretty terraces and shady streets of the Forest City, and to take you with me to the cemetery where so many brave ones rest; and to the boyhood haunts of our Longfellow. There are, however, so many interesting things to be said about Portland I should be sure to lose myself among its memories or on its busy wharves, and so be forced to ask another chapter in TALKS AND TALES for the end of my article. So, I will not pause here for a word, even about its fine observatory or light house or the three forts that guard this "Quebec of the United States."

Below the great dam at Augusta (where the water drops fifteen feet) the Kennebec is comparatively calm, and affords a splendid harbor for the steamers plying between Bath and the ports further down the coast. During the greater part of its course, however, it is as boisterous as a river can very well be, seeming to take especial delight in springing over rocks and leaping down steep precipices; thus forming the many beautiful falls and rapids for which it is so justly noted. There is an exceptionally pretty fall at Winslow, and another extremely pretty one at Skowhegan; but the most imposing of all are the Carratunk Falls near Solon, where the waters dash over the rocks with true Niagara-like force and picturesqueness. Then, there are Arnold's Falls on the West Branch, and Moxie Falls on the stream of the same name which conveys the waters of the celebrated fishing pond of Moxie to the East Branch. These falls, have a perpendicular drop of ninety feet. But it would require a volume to do justice to the charms of the Kennebec and its tributaries. It really seems as though the water sprites are in full possession of the valley, with prosperous colonies on every brook and river; and a wilder, noisier lot of streams it would be hard to find.

I spent a summer not long ago at Carratunk, a tiny, hillgirt hamlet eight miles below the Forks and sixteen miles above Bingham, the nearest railway station; and the music of the surrounding waters was by no means the least of my pleasures. Pleasant Pond Stream comes dancing down to the river through the village, from its forest-walled, crystal lake at the foot of Pleasant Pond Mountain; and just across the way Pierce Pond Stream plunges into the Kennebec with a roar that is almost deafening, at times. This is the roughest stream in the whole valley. It carries the waters of Pierce Pond Mountain from Pierce Pond down more than nine hundred feet while running a distance of but three miles. I loved to sit at my window, while the hamlet slept, listening to the boisterous song of this petulant stream mingling with the gentler notes of the Pleasant Pond Stream and the still softer murmur of the river, and dream of the warrior braves whose quaint, fascinating legends, among the hills and lakes of this, their beloved Kennebec, are all that now remain to tell us of their prowess and their wrongs.

They were brave, noble people, those Indians to whom the Kennebec originally belonged, far more intelligent and interesting than the vast majority of the American aborigines. They were strong and active, and usually dressed in an appropriate costume of which shells formed the principal ornaments. Though fierce and cruel when occasion seemed to warrant it, they were extremely hospitable as a rule; and they were always generous friends, affectionate parents and devoted children. There were four powerful families of them, each having its own separate territory and one recognized Sachem; but they were all strongly allied members of the Canibas tribe, an important branch of the Abenaqui nation. This tribe was governed by a Bashaba or supreme ruler, who held his court on Little Swan Island, a pretty island at the head of Merry-Meeting Bay. The ruins of his fortress are still to be seen on the island. As will be seen by the foregoing, the Canibas Indians were quite civilized in their way. Indeed, many among us to-day might be put to shame by their loyalty to their Bashaba, their pride in their native woods and their faith in the Great Spirit. Perhaps this is why we find it harder (even now) to forgive our forefathers for their extermination than we do to blame the Indians for the fearful warfare which so often and so horribly desolated the early colonies of Maine and New Hampshire.

While wandering about the lower valley, among the fertile farms and prosperous towns which now mark the scenes of those ghastly massacres and conflagrations, we are half persuaded that after all necessity may have justified the whites in wresting these rich lands from the unproductive hands of the savages. Not so, however, in the upper valley. When visiting Waterville or Norridgewock we forgot to reason.

We remember only that here for centuries the proud, dusky warriors of a powerful race met about their camp fires in council, smoked the peace pipe and danced the wild war dance, happily ignorant of the stranger who should one day claim their lands, and bid them hunt no more in their native wilds.

There too, those other pictures rise, with peculiar vividness. Dusky warriors still gather round the camp-fires, proud as of yore; but with gloomy brows, and sad, bitter hearts. Their power is broken. Their braves are fast disappearing under the white man's tactics. Their nation's capital is in the hands of the hated intruder; and they must now leave these hunting and fishing grounds of their fathers (endeared to them by the graves and the traditions of countless generations) and go, but where? "The Penobscot Indians hunt on one side of them and the Canada Indians on the other." If they are driven from their own lands upon the Kennebec where shall they seek the deer and the trout, without which they cannot live? They have explained all this to the English time and again, and entreated to be left in possession of the upper valley of the river which has been theirs for ages, always to receive the same reply. "The English claim the entire valley" and might is on their side; and since the nature and the requirements of the red men and the white are too unlike to permit of their dwelling together in peace the Indian must go.

At Norridgewock the Kennebec is quite narrow and is spanned by a railway bridge. The celebrated Bombazeen Rips are about two miles above the present village. These beautiful rapids are named in honor of the famous Indian warrior who met his death upon the ledge of rock about which the water dashes. It is said that the English surprised the Indians while they were attending service in Father Ralle's little chapel, close by, and completely destroyed the village. The Indians were unarmed, as they believed it irreverent to carry firearms into the house of God; so they fell easy victims to their assailants, who had no such scruples. Bombazeen escaped to the river, and swam to the ledge of rock referred to, only to be shot on reaching it. A granite obelisk now marks the spot where the chapel stood, raised to the memory of the good Father Ralle, whose martyred remains rest beneath it.

The heroic Jesuit missionary (Father Ralle,) dwelt among the Indians for more than a quarter of a century. He was a man of unusual ability and virtue; and throughout his long ministry he devoted himself heart and soul to the material as well as the spiritual wellfare of his chosen people, receiving in return a love and reverence that was almost adoration. During the fierce Norridgewock battle (or rather massacre) of 1724 seven chieftains strove to protect his life with their own, and fell with him at the foot of the cross where he had said mass since the destruction of the chapel. These

lines from Whittier's "Mogg Megone" are so appropriate here I cannot refrain from quoting them.

"On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet
The flowing river, and bathe its feet,
The bare-washed rock and the drooping grass,
And the creeping vines as the waters pass,
A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands;
Yet, the traveler knows it a place of prayer,
For the holy sign of the cross is there;
And should he chance at that place to be,
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day
When prayers are made and masses are said,
Some for the living, and some for the dead,
Well might the traveler start to see
The tall, dark forms that take their way,
From the birch canoe on the river shore,
And the forest paths to that chapel door;
And marvel to mark the naked knees
And the dusky foreheads bending there,
And stretching his long, thin arms over these,
In blessing and in prayer,
Like a shrouded spectre, pale and tall,
In his coarse white vesture, Father Ralle."

After this last overwhelming disaster at Norridgewock, the weakened remnant of the once powerful tribe retreated deeper and deeper into the wilderness; and soon became extinct upon the shores of Moosehead Lake. It is said that the last Sachem of the tribe died of starvation on Mount Kineo. One legend has it that a venerable squaw, who had resided on Squaw Mountain for more than a century, on learning of the ruin of her tribe joined the lonely chieftain on Mount Kineo; and they perished together lamenting the misfortunes of their people. It asserts further, that though they were the last of their tribe their camp fires were often seen on the summit of the mountain, years after they had departed for the happy hunting-ground.

Speaking of legends, Mount Kineo is especially rich in legendary lore. The hornstone (so highly prized by the Indians) of which it is composed, together with its romantic situation and peculiar shape caused it to be a favorite rendezvous of the tribes, who made it the subject of many a strange story. Here is one of several interesting ones still extant concerning its origin: The Indians believed that in the long ago men and animals grew to an enormous size. The moose in particular were so large it was thought necessary to take measures to make them smaller. Accordingly a council of the chieftains was held, at which it was decided to entrust the matter to a

great hunter. The hunter, nothing daunted at the task assigned him, immediately set about its accomplishment. He tracked an immense bull to the spot now occupied by Mount Kineo, where he killed it, and sliced off some of its flesh; and from that day the moose have been growing smaller. The dead moose was of course, straightway converted into the mountain, and the slices of flesh into the rocks beside it, which are said to resemble steak in appearance; while the lake itself is supposed to have originated from the moose's antlers.

Arnold's march in 1775 through these then trackless forests is, of course the great event of the valley in connection with our own history. A splendid event it is too, with pathos and tragedy, patriotism and heroism enough in it to furnish material for one of the grandest epics in ancient or modern literature. What a pity that Arnold's subsequent perfidy should be allowed to obscure its glory. If we could but separate Arnold the hero from Arnold the traitor, no story in all our history would be more popular than that of this brave leader and his courageous band struggling for nearly two months amid all the horrors of an unknown and savage wilderness, with hardly an Indian trail to guide them through the infinite labyrinth of treacherous bogs, dreary marshes and impenetrable thickets; now clambering out of deep ravines over ragged, rocky hills, now wading through frozen ponds and streams upon which they were obliged to break the ice as they went; sleeping upon the damp ground with only the branches of the trees to protect them from the sleet and snow and searching winds of a cold Maine autumn. Yet, heroically pressing on, scorning the deserters, though comrades fell of starvation and exhaustion all along the way, and nothing but the most intrepid courage enabled any to hold out until the goal was reached.

Fort Western at Augusta, where the march practically began, is still standing, as are also the inner fortifications of Fort Halifax, at Winslow, where the army made it's last halt before striking out into the dense wilderness which stretched unbroken by so much as a settler's cabin between Norridgewock and the Canadian frontier. The Carrying Place (or great portage) where the army crossed over from the Kennebec to Dead River is about fourteen miles below The Forks. It is about fifteen miles across; and its three famous ponds are now popular for their fishing. Arnold's Parade Ground is a few miles further up, on Dead River. It was there that the triumphant heroes unfurled the American flag and rested two weeks before entering the Chaudiere Valley.

A splendid road 160 miles long now connect Skowhegan and Quebec. This together with the extensive lumbering business which has revolutionized the whole country, during the past half a century, have disposed of many of its most forbidding features. Enough, however remains to give

the traveler a vivid idea of the hardships and difficulties an army must have experienced in traversing those wilds one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

I intended, when I began this sketch, that we should take dinner together, at one of the many busy lumbering camps scattered about the upper valley; and watch the logs, as they take their exciting way (in the early spring) out of the innumerable ponds and streams to the main river, and thence to the boom houses lower down. I have, however, detained you too long already; and so must be content with saying that thinly populated as it is, the upper valley of the Kennebec is both active and interesting. Lumbering is, of course, the only important industry; but it affords employment enough for all. The average yearly cutting of timber on the Kennebec and the Androscoggin rivers, for the past twenty years, has been about five hundred million feet. The unscrupulous way though, in which the forests (even to their saplings) are being sacrificed to meet the demand for pulp and lumber is fast devastating the country. Indeed, in many places, even now, little remains to remind us of the magnificent wilderness of less than a century ago.

One should not leave this romantic river without paying a visit to the great ice plants which line its lower shores. About a million and a half tons of ice are stored away every winter, in the gigantic ice houses of Bath and its neighboring towns, to be shipped South when the warm weather comes. Throughout the summer long convoys of heavily ladened schooners may be seen towed from the ice houses to the open sea, and then sent scurrying away on their missions of comfort and luxury. The ice fields of the Kennebec furnish employment to thousands of men and boys, during the greater part of the cold weather; and they form one of the chief sources of wealth in the lower valley. Thus, genuine winter is hailed as enthusiastically, in this cold clime, as are the first balmy days of spring elsewhere.

Cynthia's Tea-Man.

LUCY C. LILLIE.

MISS JERRER opened the door of the kitchen, where Cynthia was washing the dishes, and took her hood down from a peg on the wall.

"I'm goin' across lots to Sam Boucher's cider-mill, Cynthy," she remarked, as she tied the strings under a resolute chin, "and I want you to look out for the tea-man. It's his day. He may come along any minute. Get a half-pound tea," Miss Jerrer, like most of the people in Beckett's Hollow, spent no time on prepositions—"and a pound coffee. It'll be fifty-nine cents—there 'tis. Don't let him go by!"

Cynthia turned her blue eyes around at her aunt with a little wonderment in them; but, although she had been only one week in the Hollow, she had learned to ask as few questions as possible over orders given her. Not that her aunt could be unkind to any living creature, but she had her own prejudices about things which, as she said, she did not hold with, and one of these was that young people should do as they were told without asking unnecessary questions. So Cynthia only said, "Yes, aunt," took the silver in her apron and laid it on the dresser, while Miss Jerrer went on her way through her own orchards, and across lots to the mill.

It was a mild day for the season. The farmlands and meadows, brown and ruddy in spots, lay with the stillness of spring-time about them. Tall, bare branches were clearly defined, shining with picturesque undulations where the birds of last summer had built their nests; and the road from Beckett's Village to the Hollow wound white and clear as a ribbon between the hedges tangled with clematis and bare sumach stalks. Here and there some loiterer in the way of artichoke blossom showed boldly yellow under the first November sky, and more than once on her short journey Miss Jerrer paused to pick a stalk of catnip or motherwort; still springing green, though its blossom had faded days ago.

The brooding silence of this lonely region was rarely disturbed except by the distant sound of a sportsman's gun. Even on the roadway there were few pedestrians, and only now and then the sound of wheels. Cynthia had at first been appalled and chilled by the quiet of the country, but now she was beginning to vibrate in response to the peaceful landscape with its few diversities—its changes only those of the wind and sky.

The kitchen where she was working had one small window between the dresser and the stove, which framed a picture Cynthia loved to watch, even when it rained. On one side were the orchards and lots which made part of her aunt's journey to the mill; at the other, the winding, hilly road which led past a small farm, liberally stocked, and showing pretty bends and curves in its meadow lands and garden, losing itself, so far as this picture window of Cynthia's was concerned, in the wide horizon of a sky which she had already studied at sunrise more than once.

Cynthia had very little book-learning, but Nature revealed herself to the girl in a hundred ways unknown to many scholars; and already this sense of companionship with the country had begun to reconcile her to the dullness of life in the white cottage, where the only object in life was the daily setting forth of the table and clearing the meal away, sweeping and cleaning the rooms, darning, mending, patching, bringing out the two lamps trimmed and lighted at dark, and going to bed at nine o'clock to the minute, after making sure the pail for the milkman was duly set forth on the front stoop and well covered.

So far not even a visitor had appeared at the cottage, although Miss Jerrer was by no means unsociable; but it was a "busy time round," Cynthia had heard her say, and when, as was their custom, they sat in the late afternoon at their sitting-room windows sewing, Miss Jerrer would comment on passers-by, wondering how this, that and the other might be faring with them; but they were all mere figures and names to the girl, not like real people—she had never been spoken to or addressed by any one but her aunt—and now it was rather interesting to think she was to see and speak to the "tea-man," whoever he might be.

A fish-vender had gone by earlier in the day, and Cynthia had watched her aunt go to the front window and call out in a loud tone, "No, no—not to-day;" then returning to watch his progress up the road from the little window by the kitchen stove, she said reflectively:

"Guess George Bason's doin' better this year—looks kind of spruced up."

So Cynthia concluded George Bason, like Kezia Hotchkiss and Het Bunce, of whom her aunt spoke so familiarly—was a family friend; and, as she waited for the tea-man, she wondered why her aunt did not speak of him by name. A comical idea occurred to the girl as she stood in her own little window. She would try to ask him his name—and keep it all to herself! So, when others spoke of their friends, she would regard the tea-man as hers!

A shrill sound interrupted her reverie—something between a whoop and a flute-like whistle—and Cynthia, darting to the parlor window, saw a trim wagon at the door. A young man of twenty-eight or so sprang lightly to the ground, tossing the reins on the horse's back. The name and address

of the "Great South Company" was painted in blue letters on the yellow side of the wagon. Cynthia flew into the kitchen for her money, and presently, trembling with anxiety lest the purchase should not be all right, ran out to the gate while the young man was fumbling among his packages and china ornaments. He turned round suddenly as he began cheerily:

"Well, Miss Jerrer—"

Then he stopped short, for instead of Miss Jerrer's severe elderly face and bony figure, there stood a girl of seventeen with golden hair straggling about her peach-bloom cheeks and snowy throat.

"If you please," said Cynthia, "half a pound of tea and a pound of coffee."

She held out the money.

"For Miss Jerrer?" asked the young fellow pleasantly.

"Yes, sir."

Cynthia had time to observe his kind, bright eyes and trim appearance while he turned over bundles to get what she wanted.

"Do you want tickets or china?" he asked after a while, looking up from the back of the wagon.

Cynthia stepped out in the road. She could not imagine what he meant.

"What, sir?"

"Tickets or china," he said in his pleasant, cheery voice.

"A ticket to China?" gasped Cynthia.

The tea-man dropped the package he held and laughed.

"Oh, my dear child, excuse me!" he exclaimed. "Well, well! You didn't know, perhaps, we give two tickets with a pound of tea or china-ware."

"No—how nice!"

He displayed quite an assortment to Cynthia's delighted gaze. She was deciding on a plate, when he said:

"You're new here, I guess?"

"Yes, sir," assented Cynthia. "I'm Miss Jerrer's niece." She looked at the kind face turned towards her and added, "I live in Michigan."

"Sure!" exclaimed the tea-man.

"Why, of course," laughed the girl, to whom Beckett and Company's vernacular was rather puzzling at times. "Why shouldn't I be sure?"

Again this extraordinary young man laughed outright.

"Well, I declare miss—"

He paused, and the girl, seizing her opportunity, said:

"Cynthia Jaye's my name." She blushed rosy red, but took courage to add, "If you don't mind, what's yours?"

"David Birch," was the prompt reply. "Now we're introduced, eh?" And again the pair enjoyed a laugh.

"Well, I guess it's about time to take your china, Miss Jaye," he said presently. "P'r'aps tickets are best. I think she's saving up for a set."

Then David Birch explained the *modus operandi* of the tea companies in "giving away" china with their sales.

"Why, how nice!" said Cynthia. Then, with a wistful look up the hilly road between brown and green border-lands, she added, "What a grand time you must have riding all the time, and the country is so beautiful!"

"Think so?" said Birch. "Well, now, there be times when it's hard work—rainy weather, you know. But it was more because I do like the country I took to it. I tell you what, there's more learned in the way a chipmunk runs on a stone wall, or a maple tree turns red and yellow, than half the people shut up in houses ever find out. Why, there's times I have to just stop and look, I tell ye!"

Birch leaned his elbows on the tail-board of his wagon while he and Cynthia looked out through the enclosure to the picture framed by the other end. A quick flight of birds across the pale blue sky startled them.

"Well, I guess I must be going," said Birch, regretfully.

"Oh, must you?" said Cynthia.

She wished so much that she could ask him when he would come again, and, as if he read her thoughts, he observed:

"I'll be round this day two weeks." He sprang into his seat, caught up the reins, and smilingly repeated, "This day two weeks, Miss Jaye."

"All right," said Cynthia, holding her bundles tightly and looking at him with wistful eyes. "Good-by."

She felt curiously exhilarated by this little experience, and during the time which passed before her aunt's return the girl's gentle mind was occupied by thoughts of her "tea-man," as she called him—his interesting life, what he had said about the chipmunks and the maple trees, and so on.

During the next few days Cynthia's studies of the changeful country under the November sky increased in interest; and if she was unusually silent, there was no touch of sullenness, and Miss Jerrer could complain of nothing in the girl except that she was "quieter'n most of 'em are."

It rather pleased Miss Jerrer that when, at meeting, her niece was seen for the first time by the congregation, there was so much sweet composure in the way the girl conducted herself. Kezia Hotchkiss, a veteran widow who lived in her own house and drew a pension, was Miss Jerrer's foil as a rule in all social matters, and Kezia could not but approve of this fair-haired, modest girl, who, if she had very little to say, certainly, as Keziah owned, "looked no fool."

Invitations to tea in the neighborhood were given and accepted, and every time Cynthia had a fluttering hope her tea-man might be of the company; but his trim figure, bright eyes and bronzed face were never to be

seen, so she came to fancy him journeying endlessly over that quiet country, on the alert for every bit of blue sky or every color of the sunset back of the road they called the "Ridge."

Cynthia had not the vaguest idea that she had been building up a romance which reality might shatter, when she found herself the Tuesday fortnight eagerly waiting for Birch's whistle and the sight of the yellow-covered wagon. It sounded at last. Miss Jerrer was in the kitchen sweetening her cider, and Cynthia with a trembling hand received money for the coffee—no tea this time; but what did she care? The purchase meant nothing now.

"Why, how d'ye do, Miss Jaye?" said Birch, as brightly as ever. "What this time?"

"Oh—coffee," said Cynthia, with a dimpling smile.

And then, when the package was delivered, the two young people gazed at each other for a moment in one of those silences that can mean more than words.

"Have you been well?" asked Birch, a trifle awkwardly.

"Yes, sir. Have you had a nice time riding round?" inquired Cynthia, rubbing one finger slowly up and down the tail-board of the showy wagon.

"Why, yes," answered Birch, "except when it rained."

"Oh, I thought of you that dreadful Thursday night," said the girl compassionately. "I wondered where you were when it thundered so. Do you remember?"

A slow, happy smile crept over David's face as he listened.

"I want to know?" he said, with a queer note in his voice that set Cynthia's heart beating a trifle faster.

"Yes; were you out in it?"

"I was—on a stretch of road as bare as ever you see, between Forkhill and Dewsbury. Not a critter in sight, or so much as a barn; I was wet through."

"Just think of it!" purred Cynthia. "Did you take cold?"

"Well, no. You see this open-air life keeps you sorter well."

There was a pause, and David, shy for the first time in his life, said slowly:

"Guess I was thinking of you, Miss Jaye—more'n once. There's a small girl at my sister's has eyes uncommon like yours."

The eyes in question were fixed on David's honest brown face.

"Has she? How old is she?"

"'Bout fifteen."

"Oh!" Cynthia felt a twinge of disappointment. "Quite grown up, then?"

Birch laughed.

"I'd like my sister Susan to hear you say that! Oh, no—they don't like to call it so—"

"Cynthy?" called a sharp voice.

The girl started out of dream-land.

"Well, good-by," said David, springing into his wagon.

"Put that coffee down, and get me some more raisins for this cider," said Miss Jerrer, when she returned. "I declare, Mis' Boucher let this work too long. I can't keep it sweet. And if she thinks I'm going to encourage hard cider in a prohibition town, she's about as mistaken as she ever was—and that's sayin' a good deal for Mari Boucher."

The fortnight passed as the previous one had for Cynthia, whose pulses stirred quickly when the sky lowered and the rains drenched the country. She thought of the bare road between Forkhill and Dewsbury, and wondered if "he" was driving over it.

When the last days of November turned into a glorious Indian summer, her heart revelled. She could have laughed aloud on finding a new crop of rose-leaves on the bushes in her aunt's garden, which a week before had shown only bare branches. The chrysanthemums were glorious. Cynthia wondered if the people along his route ever gave him any. She anxiously watched one brilliant bush near the kitchen, and she determined he should have a boquet from her the next time.

The walk she took once or twice on baking-days to Kezia Hotchkiss' for yeast emptin's was fraught with new delights, for it was in that direction he drove after leaving her, and it was from that hilltop she could see the sweep of sky which flamed with the wintry sunsets, and drifted across what she used to call, in her fanciful way, the "sky world," in colors that were the poetry, the music of Cynthia's unlearned life.

How she would like to be riding along with "him" watching these splendors of nature! How much they could say to each other, the girl used to think, about even the barest of the roadside trees or the gayest of the various-colored fields!

Stranger things are happening every day than for a girl of seventeen to divine a bond between a stranger and herself—to realize the "electric chain," and without knowing it to fall into love—and Paradise! And this is, of course, what happened to Cynthia in the weeks of that autumn and winter, while all the time Miss Jerrer was congratulating herself that Cynthia took no interest in young men—the spinster being opposed to them on principle, considering their evil ways and their words "false as their seeming."

Many a discourse on the subject did Cynthia listen to, but with the sublime unconsciousness that the text could in any way apply to David Birch, whom she saw and talked to regularly on the days by which she

"counted her time." Had the girl read that sweetest of all love sonnets, ignorant as she was, she would have understood it all, and could have as well said, "I count my times by times when I see you," as ever Shakespeare to his unknown love!

When the days had shrunk so that the lamps were trimmed and lighted by five o'clock, Cynthia knew that somewhere over the darkling country her tea-man must be driving under the stars that were so beautiful in the winter sky, and would steal out upon the kitchen porch to look up at the glittering heavens, wondering if "he" had the same ideas she had as to how the stars grouped themselves. Not a notion had she of the science taught concerning any of these things she loved, but she could trace what she called "figures," and liked the way the Great Bear dipped down, and the evening star held glorious supremacy—"like a diamond," she called it to herself.

"Be ye moonstruck, child?" her aunt called out sharply, one crisp, cold night, as she found Cynthia in the little porch with uplifted eyes.

That day she and David had talked in their homely fashion about the winter nighrs; and while he admitted he liked to get indoors as early as possible such cold spells, he had entered thoroughly into her sentiments, and agreed to look out for the "diamond" star that very evening.

"Moonstruck!" laughed Cynthia. gayly, coming back to earth. "No, aunt, I guess not. I'm cold, though."

And she danced back into the little kitchen and warmed her slim hands by the fire, while her pink cheeks glowed.

"That girl o' Jane's the queerest!" Miss Jerrer remarked to Mrs. Boucher the next day. "She don't care for a mortal thing like other girls, for all she's as smart as a trivet round the house, and as good-tempered. As for young men I vow I b'lieve she'd sit all through meetin' and never know a male man was in the place! I'm glad on it, only it looks so queer in a pretty young thing like that."

"Jerusalem crickets!" ejaculated Mr. Boucher from his seat by the fireside, with a quizzical look at his wife. "Wish I was young once more, 'n I'd make her look around!"

"Oh, I guess you'd have enough to do!" in the sarcastic tone habitual to her. "Sam, why don't you finish up your chores? That man'd sit and see the water pail empty the hull day, and the scuttles wantin' fillin', and never know enough to 'tend to 'em!" Mrs. Boucher added, turning to her guest.

"That's all the good they be!" said Miss Jerrer.

Sam, dryly humorous and enjoying his wife's henpecking, hugged himself together and refilled his pipe.

"*I* say, what's the good of womenkind, if they can't take care of us?"

he observed. "You don't suppose I married Mari for looks?" he added.

Mari's handsome, middle-aged face was flung away from him, as she made a step in the direction of the water-pail.

"I say, Mari," drawled Sam, "you put that down."

And presently his brawny figure was seen at the well, and Miss Jerrer, full of conjecture as to what Cynthia's indifference to the "male sex" meant, went on her way, across lots, home.

The conversation in Mrs. Boucher's kitchen being duly repeated to various people in the Hollow, a new interest in Miss Jerrer's niece, who was so implacable a maiden, was stirred, and at meeting nights there was a covert rivalry among the young men of the place as to who should attract most of her attention; but Cynthia smiled gently and impartially on all.

No brilliancy of necktie, nor loudness of leading in the hymn, moved her to special interest, and, as a natural consequence, what had been pique at first, deepened in some breasts to actual sentiment, so that, before the tea-man had come twice more to the white cottage, Cynthia Jaye was the cause of heartache, jealousies and dissension.

No one in Beckett's Hollow ever took precedence of Kezia Hotchkiss in telling a neighbor what other people were saying about them; and accordingly, one crisp afternoon late in January, the stout-hearted widow walked down to Miss Phœbe Jerrer's armed with a "mission of good."

"Time had come for Phœbe to know," Kezia reflected, as she sat in the little parlor awaiting Miss Jerrer's return from a neighbor, who had offered her a sample of new baking-powder "to try."

Cynthia seated opposite the vigorous and dreaded dame, was in an agony of mind. An invitation had come for her aunt and herself to spend a few weeks with a relative some miles away, and it looked as if her aunt meant to accept it. And David had been here only yesterday! He would not come for two weeks; he would find her gone, and then—

While Kezia talked about everybody in the parish, the girl was going over and over the things she and the tea-man had said to each other. He had told her about his home—his sister Susan—how he had "worked his way up," and next spring was to buy a "share in the concern," and own the horse and wagon.

"And s'pose, Miss Jaye," he had said very confidentially, "I felt free to ask a girl to take me in hand for better or worse, what would you advise?"

"Oh, anything—everything!" faltered Cynthia, with her eyes on the bare rose-trees.

"Well, maybe you'll think over what advice you'd give, and tell me this day two weeks," he had said cheerfully. "Somehow, I'd rather have your view of the matter than any one else's. Will you keep this in mind?"

Their eyes met now. The tea-man's brown ones impelled Cynthia to turn her head and look around.

"Will you keep it in mind, Cynthia?" he repeated.

The color flamed crimson over the girl's downcast face. The sound of her name on his lips made her feel faint.

"I mean she shall have time to think," David Birch said to himself, as he drove away, "then I'll call on the old lady. If Cynthia says the word, she can oppose all she likes, but I've done wiser not to make my ideas known before. If all they say is true, I'd hev' spoiled the whole thing by calling outright on her."

And then David gave himself up to the happy dreaming he had of late indulged himself in.

Young as he was in years, his life—as he had already told Cynthia—had been, by force of circumstances, such as to mature him and make him, "against nature," take a very serious view of things. Even if his cheery disposition chafed against it, he had to admit that his boyhood was spent in the discipline of poverty, on a nearly barren farm, which a spendthrift father had let go well-nigh to ruin before he died, leaving David, at eighteen, the sole support of his mother, a widowed sister and her little girl.

The "working up" he had told Cynthia about had been very painfully, harshly slow, but it had been sure; and now ideals, cravings for a fireside and domestic happiness of his own, long thrust aside, could take wing, and the first glimpse of Cynthia Jaye on the doorstep of the white cottage, with her innocent blue eyes, full of an eager light, had touched a spark in the hope that burned now like a steady flame.

He had found, before the month was out, that this girl, with her candid innocence, her sweet face and evident interest in his coming, was on his mind, "in season and out;" and, had Cynthia been the most finished coquette, she could not have chanced upon a speech more calculated to enslave him than the innocently truthful one about her fears for him in the storm.

"Thought of me when it thundered, did she?" he had repeated to himself more than once on his homeward drive.

That was the "stuff" to have in a wife! A girl that, sitting at home in the warmth and shelter, could think of the man she loved chilled by the storm! Such a one would be ready for rain or shine in the life she shared with him.

David somehow had not failed to read signs of yielding on Cynthia's part, and in the cozy little home he and Susan shared since the mother's death, he talked the matter over with his sister late one evening. If Cynthia said "Yes," then he meant to "hurry things along;" for, from all he had heard, life at Miss Jerrer's was none to easy for the girl.

Susan's faith in David's judgment and good sense was absolute, and her sympathy was ready enough to please the most exacting lover. Sister and brother sat up late into the night, planning, talking about new things to be bought, what Cynthia would like, and so on.

"And do you know, Sue," said the young man at last, standing with his back to the fire, and a look half proud, half shamefaced, on his honest face, "if—if all comes right, I've planned to get a week off and take a rig, and go for a drive all over with her. That's what would put sparkle in her eyes, I tell ye!"

Two weeks later a very cheerful looking tea-man drove along the Hollow Road at a brisk pace. As he neared the white cottage he coughed a trifle nervously, and took a hurried glance into the pocket mirror he carried.

Then suddenly a chill settled down upon him. The house was tightly barred and closed. What could it mean? He went round to the back door, tried it, examined the blinds—all with the same result.

In a moment it occurred to him that a written word might be waiting for him at the Hollow post-office, and hither he drove at a rattling pace. The "man of destiny" behind the little window gravely shook his head.

"No, sir—nothing for Birch."

Then David found himself saying in a dull way:

"I see Miss Jerrer's house is shut up."

"Why, yes," said the man, slowly. "I don't know where they're gone, but it's said that her niece is to be married to a dominie somewheres down by the river."

David never quite knew how he finished his route that day. Several times he repeated to himself:

"She's kept in mind, as I asked her, poor little thing, and couldn't see her way to it." But the idea of the dominie was agony.

Susan divined that things had gone awry on this day, which was to have been so joyous a home-coming for her brother; but after he had briefly explained "It was a mistake on his part," she wisely forbore to question him further. Only, in the weeks that followed, the sight of his worn face, his forced attempts at cheerfulness, made her heart ache and turn against the girl who had fooled him.

One little action showed her more than words what he was bearing silently in his heart. He found Nelly, her girl, pulling to pieces a crisp spray of bittersweet, and suddenly put out his hand to check her.

"Where'd you get that, Nell?', he asked, almost roughly.

"In your room, but I thought it was too dry to be good—"

"Give it to me, dear," he said, and hurriedly gathered the broken bits, he went upstairs with them himself.

They were the last of some branches Cynthia had shyly given him on one of those happy Tuesdays.

Meanwhile, in the primmest, dullest, dreariest of country houses, a little girl was growing sadder and paler and heavier-hearted as the days went by. Cynthia had been at her Uncle George's nearly four weeks now. She had written a hurried blotted little scrawl to David, and mailed it herself, addressing "Care of the Great South Tea Company, Beckettstown, New York," and that no answer came had driven her to despair.

When, acting on Kezia's suggestions, Miss Jerrer had speedily flown from the dangerous proximity of so many young men "after" Cynthia, the girl had hoped to be back in time; but the month had rolled by, and no word or sign of returning had been given. Every Tuesday her heart ached anew. Where was he? What had he meant she was to "keep her mind on?" And then crimson with shame, the girl felt sure she had mistaken him all together. No doubt he had only intended asking her advice.

"Matilda Morris wants you and Phœbe and Cynthy over there to-morrow," said Uncle George. one evening at supper. "I can drive you as far as that, and call later. I have to go to Forkhill anyhow."

Forkhill! Cynthia's drooping head was lifted—her cheeks grew pink.

"What ails the girl?" thought Miss Jerrer. Was she "going" as Jane had—one of those slow, wastin' kind o' declines?

More than once Miss Jerrer had asked herself the question.

On the drive next day, Cynthia, silent but eager, watched every bend in the road, noted every sign of thickening verdure, of opening space. They had passed Dewsbury—were on the way to Forkhill, and as yet no "bare stretch," was visible. Still there was a queer, half painful, half thrilled feeling, in simply going over the road.

Later in the day, on toward the afternoon, while the three elderly ladies were gossiping in the front parlor, Cynthia stole softly upstairs to the best bedroom, put on her best hat and cloak, shivering slightly at sight of her pale little face in the mirror—the heavy eyes, the depressed young mouth. She would take the sad comfort of a walk up that road, for it was Thursday—his "Forkhill" day.

A chill wind had risen as Cynthia stole out of the house by the back way, and was soon speeding up the road. A quick gust of rain came down, dashing itself like tears against her pale face; but she walked on looking at the fair uplands—the dwellings scattered, it is true, but still not bare enough in any portion to be the place where, in the storm, there had been no one to shelter him. Then, like a odd coincidence—really not at all remarkable in a rainy month—the little patter changed to a genuine downpour.

Cynthia thought just ahead of her she saw her uncle's carriage, and stood still, waiting for him to come up, her head a trifle down-bent.

"Hello! said somebody.

Cynthia raised her eyes in the rain.

"Is that you, David? she said, feeling the tea-wagon, treetops and rain all of a confused blot, but somehow David's eyes and radiant smile clear to her.

"Well, if I ever saw the beat of this!" said David Birch, getting down from his seat and taking hold of Cynthia gently by the shoulders. "Cynthia," he added, with his eyes fixed upon the spent, worn little face, "where've you been a hidin'?"

"I wasn't hiding," said Cynthia, beginning to cry. "You never answered my letter, and I'd thought about—just what you told me to."

A quarter of an hour later, Cynthia, tucked up warmly at David's side, was driving along over the country she had so often traveled in her imagination. David contrived to hold the reins in one hand, while with the other he kept the little girl close to him. They were planning for that week's holiday as soon as it could be managed.

"We'll be along time enough to catch the first call of the robin," David said. "Many a time I've listened for it all alone. He can't be cheated out of knowing his April time, even if there be snow on the ground."

Mrs. Morris, in her parlor window, shook her head as the tea-wagon drove up. She traded "for a change," with The Enterprise Company, she observed, but a moment later exclaimed, in surprise:

"Why, they're coming in! That's Cynthy Jaye—been drivin' with him!"

Cynthia came in a trifle shyly, but her cheeks were pink and her eyes sparkled.

"Aunt, may I introduce Mr. David Birch? And we're—we're engaged. He was our tea-man so long, you know!"—[*Selected.*

BETTY'S VERSE.

SARAH B. KENYON.

MR. ROGERS was thinking. His thoughts went back twenty years, and he saw himself a young man doing a prosperous business, and, although not in partnership, still intimately associated with one who had been his playmate, neighbor and close friend for thirty years. And then Mr. Rogers saw the financial trouble that had come upon him, and he thought bitterly that, if the friend had played the part of a friend, it might have been averted.

He saw the twenty years of estrangement; he felt again the bitterness of that hour of failure.

Mr. Rogers rose from his chair, and going to his safe, drew from it three notes for five thousand dollars each, due on the following Monday.

"Twenty years is a long time to wait for justice," said he to himself; "but now, and without my lifting a finger, these notes have come into my possession, and I know, Robert French, that it will be hard for you to pay them. I knew justice would be done at last." And Mr. Rogers replaced the notes in his safe, and, closing his office, went home to eat. Many a man will cry out for justice when it is revenge he desires.

On Monday morning Mr. Rogers went to the station to take the eight o'clock train for Boston. He had just taken his seat in the car when he heard his name spoken, and saw Mr. Palmer, his neighbor, standing by his seat.

"Are you going to town?" asked Mr. Palmer.

"Yes," was the reply. "Anything I can do for you?"

"I wish you would take charge of my little girl as far as M——. Her grandmother will meet her there. I have promised her this visit for a week, and intended to take her down myself, but just at the last minute I have received a dispatch that I must be here to meet some men who are coming out on the next train."

"Why, of course I will," said Mr. Rogers, heartily. "Where is she?"

At these words a tiny figure clambered on the seat, and a cheerful voice announced, "Here I is?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Palmer. "Good-by, Betty; be a good girl, and papa will come for you to-morrow."

"Good-by, papa; give my love to the baa-lammie, and all the west of the fam'ly," replied Betty.

People looked around and laughed at Betty's putting the lamb at the head of the family. They saw a very little girl under an immense hat, and with a pair of big blue eyes and rosy cheeks.

Mr. Rogers put her next to the window, and began to talk with her.

"How old are you, Betty?" he asked.

"I'm half-past four; how old are you?" promptly returned Betty.

"Not quite a hundred," laughed Mr. Rogers, "but pretty old, for all that."

"Is that what made the fur all come off the top of your head?" she asked, looking thoughtfully at his bald head, for the heat had caused him to take off his hat.

Mr. Rogers said he guessed so.

Betty pointed out various objects of interest and made original comments upon them, not at all abashed by her companion's age and gravity. Suddenly she looked up and said, "I go to Sunday school?"

"Do you? and what do you do there?"

"Well, I sing and I learn a verse. My teacher gived me a new one 'bout bears, but I don't know it yet; but I know the first one I had; want me to tell it to you?" and the big blue eyes looked confidingly up at Mr. Rogers.

"Why, of course I do, Betty," be replied.

Betty folded her hands, and, with her eyes fixed on her listener's face, said: "'Love your innymunts.'"

Mr. Rogers flushed, and involuntarily put his hand to his pocket-book; but Betty, all unconscious of his thought, said: "Do you want me to 'splain it?"

The listener nodded and the child went on: "Do you know what an 'innymunt' is?" but receiving no answer, she said: "When anybody does naughty things and bweaks your playthings, he's a 'innymunt.' Wobbie Fwench was my 'innymunt;' he bweaked my dolly's nose, and he sticked burrs in my baa-lammie's fur, and he said it wasn't a baa-lammie;" and the big eyes grew bigger as they recalled this last indignity.

Mr. Rogers looked deeply interested, and, in fact, who could have helped it, looking at the earnest little face? Betty continued to "'splain."

"It doesn't mean," she said, "that you must let him bweak all your dolls' noses nor call your baa-lammie names, 'cause that's wicked; but last week Wobbie bweaked his 'locipede, and the next day all the boys were going to have a wace, and when I said my pwayers I told the Lord I was glad Wobbie had bweaked his 'locipede. I was, but when I wanted to go to sleep I feeled bad here," and Betty placed a tiny hand on her chest,

and drew a long breath. "But by-and-by, after much as a hour, I guess, I thinked how naughty that was, and then I telled the Lord I was sorwy Wobbie had bweaked his 'locipede and I would lend him mine part of the time; and then I feeled good, and I was asleep in a minute."

"And what about Robbie?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Well," replied the child, "I guess if I keep on loving him, he won't be a 'innymunt' much longer."

"I guess not, either," said Mr. Rogers, giving his hand to help her down from the seat as the cars slackened speed at M ——, and stopped at the station. He led the child from the car, and gave her to her grandmother's care.

"I hope she has not troubled you," said the lady, looking fondly at the child.

"On the contrary, madam, she has done me a world of good," said he sincerely, as he raised his hat, and bidding Betty good-bye, stepped back into the car.

Mr. Rogers resumed his seat, and looked out of the window, but he did not see the trees, nor the green fields, nor even the peaceful river, with its thousands of white water-lilies, like stars in the midnight sky.

Had he told the Lord that he was glad his "innymunt" had broken his velocipede, and could not join in the race for wealth and position? When he came to put the question straight to his soul, it certainly did look like it.

It was of no use for him to say that the notes were honestly due. He knew that he could afford to wait for the money, and that if Robert French was forced to pay them at once, he would probably be ruined; and he heard the sweet voice of the child saying: "Love your 'innymunts;'" and he said in his heart, using the old familiar name of his boyhood days, "Lord, I'm sorry Rob has broken his velocipede, I'll lend him mine until he gets his mended."

Had the sun suddenly came out from behind a dark cloud? Mr. Rogers thought so; but it had really been shining its brightest all the morning.

A boy came through the train with a great bunch of water-lilies, calling, "Liliescentapiecesixforfi."

"Here, boy!" called Mr. Rogers. "Where did those come from?"

"White Pond Lily Cove," suid the boy, eyeing Mr. Rogers with some perplexity. He had been train-boy for five years, and never had known him to buy anything but the *Journal*.

"What'll you take for that bunch?"

"Fifty cents," replied the boy promptly.

Mr. Rogers handed him the half-dollar, and took the fragrant lilies. "How do you get into the Cove now?" he asked, as the boy pocketed the money and was moving on.

"Git out'n' shove her over the bar," replied the boy as he went on.

Mr. Rogers looked down at the flowers with the streaks of pink on the outer petals, at the smooth, pinkish-brown stems, and thought of the time, forty years before, when he and Rob, two bare-footed urchins, had rowed across White Pond in a leaky boat, and by great exertion dragged and pushed it over the bar, and been back home at seven o'clock in the morning with such a load of lilies as had never been seen in the village before. Yes, he remembered it; and Rob's mother was frying doughnuts when they got back, and she had given them six apiece. Oh, she knew what boys' appetites were! She had been dead for thirty years, he thought.

Just then the cars glided into the station. Everybody rushed out of the train, Mr. Rogers following in a kind of dream. He walked along until he came to Sudbury Street, and stopped at a place where he read: "Robert French, Manufacturer of Steam and Gas Fittings."

He entered the building, and, going up one flight of stairs, opened a door and entered a room fitted up as an office. A man sat at a desk, anxiously examining a pile of papers. He looked up as Mr. Rogers entered, stared at him as if he could not believe his eyes, and, without speaking, rose from his chair and offered a seat to his visitor.

Mr. Rogers broke the silence. "Rob," he said, holding out his hand, "these came from the Cove where we used to go, and—and—I've come around to say that if you want to renew those notes that are due to-day, I am ready to do so, and—and—"

But Mr. French had sunk into his chair, and, with his head buried in his hands, was sobbing as if his heart would break.

Mr. Rogers awkwardly laid the lilies on the desk and sat down. "Don't Rob," he said at length.

"You wouldn't wonder at it, Tom," was the reply, "if you knew what I had endured for the past forty-eight hours. I can pay every penny, if I have time, but to pay them to-day meant absolute ruin."

"Well, I guess we can fix all that," said Mr. Rogers, looking intently into the crown of his hat. "Have you any more papers out?"

"Less than two hundred dollars," was the reply.

The twenty years of estrangement were forgotten, like a troubled dream, as the two men went over business papers together; and when they finally separated, with a clasp of the hand, each felt a dozen years younger.

"Ah!" said Mr. Rogers, as he walked away with a light step, "Betty was right. If you love your innymunt, he won't be an innymunt any longer."—[*Christian Union.*

Linda's Coming Home.

MARY A. DENISON.

"HOW old is Linda, Mrs. Shippins?"

Linda? Let me see. Why, she was born when I was twenty, an' I'm sixty-two. Of course Linda must be forty-two. Good gracious! it can't be possible; but it is. I'm an old, old woman, an' I wasn't spry at forty."

The person addressed sat near the fire-place, knitting. Her gray hair, very abundant yet, was pulled together and turned in a thick knot at the back of her head. She had a weary, discouraged look, as if expectancy and endurance of trials had set an unalterable seal upon her face. A thin cap came low on her hair, and her eyes were hollow.

The person who questioned her was Nancy Holland, a wiry little woman who went out to days' work, and had come to Sparrow cottage to finish the ironing, over which Mrs. Shippins's strength had given out.

"Well, I'm sure! and you hain't seen her for twenty year, did you say?"

"I did. It's twenty year sence she left the town, with her husband and a pair of twins, the beautifullest boys I ever sot eyes on. They both died when they were ten years old, an' she's lost two more sence then, poie creeter. Now they've lost all the property they had in the world, by the flood. So he's gone to New Mexico on a small salary, an' she's comin' here. I declare, I almost hate to see her, for she must be bowed down to the very earth with sorrow."

"Any children left?" asked chipper Nancy Holland, whose usually bright face had taken on a sombre expression.

"Yes; there's the two youngest, Freddy an' Myrtle. She'll bring 'em with her. Much as I want to see 'em, I'm so worried for fear they'll be into everything, as children always is, an' maybe pert an' saucy into the bargain. I'm so used to quiet; an' to have them children rompin' and racin' in and out! But they're Linda's children, an' she s willin' to help me out, an' I dare say we'll git along somehow," she finished with a doleful sigh.

"You don't seem very happy over the thought of their coming on," said Nancy Holland.

"Oh, yes, I am, dretful happy, only I'm so bowed down with the thought of all her sufferins' for the last ten year. I'm sure she'll be all broke up an' miserable, though she ain't never wrote like it, an' I'm just worried to death to know how to comfort her. I've fixed up the north bed-

room, an' took out some of the brighter things for fear it would make her feel bad to see it as it used to be. An' I'm preparing to mourn with them that mourn."

"I sh'd think you'd want to make everything more cheerful for her," said the other, pulling hard at a lace handkerchief. "I'm feared I put too much starch in this. Would you rense it out?"

"No, I like it stiff," said Mrs. Shippins. "Ef Linda's like me, I never wanted the sun to shine when I was in trouble, an' as to colors, an' flowers, an' birds, I jist shet myself out of their sight. They sort o' mock one with their happiness. Well, I guess I'll go an' make that strawberry shortcake. They'll be here by five, Linda an' the little ones, an' I do wish, Nancy Holland, you'd stay to tea an' help me to bear my burdens."

"Why, of course I will," said Nancy Holland. "I'm awful fond of strawberry shortcake, and I'm jest dyin' to see your folks, and—" (she hesitated a moment) "sympathize with 'em."

So it was arranged. The shortcake was made in the largest pan the house afforded, and was a marvel of beauty as it stood smoking upon the sideboard. The table was set with old-fashioned dishes and cut glass that had been in the Shippins family for generations.

By the time the travelers were expected, the supper, garnished with substantial meats, was ready, and Mrs. Shippins prepared with an extra large handkerchief to wipe away the tears which she intended to shed as a part of the welcome home.

When the door was thrown open, and a youthful-looking matron came in, with a handsome boy on one side and a pretty girl on the other, Mrs. Shippins just sat and stared.

"Why, you ain't Linda," she said. "I'm sure you *can't* be Linda!" But her face was caught in two firm hands, and kisses were showered upon her cheeks, lips, and forehead.

"One kiss for every year, mother," said the woman, laughing joyously. "I can't make it seem twenty years, though, since I saw you last."

"Why, child," and the big kerchief was deftly put aside, "you're younger-looking now than when you went away," her mother said.

"Of course I am. I'm a good deal younger now than when I was sixteen. They used to call me an old child. Why, I'm every bit as young as these two children. Catch me growing old!"

"Well, I declare!" and her mother watched her as she threw aside her wraps and helped the children off with theirs; "you don't seem as if you'd ever had a care in your life."

"Oh, yes, I've had plenty, but I play with care. I don't allow it to plough over my face and trample on my heart. What's the use of living if you're going to turn life into a graveyard?"

"But you have lost four of your children, an'—"

"Oh, no, I didn't. I never felt for a moment that they were lost. I simply gave them into the keeping of One who could do better for them than I could. Lost! oh, no! I sometimes think they are nearer than these two here. But we are tired and hungry, and the table looks so nice! Shall I go right into my own room, mother? I hope it isn't altered a bit. Come, children."

"Land! I wish I hadn't put away them things," said Mrs. Shippins. "I'll put 'em all back to-morrer."

It was a happy family party that sat down to the strawberry shortcake. The old mother stared like one in a dream. Nancy Holladd helped them all, and declared that she never did see such well-behaved children, nor a handsomer, brighter woman; and there was new life and beauty in the old house.

Mrs. Shippins had put away her handkerchief with a sigh, for she felt that she was cheated out of her sorrow. Tears were not in order. That daughter of hers could not look on the dark side of anything. She reconstructed every room in the house, and made them cheerful with flowers and pictures and tidies, and all the bric-a-brac she could muster. Laughter and music had come with her—absolute determination to see good in everything. The clergyman, who had been asked by his devoted parishioner to come on a visit of condolence left the house, and had a severe fit of penitence, when it occurred to him that he had actually forgotten to pray for "this our sister in affliction."

"But then," he soliloquized, "I don't see where the affliction came in, and I guess she is one of the kind who are abundantly able to pray for themselves."

Everybody noticed the change in everything except Linda's cheerful spirit and sunny face.

"And I'm just going to make mother over," she said to her friends. "She has forgotten how to be young."

Mother made protest at first, but it was very faint. When the children capered round grandma because she had discarded the hideous cap and allowed Linda to do up her hair, she grew almost a child herself, and the years fell off all the time she was pooh-poohing and pshawing, till her next-door neighbors told her she had grown ten years younger since Linda had come home.

Roses in her bonnet! no, never! that she would not endure; but in her laughing way Linda insisted, and the close black frame gave way to a bright-looking gray bonnet, with just a cluster of violets. And presently the woman found herself in the midst of cheerful gatherings, and where she had hugged her fireside, refusing to be comforted by bright faces and merry

voices, now she sought her long-delayed rights, and welcomed them, along with her youth, back again.

The children with their songs and dances made her glow and grow radiant, so that her dim eyes began to sparkle, and her cheek made acquaintance with the dimples as of yore.

"Oh, mother is a young woman yet," Linda would say, when mention was made of improvement. "You see she is being built upon with new thought, brightened with new life-environments; and made to feel that this earth is a young and giddy thing yet, full of good cheer and innocent healthy enjoyment."

Folks listened and commented. Insensibly there grew up in the town a wholesome love of the beautiful. Maids and matrons benefited by the change. Linda's coming had done it all. The clergyman preached healthier sermons, the doctors shortened their faces by the sick bed. The lawyers stopped their conventional lies—well, there were only two of them, and the bald-headed one seriously contemplated buying himself a wig. Grocer, and baker, and candlestick-maker felt the change. The only complainant was the undertaker, who said business wasn't so good as it used to be. But nobody sympathized with him.

And so the influence of thought, the wave of feeling, rolled over and permeated the town, sweeping out old ideas, old edicts, old superstitions, and, best of all, old age, and it was Linda' coming home that had done it all.—[*Eleanor Kirk's Idea.*

The Tale of a Yeast Cake.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

A GENUINE "gem" in the hands of a skilled cook is as light as leavened bread, and has a peculiar sweetness as of ripe grain that commends it to every palate. But in his essay on "Simplification in Living," Carpenter, contending for simpler food, adds that by way of balancing matters and allowing old habits and inheritances some leeway, there must be an occasional orgy as it were—green turtle, perhaps, and *pate de foie gras.* So the convert to "gems" has days of deep animosity towards them, and sighs for the charm of the home-made loaf, the Parker House roll, the bun, old-fashioned loaf cake, or anything into which yeast has entered and given its own peculiar life.

If this is so at points where yeast may instantly be had, imagine what the demand may be when one is a hundred miles from a yeast-cake, and this hundred miles not a matter of railroad and swift going and coming, but of a birch canoe in summer, a dog or single pony team in winter.

An army surgeon's wife sees strange changes, and in that capacity long ago I passed from a charming Western post to the extreme Northwest, four hundred miles above St. Paul—a point where only two white women—the wives of missionaries—had ever been. . . .

Oatmeal and rice were in our stores; the Indian women brought in corn pounded to hominy; the potatoes of that region are of an unheard-of size and mealiness; the lumber camp feasted three times daily on beans deep buried over night in the hot ashes of the fireplace, and our own pot went over for the same treatment, each bean attaining a flavor and character unknown to any other process. They had palled, so had whitefish. Rabbits were a drug. The blocks of beef cut from some unknown portion of the long-suffering government ox, and simmered two days before it could be carved, failed to satisfy the craving far crusty brown loaves. In short, flour was the one vital need.

In the meantime, with no fire save that in the open chimney place, I was learning the resources of a tin oven and baking kettle, as well as some of the afflictions of my great-grandmothers, as I bent over the open coals, or shielded my kettle from the flying sparks and cinders drawn up the wide mouth of the chimney.

Black pine is a picturesque fuel, and at evening, as its many colored flames shot upward, I forgave its habit of snapping beyond all bounds, and the sudden explosions of interior and unsuspected reservoirs of pitch, going off with the force of a pistol shot. But its virtue is only in color, and its sudden fizz and flame, giving out for a little an almost unbearable heat, dies away as suddenly.

With a mercury ranging for months from ten to forty below zero—never above—one welcomes anything that gives heat, and I had ceased to beg for the apparently unattainable hardwood. That it grew all about the lake was no reason why I should have it, nor did I, till the discovery of Shohwineway-temo, a good-natured squaw with arms strong enough to do the bidding no man could be found to do, and with it the coveted fuel, that could be depended upon for a few hours at least.

With February the Government sled pushed through, and the store-house received its barrel of flour. Even then, however, one unsolved problem remained.

Liquid yeast in such a climate is an impossibility. Often the whitefish were as stones, butter a flint, and potatoes to escape must be swathed in buffalo robes and buried deep in the hole under the floor doing duty as cellar. What chance had even the most energetic yeast under such conditions? The blacksmith offered me a horrible compound--flour and water fermented till smelling almost as powerfully as Limburger cheese—and showed me bread raised by it.

"You've got to get used to it," he said. "You'll *hev* to ef you want light bread. Don't you see there ain't no smell when its done? The rotten kind o' passes off."

Even this cheering fact did not reconcile me to its use; and so, as I opened the precious mail, the first for nearly two months, and two small squares fell from a package, I recognized yeast-cakes, with joy and wonder that in our careful list of necessaries these should have been omitted.

"Now that the flour is really going up," wrote a thoughtful housewife at the Leech Lake post, "I am wondering if you have any yeast, and so send two cakes, being sure you will never come to leaven—horrible stuff!"

With the flurry of starting the ox sledges back, no time came for bread till the following evening, when I put a yeast-cake "in soak," watched carefully by Esenewub, otherwise Little Rock. Why "Little" could never be discovered, he being a mighty man even where all were mighty—chief of a band across the lake, and measuring six feet four and a half inches. For the height of the principal men had been marked on the medicine-room door, Esenewub smiling a slow and serious smile as he noted how far above the others he ranked, though seven out of eleven were six feet and over. Wrapped in his green blanket, small brass buttons sewed on the long

braided lock on either side his rugged face, countless pewter earings bordering each ear, and weighing down the long flap, much bead-work in pouch and knee-bands, the work of his three wives—and his long pipe, a combination of axe and pipe, with a dark and ominous stain upon the bright steel, he would hardly have been considered a reassuring figure. Yet as our acquaintance had begun in watching him swing a baby who smiled broadly at his approach, though, being bandaged to a board and the board being hung from a pole in the wigwam, he was restricted to smiles alone, there was no reason for distrust.

"How!" he grunted in grave approval, as, having watched the sifting of the flour and stiring together of all the various ingredients of a "sponge," the mixture, covered in blankets, was put near the fire to be coddled till its rising should be accomplished.

Little Rock lingered. Apparently he expected the mixture to be baked before he left; but as I had taken up a long seam and gave no token of intention beyond that, he rose at last, and with another "How!" bent his high head under the low lintel, and went with long strides into the dark wood beyond.

Lower and lower dropped the mercury. The snow crunched sharply as one stepped upon it. The lake moaned under the thickening ice. A curious crackle seemed to fill the air, which pricked like needles as it touched the skin. Auroras flickered and flamed and paled away, from horizon to zenith. Every sign indicated the intensity of the cold. Evidently my bread must be watched, even if hard wood lay piled by the door, and I set the alarm clock that no chance heaviness of sleep might interfere with the duty. At midnight and at the cock-crowing I arose, renewed the fire, looked tenderly at the comfortable mass rising slowly under the blanket, and again from the door, at the dark wood dimly outlined against the darker sky, from which the stars shone out with an intensity only the far North ever knows.

The morning came at last. The precious dough kneaded into loaves, and holding promise of all the satisfaction loaves can give, stood once more blanket-covered, on the little bench before the fire, for the final rising, and I turned to the corner, where another task was waiting.

An Indian's footfall is noiseless as snow. Absorbed in work, I heard nothing until a sudden "How!" startled me, and I turned to see Little Rock drawing his blanket more tightly about him as he bent toward the bench invitingly near the fire.

"*Oh niji! Beka! Maja!*" (Oh, friend! take care! Go away!) I shrieked, but too late. Little Rock had settled with a grunt of satisfaction into the soft and yielding cushion made by the four loaves, but sprang up in dismay as he saw my face.

Alas for my night's work! The protecting blanket had slipped aside, and the great Indian's—incredibly dirty and strong of fish-oil—had come in direct contact with the loaves, the axe-pipe leaving a deep imprint on two of them.

Indians seldom laugh, but Little Rock shook with laughter as he looked from me to the bread, my despair seeming to move him only to fresh bursts of delight.

"Bake it, it is good," he said at last. "It bears the *totem* of a great chief," and as nothing else could be done, I did bake it, feasting every Indian in the medicine-room with it, to the great increase of my popularity.

The remaining yeast-cake did its duty, not in bread, but in the making of more yeast, which, watched and coddled and dried under infinite difficulties, at last gave many loaves. But to the day of my final departure Little Rock chuckled as we met, and at times went through the pantomine of the whole course of that disastrous morning, ending always, *Nishishin equa, nishishin pequaz hegan;*" "Very nice squaw: very nice bread."—[*The American Kitchen Magazine.*

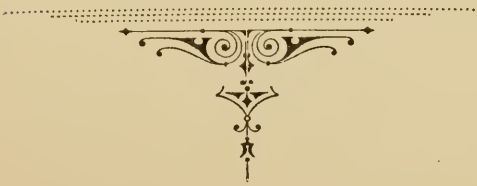
TOGETHER.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

Two in the gold of the sun as it sets:
  Two close together at death of the day;
Two in the world that forgives and forgets;
  Two with the joy of the beach and the bay.

But one in the faith, and one in the prayer;
  One in the heaven, and one in the blue;
One in the light, and the life, and the air;
  Who can ask more! O my darling, can you?

—*Woman's Journal.*



SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

We publish below an article written by a graduate from Perkins' Institute for the Blind, who, for at least ten years has been struggling to maintain herself and has had a much better opportunity than even the head of any Institution for the instruction of blind children could possibly have, to learn of the obstacles to be met with in this endeavor. The whole subject of improving the chances in life of the adult blind is what we desire to keep constantly before our readers. Were we able to call a thousand witnesses from among the successful, or even partially successful adult blind, it would be but an accumulation of testimony upon one point and that is that the chances in life of the blind are not limited one-tenth part by their blindness as by the failure on the part of the seeing public to understand or appreciate what it is possible to accomplish without sight. It will be seen that the writer of the following, Miss Mary Elizabeth Sanford, of Santuit, Mass., is a very capable, clear headed young lady and that she has grasped the situation intelligently. Her article here appended speaks for itself.

My purpose is to state facts relative to the adult blind, in whose welfare seeing men and women should take an interest, remembering that blindness is an affliction possible to every one. It seems to be generally supposed by seeing people, that the blind are all comfortably cared for just how, they

do not know nor do they take the trouble to inform themselves. Confident that many blind men and women are struggling in vain to earn a livelihood, and equally confident that for reasons other than blindness, many are denied the privilege of making such effort, I feel that in statements made, I voice the sentiments of the adult blind of every land. In America, blind children have good literary advantages; and any one having knowledge of a child not able to study with seeing children because of defective sight, should see to it that such an one does not grow up in ignorance of the methods which will prove light, in darkness. Many of the books placed in libraries for the blind, are embossed in Line or Boston type which in outline closely resembles ordinary ink type, and is adapted to the use of persons whose sense of touch is very delicate, but read with difficulty (if at all) by those of the blind whose touch has become hardened, either by age or work. Moon type, invented by the late Dr. Moon of England, is easily mastered by persons who lose their sight late in life, even if the sense of touch be much hardened. Early in the nineteenth century a seeing man invented a system which the blind can both read and write; it is an arrangement of raised dots or points made on thick paper with an awl-shaped instrument, and the position of the dot, determines its value. This system of writing was simplified by Louis Braille, a blind Frenchman, whose name it still bears as does the tablet upon which the writing is done. Several raised point systems now exist, and among those in general use are New York Point, English Braille, American Braille and Braille Musical Notation, which latter enables the blind to copy from embossed books or from dictation, very difficult music with absolute correctness. It is unfortunate that so-called improvements, should have resulted in the adoption of such a variety of embossed systems. If frequent changes were made in the ink type familiar to English-speaking people, it is easy to understand that confusion would result; and since writing in raised points is the only direct means of correspondence which the blind have, it is plain that there should be one and only one such system. When the champions of the several point systems will set aside their preferences, and accept a system which shall be universally adopted, a bond of union will have been established, a great need supplied, and blind men and women possessed of a common medium of communication, may become powerful agents in promoting the welfare of the blind poor. In America, as has been said, blind children have good literary advantages; but the years of school-life pass all too quickly, and when after commencement the graduates leave their school-mother, they realize as never before, how blindness retards their progress, in the highway to success. Seeing graduates of limited means, though perhaps not fitted for any special work, when face to face with the stern realities of life can go out in search of work and if industrious, earn a livelihood. Blind graduates, by reason of their afflic-

tion, have not this certainty of success. Shall they be left to get on as best they can, or will some one lend a hand, and help them to help themselves?

How to render blind men and women self-supporting, is one of the vexing questions of the day. To seeing and sightless alike, dependence is a crushing weight of woe. Nowhere does affliction evoke more sympathy than in the hearts of the American people, but believe me, seeing friends, it is work—not pity that the blind seek—work which will render them wholly self-supporting.

I speak in the interests of those who, because of blindness, are doubly shut in and to whom but few avenues of industry are open. As teachers in the field of literature, the blind as a class, may not hope for success.

While some blind people find work in music, others equally well fitted fail, because seeing people do not understand how it is possible for a blind person to teach music correctly, nor are they generous enough to give said blind person an opportunity to prove his, or her ability. Then too, success along the avenue of music is made difficult, by seeing men and women who having studied music but a short time and often self-taught, set themselves up as teachers and are preferred by many, to sightless teachers who may have spent years, preparing for the work. The opinion entertained by many seeing people that a person without sight, is of necessity helpless, is not only erroneous, but exceedingly annoying to the industrious blind, who should endeavor to enlighten the public, as to the needs and capabilities of the class which they represent.

There is much that one can do without the aid of sight, if only an opportunity presents itself; but opportunities seem slow in coming to the blind and they are forced to wait, than which there is no service more harrowing to an ambitious soul. It is to be hoped that soon, very soon, the citizens and officials of states and nations will come to realize that to give blind men and women training which will enable them to support themselves instead of being supported, is an act both wise and just. Type-writing, piano-tuning, massage, elocution, vocal music and other remunerative occupations suggest themselves, but to persons shut in through blindness and having no money, the cost of special training is not easily met. If special training is needed to fit seeing men and women for the ministry, the practice of medicine, nursing, teaching and other professions, then the need of special training for the blind, is unquestionable. Seeing men and women who would do service IN HIS NAME, have only to champion the cause of the adult blind, wherein is service vast and noble. Endeavor to assist blind men and women to become skilled in the trade or profession for which special aptitude is displayed, that they may be equipped for a successful march in the great army of bread-winners. Visit the blind and cheer the monotony of their lives with a bit of reading, a walk or a drive; do not

dwell on their affliction, for of that they are painfully aware. See to it that blind people living in your neighborhood do not stay away from church for the want of a guide. Endeavor to provide the blind with remunerative employment and if any are unable to read embossed books, make it possible for them to learn. Through the pages of "Progress," an embossed magazine published in England, I learn that much is there being done to promote the general welfare of the adult blind. That libraries, workshops, industrial schools and homes are numerous. That in London, a fund has been established for the benefit of the needy blind That 1896 a lady gave of her wealth, twelve thousand pounds as a fund from which to grant annuities in January and July of each year, to blind Cornishmen living in specified parishes. "These annuities are of ten, fifteen and twenty pounds each and are tenable by unmarried people whose income from other sources does not exceed twenty pounds a year, and by married people whose incomes are not above thirty pounds a year." I learn also that ladies of wealth and leisure study the Braille system that they may correspond with blind people and copy in Braille, plays from Shakespere, poems and short stories for the lending libraries, and that blind people who cannot attend school, are taught to read at their homes by teachers sent out by a home teaching society.

There is need of home teaching societies in America; they should be established and maintained in every state in the Union. It should be remembered that blindness is not confined to youth, and since many people lose their sight when past school age, they should have the privilege of learning to read and write. If in America (as in England,) those who have the management of schools for the blind, would bring to the notice of the charitable public the real need of encouraging and assisting blind men and women in their efforts to earn a livelihood, it is probable that a larger number would become self-supporting, than is possible under existing conditions. In America, homes are open for the maintenance of seeing men and women past labor, but to men and women dependent through the loss of sight, little thought is given. While I do not advocate the establishment of homes for the exclusive use of blind people, it is plain that each state should provide for the maintenance of its needy blind, not otherwise provided for, which could be done by granting an annual appropriation sufficient to enable deserving applicants to meet the expense of boarding in a private family, or to procure a life home with seeing people in an institution best suited to their several needs; such an arrangement would be less expensive than the maintenance of homes, and of greater benefit to the blind, to whom daily companionship with seeing people is as needful as light to flowers.

I understand that under existing rules, it is difficult for a blind person to procure a life home in an institution with seeing people. The blind are no more responsible for their affiiction, than are seeing people for the

infirmities which come to them with old age; and the unjust discrimination which deprives the blind of privileges enjoyed by seeing people, should speedily cease. Seeing friends, you who are unmindful of the needs of the adult blind, will do well to consider what would be your feelings if suddenly the light of day were to fade from your eyes, shrouding in endless night the beauties of nature, veiling the faces of loved ones, entailing a life of dependence. Tell me, in the face of such a calamity would you think yourselves less manly, less womanly? Would it be easy to lay down the life work so promisingly begun? Would you not feel that you had rights worthy of respect? Would you not be grateful for a guiding hand in the darkness that would lead you to paths of usefulness and rid you of the hateful chains of dependence? Do not regard the blind as beings wholly unlike yourselves, they differ only in the loss of sight, and as fellow-beings, demand your kindly consideration.

Miss Griffith, who contributed the article "Along the Kennebec" in this issue of TALKS AND TALES, has been totally blind since she was three years old. She graduated from the Institution for the Blind at Columbus, Ohio, and finished her school education at the Cleveland College, Western Reserve University. Since leaving college, she has devoted her attention, as far as delicate health would permit, to writing and teaching and in both these departments of work she has been very successful, adding another to the long list of blind people who have taken their places in the world, sharing the responsibilities and duties of life with seeing people, expecting no special favors on account of blindness.

A few years ago there came to this Institution, from Westbrook, Me., a man who had lost his sight and was desirous of learning some business whereby he could earn a living and support his family.

He applied himself earnestly, learned to cane chairs and to make brooms. In the first issue of TALKS AND TALES, Oct. 1897. appeared a letter from him, in which he said he knew of no means of earning a living and he closed the letter by saying "Hoping that the only ray of hope that remains may not be crushed by your reply"—That ray was *not* crushed—and Mr. W. D. Smith is now a successful broom maker, with a good paying business, making a good living for himself and those dependent upon him. He is in Maine, at his old home, happy and useful.

The Dollar Sign.

SEVERAL weeks ago Dr. Marcus Baker of Washington published in one of the magazines an account of the origin of the familiar dollar sign. This has long been in dispute. All sorts of explanations have been given, the most common of which is that the initials of the United States are crossed. But there have been seven or eight other theories to account for the dollar sign which are about as good. Dr. Baker, in his researches in the library of the bureau of education, came across an old book entitled "A Compendium of Federal Arithmetic Designed for the Use of Schools and Especially Calculated for the Meridian of the United States," which was published at Lansingburg, N. Y., in 1797. Its author was the Rev. Chauncey Lee of Rutland, Vt. In this book was set forth a system of so-called "characteristics," by which one vertical stroke was to designate the mill, two vertical strokes the cent, these two crossed by one curved stroke the dime; and for the dollar a sign consisting of two verticals combined with two curved strokes, now so familiar, was proposed. At that time the people of the country were just emerging from the use of pounds, shillings and pence, each separated in writing by a space from the next denomination. It seemed necessary to Mr. Lee to have an arbitrary mark for each of the denominations, of our monetary system. But he soon found that one character, with the aid of decimal point, was all that was necessary, and in the latter part of his own book all of the elaborate system of symbols except the one intended to mark the dollar was found to have been dropped.

Dr. Baker certainly finds the dollar sign in this old arithmetic, and does not find it in use at any earlier date. By the time Adams' arithmetic was published in 1805, the symbol had become well established. Dr. Baker, therefore, regards Mr. Lee as the inventor, and believes the sign to have been absolutely arbitrary in its origin. Since the publication of his paper Dr. Baker has received many letters on the subject, but none in which his conclusions are challenged. He intends, for further verification, to make a study of the departmental records to see when the dollar sign first appeared in the treasury accounts. He also hopes to make a more thorough search of the old textbooks to see if by chance any use of this sign prior to that of the Rev. Chauncey Lee can be discovered. Perhaps some of the descendants of Mr. Lee will be able to find the author's manuscript, in which case additional light might be thrown upon the subject. It is certainly interesting to know the origin of a thing in such constant use as the dollar sign. Dr. Baker's discoveries seem likely to take all the sentiment out of the matter, but this is the common result of modern historical research.

CURRENT EVENTS.

"THE GLOBE-TROTTERS."

AFFAIRS IN PHILIPPINES.—The Filipinos have, once again, made overtures of peace to General Otis, but as they have been sent in the name of Aguinaldo as President, General Otis has declined to receive or acknowledge them. The Philippine commission has presented its preliminary report to President McKinley, reviewing at great length the situation in the islands; the members unite in saying that it is impossible for the United States forces to withdraw, as such action would result in anarchy. Little of importance has happened since last month owing to the rainy season until November 6th, when the most momentous expedition of the autumn campaign left Manila on transports escorted by a warship under command of General Wheaton. Its object was in conjunction with Generals Lawton and MacArthur to force Aguinaldo back into the mountains where they would surround him and cut off all chance of retreat. Aguinaldo has fled still farther north, it is supposed, to Bayombong. The United States cruiser, Charleston, which has been patrolling the northern coast of Luzon, was wrecked on a reef, off the northwest coast on November 7th. All on board were saved. The latest report is that MacArthur has taken Tarlac, Aguinaldo's secretary, and a large amount of insurgent property has also been captured.

TRANSVAAL.—The war in South Africa still continues to rage, first with the Boers on the winning side, and again with the British. On October 31, a dispatch was received in London from Sir George Stewart White, commanding the British forces at Ladysmith, Natal, stating the disaster to his troops in that city. He declares he alone is responsible for the surrender of his troops to the Boers, that in following out a plan he had formed, they were forced to take a position which was impossible for them to hold. Both Ladysmith and Kimberley are the objects of attack by the enemy's big guns, which have done great damage to the mines. A heavy bombardment commenced at daybreak of November 9 on the city of Ladysmith. It is reported that the Boers are in sore straits for food, and, therefore, may be compelled to abandon the siege. Nearly 3,000 troops have reached South Africa during the last few days, and by the end of the week from 6,000 to 7,000 troops will be added to the British strength at Natal. A special dispatch from Natal, dated November 9, reports that the Boers suffered a defeat at Ladysmith, they being silenced after four hours' fighting during which their losses were very heavy. The British have lost many officers, who were the objects of the Boers splendid marksmanship. British authorities are confident that

affairs in Natal are improving. A grandson of Jefferson Davis and a great-grandson of Zachary Taylor, Lieutenant C. C. Wood of the Loyal North Lancaster Regiment, was killed at the Battle of Belmont.

VENEZUELA.—The revolution in Venezuela which was thought at one time to be at an end, seems to be as active as ever. The rebels are still gaining. According to reports, President Andrade, leader of the government troops, embarked on a gunboat, taking about 800 men with him, and left Caracas. His present whereabouts is not known. General Castro, leader of the revolutionary forces, sent a message to the President, to the effect that if he did not give up the town of Caracas, he would bombard it. Soon after, General Castro was appointed dictator of the government for the present. On Monday, October 23, he entered Caracas and was received with enthusiasm by the people. Later reports state that, after eight hours of fighting, Castro's army took Puerto Cabello, but on October 29, he received news that Hunander had taken the field against him. General Castro thinks that the removal of President Andrade was necessary for the peace of Venezuela.

FINLAND.—M. Eugene Wolff, British Vice-Consul at Wiborg, has been compelled to resign by request of the Russian government. M. Anyinhoff, Russian Censor, has been appointed in his stead. Active participation in the recent political strife in Finland is given as cause for removal. M. Wolff was one of the five hundred delegates sent to petition the Czar for the restoration of Finland's constitutional rights of which it was deprived by the Imperial ukase of February last. Seven of the remaining thirteen British consuls (all Finlanders) have resigned since M. Wolff's compulsory withdrawal. Both Finnish and British interests will suffer on account of consular changes.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.—Signor Marconi's success with wireless telegraphy in reporting the international yacht races was so great, that it was decided to test it on the war vessels. The trial was made November 1, under the direction of three naval officers, namely: Lieutenant J. T. Newton, aboard the New York, J. W. Bliss with the instruments at Navesink, N. J., and F. K. Hill aboard the Massachusetts. Signor Marconi's work was somewhat handicapped by incomplete instruments, but he proved to the government that the system will be of great value to naval vessels at any time, and especially when on scouting duty. The government has purchased the patent rights of Signor Marconi for use in this country. The distance a message can be sent depends upon the length of the vertical wire, and as no limitations have been discovered, will in time take the place of the telegraph system now in use. The English authorities are to establish the Marconi system in the Transvaal for use during the present campaign. This new invention will overcome the difficulties arising from wire-cutting and lack of knowledge of the situation of troops.

GOLF AND FOOTBALL.—The Woman's National Golf Tournament was held upon the links of the Philadelphia County Club. The new woman champion golfer of America is Miss Ruth Underhill of Glen Cove, Long Island. She won the title by defeating Mrs. Caleb F. Fox of Rydal, Pennsylvania, and Miss Bea-

trice Hoyt. The latter has been woman golf champion of America for three years. The Intercollegiate Golf Championship ended with Harvard in possession of the cup for the second time. This is the fourth yearly meeting of the colleges for golf honors, and the Cambridge and New Haven players have each won the cup twice. The principal football games of the season are to be played on November 18 and 25. The first is between Yale and Harvard and played at Cambridge. The second, which is between Yale and Princeton is played on Yale field. Princeton has been doing very good work so far this year. Yale needs a great deal of practice and bolstering up to get it into shape to meet its antagonists. Harvard has a team this year as strong as that of last year, and in defence work much stronger.

STAGE.—A number of well known novels have been dramatized this fall for New York managers. Only two or three, however, have proved successful. "The Gadfly" with Stuart Robson in the title role was a hopeless failure, and was withdrawn from the stage after a few weeks' trial. Mrs. Fiske is playing in a dramatization of "Vanity Fair." In the character of Becky Sharp, she shows genius, but still does not present to us the Becky of whom Thackery made such an interesting creature. James Hackett is scoring a success in "Rupert of Hentzau," a play dramatized last year from Anthony Hope's popular novel. Among other successes of the year may be noted "The Only Way," a strong play adapted from Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." The leading part in it is played by Henry Miller. Clyde Fitch has written a new play for Julia Marlowe. It is entitled "Barbara Frietchie," and is suggested by Whittier's poem of the same name. In the part of Barbara, Julia Marlow appears as a young and beautiful Southern girl. Julia Arthur is playing the part of Josephine in "More than a Queen," a translation of Bergerat's "Plus que Reine." She is as fascinating as ever, and her acting is splendid. The play, however, while put on in magnificent style is a disappointment. Miss Arthur's support is also very poor. "The Tyranny of Tears" is one of the best plays that John Drew has ever had. With Isabel Irving as his leading lady, he is now at the Empire Theatre in New York.

ITEMS FROM THE MUSICAL WORLD.—Nearly all the operatic stars of last year will be heard again this winter. Jean de Reszke has decided not to come to America. His brother is here, however. Among the eminent tenors engaged for grand opera season are Van Dyck, Saleza and Alvarez. The list of prima donnas is also very attractive, for there will be Mmes. Nordica, Sembrich, Emma Eames, and Schumann-Heinck. Madame Calvè will be ready with some new roles. Clara Butt, the beautiful English singer, is making her first American tour. She is said to possess a pure contralto voice of wide range and of unusual evenness. Vladimir de Pachmann, the famous Chopin player is one of the many great pianists whom we shall hear in this country the coming season. This will be his third visit to America. Mark Hambourg, the young Russian pianist, made his American debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, November 3. Paderewski will make a tour this winter of the principal American cities, his first recital to be given in New York city on December 12.

SELECTED MATTER.

"I'll Do What I Can."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Who takes this for his motto, "I'll do what I can,"
Shall better the world as he goes down life's hill.
The willing young heart makes the capable man,
And who does what he can, oft can do what he will.
There's strength in the impulse to help things along,
And forces undreamed of will come to the aid
Of one who, though weak, yet believes he is strong,
And offers himself to the task unafraid.

"I'll do what I can" is a challenge to fate,
And fate must succumb when it's put to the test;
A heart that is willing to labor and wait,
In its tussle with life ever comes out the best.
It puts the blue imps of depression to rout,
And makes many difficult problems seem plain;
It mounts over obstacles, dissipates doubt,
And unravels kinks in life's curious chain.

"I'll do what I can" keeps the progress machine
In good working order as centuries roll.
And civilization would perish, I ween,
Were not those words written on many a soul.
They fell the great forests, they furrow the soil,
They seek new inventions to benefit man,
They fear no exertion, make pastime of toil—
Oh, great is the earth's debt to "I'll do what I can."

In the British Parliament, strenuous efforts are being made to secure separate recreation rooms for total abstainers in the British Army, in all camps and barracks. This has already been secured in India, and in improved health and conduct the results have been so marked as to win the approval of many army officers.

Over 82,000 arrests were made in Chicago last year, and 75 per cent. of them were due to drink. This statement is made, not by a "temperance fanatic," but by the city prosecutor of Chicago, who in behalf of the mayor, welcomed the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union.

Street sweeping by electricity has been introduced in St. Louis. The appliance is said to be of ordinary construction, save that the broom wheel in the rear is operated by electricity, which is found to be more effective than if the brushes derived their rotation from the road wheels.

It is doubtful whether there is a place on the continent where living is more expensive than at Dawson City. A letter recently received from there says:

"We leased a lot 25 by 70 feet for $150 a month, and put up a building 25 feet by 44, two stories, with eight rooms upstairs. We get $50 a month for each room, or $400 a month for all. Then we get $200 a month for one-half of the downstairs rooms, making $600 a month rent, besides a room 12 by 44 for our goods."

Walking down the street one day I noticed a scale of prices on a bulletin board outside a restaurant. The following is an exact copy:

Mush and milk	$ 0.50
Doughnuts and coffee	0.50
Hot cakes	0.75
German pancakes	1.50
Three eggs, any style	1.50
Porterhouse steak	3.00
Tenderloin steak	3.00
Plain steak	1.50
Moose or cariboo	1.50
Bacon or ham and eggs	1.50
Codfish balls	1.50
Salt Salmon	1.50
Spring chicken, whole	16.00
Spring chicken, half	8,00
Sliced cucumbers or sliced tomatoes	1.50 extra.

WHITE diamonds, the most popular among buyers, are seldom what they pretend to be, for a stone clear and transparent is more rare than one thinks. There are red, blue, brown, yellow, green and pink diamonds; heat often changes the color of a stone.

RICE cultivation in Texas appears to be proving a success. One farmer planted, as an experiment, 300 acres, and is so well satisfied with the result that he intends next year to devote 2000 acres to rice cultivation.

LONDON probably suffers less from the plague of beggars than any other large city in the world. According to the London "Globe," it is now less troubled with them than it was a few generations ago, although the number of professional mendicants is said to be 70,000.

FRANCES E. WILLARD once said the three requisites for success are ability, availability, and responsibility. The first is native, the second acquired, the third conferred.

A CARLOAD of oranges will average 340 boxes, and the boxes contain about 176 oranges each. A carload of lemons will average 288 boxes, with 360 lemons to the box.

THE largest bell in the world, the famous "Giant of Giants," at Moscow, has a circumference of 68 feet, is 21 feet high, and weighs 443,772 pounds.

WILKIE COLLINS received $25,000 for "Armadale" before a line of the story was written. This is probably the highest price ever received for a novel.

THE Suez Canal, it is said, earns the neat sum of $14,000,000 a year. Some people are inclined to believe that canals are a good investment.

MRS. KRUGER, wife of "Oom" Paul, is the richest woman in the Transvaal, but she does her own cooking and makes the beds.

THE hens do the laying, the roosters the crowing. These qualities of human nature are not confined to the barnyard.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE said that "Everything that ought to happen is going to happen."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Magic Letter.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

There was a little maiden once,
In fairy days gone by,
Whose every thought and every word
Always began with "*I*."
"*I* think," "*I* know,"
"*I* wish," "*I* say,"
"*I* like," "*I* want," "*I* will!"
From morn to night, from day to day,
"*I*" was her burden still.

Her schoolmates would not play with her,
Her parents tried in vain
To teach her better, and one day
Poor "I" cried out in pain,
"Help me, O fairies!" he besought.
"I'm worn to just a thread;
Do save me from this dreadful child,
Or I shall soon be dead!"

The fairies heard, and heeded, too.
They caught poor "I" away
And nursed him into health again
Through many an anxious day;
And in his place they deftly slipped
A broader, stronger letter.
"The more she uses that," they said,
With roguish smiles, "the better!"

The little maiden wept and sulked
At first, and would not speak,
But she grew tired of being dumb;
And so, within a week,
She used the substitute; and lo!
Her playmates crowded round,
Her parents smiled, and all were pleased
To hear this novel sound.

She grew to use it steadily
And liked it more and more,
It came to fill a larger place
Than "I" had done before;
And each year found the little maid
More kind and sweet and true.
What was the magic letter's name?
Why, can't you guess! 'Twas "*U!*"

—*The Outlook.*

HE SUCCEEDED.

THE Youth's Companion tells the following story of a tame monkey that was given a corked bottle with a lump of sugar inside. The story indicates that the animal, though unable to invent, could imitate. How to get at the sugar was a problem that bade fair to drive him crazy.

Sometimes, in an impulse of disgust, he would throw the bottle out of his reach and then be distracted until it was given back to him. At other times he would sit with a countenance of intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling himself together for another effort at a solution, would sternly take up the problem afresh, and gaze into the bottle.

He would tilt it one way and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it, try to catch it as it fell to the bottom.

Under the impression that he could capture the sugar by surprise, he kept rasping his teeth against the glass in futile bites, and, warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump, used to tie himself into regular knots around the bottle.

Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with spasms of delight as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiment.

Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar containing bananas falling from the table with a crash

and the fruit rolling in all directions. His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe, and reasoned upon it.

Lifting the bottle with his paws, he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth and munched it with much satisfaction.

The Swallow's Revenge.

The following is given on the authority of Cuvier, and derives an additional interest from the fact that it first served to draw his attention to natural history as a pursuit. When he was a young man, a pair of swallows built their nest on one of the angles of the casement of his apartment. During their temporary absence it was taken possession of by a pair of sparrows, who persisted in retaining it, and resisted every effort of the original owners to regain it.

After a time crowds of swallows gathered upon the roof, among whom were recognized the exiled pair, who seemed to be informing their friends of the outrage they had suffered. The whole assembly was in a state of great commotion, and appeared highly incensed, as was manifested by the movements and cries. Before long, suddenly and as swift as thought, a host of them flew against the nest.

Each bore in his bill a small quantity of mud, which he deposited at its entrance, and then gave way for another, who repeated the operation. This was continued until the opening was completely closed up, and the marauders were buried in a living tomb.

The labors of this friendly company, however, did not cease here. They immediately collected materials for another nest, which they built just over the entrance to the first. In less than two hours after the act of vengeance had been consummated the new structure was completed and inhabited. — *Baltimore Methodist.*

Mother Goose.

I wonder how many children know that Mother Goose was a real person, and sang her rhymes and jingles to sixteen little goslings? Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in Charlestown, Mass., 1625, and belonged to a wealthy family. She married Isaac Goose, a widower with ten children, and had six of her own. Her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married to Thomas Fleet, a printer, June 8, 1715, by the celebrated Cotton Mather.

For the entertainment of their children, Mother Goose revived her jingles which she invented for her own children, and Thomas Fleet, who was fond of turning jokes upon his friends, collected the ditties and published them under the title:

SONGS FOR THE NURSERY;

—OR—

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES FOR CHILDREN.

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It is said that Thomas Fleet wished to ridicule his good old mother-in-law. Instead, he immortalized her. Pudding Lane is now known as Devonshire Street, and for a long time, a model of Mother Goose's house was exhibited in the Old South Church, Boston.—*The Home Guard.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Workman—"Is the boss at home."

New Father—"No; the nurse has her out for an airing."

———o———

Grandma—"Bobby, what are you doing in the pantry?"

Bobby—"Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, gran'ma."

———o———

The very Image. "You look so much like your brother," said Dennis to Phelim, "that I could tell yes was brothers if I'd never seen aither an yez."

———o———

The heroine of a certain sensational novel was very much agitated. "Her breath," wrote the novelist, "came in short pants."

———o———

"What is an accommodation train, papa?" "An accommodation train, my son, is one that stops at every station you don't want to get off at."

———o———

The Lecturer—The superiority of the old architecture over the new is beyond question, for where will you find any modern buildings that have lasted as long as the ancient ones?

———o———

A smart little boy is—or was—ambitious to be a letter-carrier. A short time ago he secretly secured a bundle of old love-letters that his mother had treasured since her courtship days, and distributed them from house to house throughout the neighborhood.

Jack listened with great delight to the soft purring of his kitten, and exclaimed: "Dear little thing! just hear her bubble!"

———o———

"Here," said the assistant editor, "is a poem with neither sense, sound nor sentiment." "Some new genius. Give it to the artist for illustration."

———o———

Doctor—"My good woman, does your son stutter all the time?"

Peasant—"Not all the time, sir—only when he attempts to talk."

———o———

She—"I think Wagner's music is perfectly beautiful, don't you?"

He—"Fairish; but he'd better stick to his car building; he can make more money."

———o———

"The codfish," said the professor, "lays more than a million eggs." "It is mighty lucky for the codfish that she doesn't have to cackle over every egg," said the student who came from a farm.

———o———

"Ma," said a little girl, "Willie wants the biggest piece of pie, and I sink I ought to have it, corse he was eatin' pie two years 'fore I was borned."

———o———

Haughty Lady (who has just purchased a stamp)—'Must I put it on myself?"

Clerk—"Not necessarily. It will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter."

First Writer—"That article of yours, 'Truth is Stranger than Fiction,' is a hummer. Bound to attract attention. Where did you get the facts."

Second Writer—"Made 'em up."

———o———

Flossie was watching the masons lay brick, and the process interested her greatly: "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, as she saw the man putting on the mortar, "they're buttering the bricks, ain't they?"

———o———

A girl baby was recently brought to a clergyman to be baptized. He asked the name of the baby.

"Dinah M.," the father responded.

"But what does the 'M.' stand for?" interrogated the minister.

"Well, I do not know yet; it all depends upon how she turns out."

"How she turns out? Why, I do not understand you," said the dominie.

"Oh if she turns out nice and sweet and handy about the house, like her mother, I shall call her Dinah May. But if she has a fiery temper and displays a bombshell disposition, like mine, I shall call her Dinah Might."

———o———

Just as Good—The drawing teacher had been giving a lesson on cubes, and some of the pupils had given examples. The teacher wanted more, but no one could think of any. Finally, a boy said, "I know a good cube—half a pound of butter." "Why, that is excellent," cried the teacher. "Now, who can give me another example as good as Henry's?" After a long time, she saw a hand waving wildly in the back of the room. "Well, Willie, what is it?" "Why, the other half-pound of the butter," said Willie, triumphantly.

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above, I have died."

———o———

"Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home."

Madam—"You might sell me one if you have got one that says, 'Better late than never.'"

———o———

The committee which had invited a certain minister to preach at the May anniversaries in London was anxious to have him preach without any notes, since they thought that such a sermon would be more effective. "Now, doctor," said the spokesman, "you can't carry fire in paper!" "Aye, man," was the ready response; "but you can use paper to kindle a fire."

———o———

The lawyer was sitting at his desk, absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So bent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open, nor see the curley head that was thrust into his office. A little sob attracted his notice, and turning, he saw a face that was streaked with recent tears, and told plainly that the little one's feelings had been hurt. Well, my little one, did you want to see me? Are you a lawyer? Yes. What is it you want? I want, and there was a resolute ring in her voice, I want a divorce from my papa and mamma. I want it real quick, too.

Talks . . .

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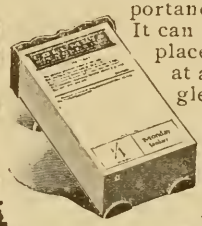

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TALKS AND TALES.

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We are grateful to the following papers for courtesies extended to us through their columns:

The Morning Mercury, New Bedford, Mass; The Occident, San Francisco; The Baltimore Methodist; The Bangor Daily Commercial; The Coldwater (Mich.) Daily Reporter; The Sun, Lewiston, Me.; The Milford (N. H.) Daily Pointer; The Pacific Churchman, San Francisco; The Evening Standard, New Bedford, Mass.; The Light of Truth, Columbus, Ohio; The Standard, Woodstock, Vt.; The Sacred Heart Review, Boston; The American Israelite, Cincinnati, Ohio; The Helping Hand, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A True Republic, Cleveland, Ohio; Daily News, Manistee, Mich.; Ram's Horn, Chicago.: The Sunday School Times, Philadelphia; The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times, New York City.

IN THE CANAAN VALLEY, CONN.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, CONN., JANUARY, 1900. NO. 4.

REV. JOSEPH DAWSON.

THE editor has requested me to give an account of my recent travels in Europe, for the benefit of those who are going to visit the World's Fair Exposition next summer in Paris.

In order that you may reach the latter place it is absolutely necessary for you to cross the ocean. This might seem an unnecessary statement to make, but the present writer, after having made the remark that he had visited France, was asked the question, if he had gone by water. Some persons would gladly go to Europe if it could be reached by railroad with comfortable Pullman cars. This is an impossibility, and the next best thing to be done is to select a good steamship line. You can choose a ship and go straight to Cherbourg, or you may go to Southampton, or Liverpool and cross the Channel to France. Let me now tell you how we made our trip to France and England.

On the 29th day of June we boarded the "Bismarck," of the Hamburg-American line. We had gone over to Southampton several years previous on the "Normania," belonging to the same company. Our voyage on that occasion was pleasant, and we naturally expected that history would repeat itself. Our desires in this direction were fully met. The ocean was as calm as a summer lake, and everything promised well for the voyage. Our editor, during my absence, published a part of my letter to him on the eve of our arrival at Cherbourg. I then made reference to the German cooking as being distasteful. When these words were written I never dreamed that they would be published in *The Baltimore Methodist*, and I must now explain myself on that point. The food was plentiful and well cooked, but the unfortunate thing for me was that I did not like the combination. Ger-

mans were delighted with the bill of fare, and showed their appreciation by eating five meals a day. As for myself and wife, we had to content ourselves on a very slender bill of fare during the voyage. I am quite sure the German cooking was all right. The difficulty was subjective rather than objective.

We reached Cherbourg July 8 and took a train to Paris, reaching the city at 10 p. m. The railroads of France are not so comfortable as those in America. We were thrown around in a most unmerciful manner for six hours. It was a relief to have the train stop in order that we might gather ourselves together and wipe the dust from our faces. While we are on this subject allow me to give some advice. There is one thing you want to be sure to take, and one thing you want to be sure not to take. The thing not to take is a trunk. They have no checking system worth speaking of, and the transportation of baggage is only a little less certain than a child's game at grab-bag. On the continent they register your trunks, but the waste of time and nervous force that the care of them entails makes you realize that a man's place "consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth." Each piece of baggage must be weighed; you must be there half an hour before the train starts; the railroad employees over there remember that Rome was not built in a day, and they have no desire to get ahead of Rome. Take as little baggage as is possible and you will save yourself from much vexation.

Paris is the grandest and gayest and most beautiful city on the globe. With one exception it is also the largest. It is situated in the northern part of the Republic of France on both banks of the River Seine. The length of the river, as it winds about through the city, within the corporate limits, is seven miles; and it contains two islands, named the Island of the City and the Island of St. Louis. On the former of these the city was founded eighteen hundred years ago, and named Lutetia. It was then a mere village, occupied by semi-barbarous people; now it is a city of nearly three million inhabitants, with its palaces, art galleries, temple of music, halls of industry, marts of commerce, courts of justice, cathedrals, mausoleums, columns, towers, monuments and triumphal arches. Let us now walk and our first place to visit will be the Garden of the Tuileries. In the midst of this garden there stood the famous palace occupied by so many French monarchs. It was called Tuileries because heretofore they used to burn tile there before the palace was built. The Franco-Prussian war witnessed the destruction of this beautiful residence. The infuriated mob filled the rooms with petroleum and combustible material. It was soon burnt to the ground, and now there is no trace of any palace ever having been built.

The Louvre was originally a royal palace, but is now an art gallery and general museum. Napoleon enriched its art treasures by bringing the best

pictures to Paris which the Italians had painted. Wherever he conquered with the sword the masterpieces both of statuary and art were appropriated by him. The palace was made memorable by the fact that here began the great massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day. As you are about to enter the building the guide will point out an arched window, where Charles IX. who had planned the massacre, sat with shotgun in hand, shooting down the frightened Huguenots. The latter had been assured of their safety, but this fiend of a king deliberately planned to annihilate them. This stain still remains on the garments of France. She has never looked up morally since that dreadful time. We are now in the corridors on our way to the art galleries, for they are many. One can hardly make a selection where all are so good. Suffice it to say that in this place you will see the finest art exhibition in the world. Let us now visit the department of sculpture. There is one statue that surpasses all the rest. One of the guide-book says: "If the tourist has but one hour to devote to the Louvre, one-fourth should be given to the Venus de Milo." That is the name of the statue at which I now ask you to look. It is many hundred years old. No one knows the sculptor's name. It was found in the Island of Melos. Some old Greek buried it two thousand years ago. The French Government purchased it for twelve hundred dollars. As many millions could not buy it now. It is the draped figure of a beautiful woman, in snow-white marble, with both arms broken off. That is all it is and yet there is something so transcendently beautiful that no sculptor has ever been able to produce one like it. There are many copies, but only one original.

The Palais Royal is a beautiful palace built by Cardinal Richelieu in 1629. It is now used for stores of various kinds.

The metropolitan cathedral of Notre Dame is a magnificent building. It was here the Pope crowned Napoleon Emperor of France. The latter demanded that the Pope should come to him, and not he to the Pope. The cathedral is open all day. The choir is shown on presentation of ticket, price half a franc. Admission to the sacristy, treasury and chapter-house is included. The bell weighs sixteen tons, while the clapper alone weighs ten hundred weight. During the first Revolution Notre Dame was condemned to destruction, but the decree was rescinded. The sculptures only were demolished. It was then converted into a "Temple of Reason", but Napoleon I restored it to its original purpose in 1802.

The Madeline. This is the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. It is a magnificent structure. The foundation was laid by Louis XV in 1764 and was completed in 1842, at a cost of twenty-six million dollars.

Hotel Des Invalides. This was founded in 1670 by Louis XIV. It covers an area of thirty-one acres. There are many flags hanging in the

Church of the Invalides, which Napoleon and his soldiers brought with them from their famous battle-fields. The tomb of Napoleon is the most magnificent sight to be seen in Paris. I shall not attempt a description of it, but trust that many of my readers may be able to see it for themselves. The great Emperor said in his last will, "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have so well loved." This wish was granted.

Pantheon and Bastile. The former is a very imposing structure, standing about half a mile from the river on the south side. In the crypt one can see the vaults containing the remains of Voltaire, Rousseau, Victor Hugo and many other famous citizens of Paris. The Bastile was a massive castle erected by Charles V and Charles VI, and afterwards used as a state prison. Its destruction by the mob at the outbreak of the French Revolution is one of the most familiar events in the history of France. You will find some very interesting reading concerning it in "The Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens.

Versailles is the name of a city and of a palace and garden. Louis XIV created the town and built the palace at an enormous expense as a summer residence for his court. We have never seen a place where so much beauty and grandeur can be enjoyed in so short a time. In this palace Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were confronted by the mob from Paris. They were taken from this palace never again to witness and enjoy its pleasures. They were both beheaded in what is now the Place de la Concorde. The Trianons are places of great interest. Here in the Little Trianon Marie Antoinette entertained her choice friends. If you ever visit Versailles do not allow anyone to dissuade you from going to the Trianons.

And now we must leave France. It has been ten days of pleasure, but we must now go elsewhere. The sights and scenes are both brilliant and sad. One feels that the moral tone of this great country is bad, while the Lord's Day is desecrated on every hand.—[*Baltimore Methodist.*

A Modern Christmas Story.

IDA A. HARPER.

IF all climates were like that of California, the stereotyped Christmas literature, with which we are so familiar, never would have been written. To those who were born and reared east of the Rocky Mountains, Christmas is indelibly associated with great snow drifts piled high on the frozen ground, and whistling winds, that make all the more delightful the glowing fires and the hospitable warmth that beam a welcome to all who cross the threshold. Along with a great many others, one's ideas of the Christmas-tide must be adjusted to harmonize with the peculiar climatic conditions of this far western coast, which seems so near to the setting sun as to hold fast a portion of its heat and brightness. Here, unless it happens to be raining, one may celebrate Christmas by a picnic dinner on the green grass, and, in place of holly and winter berries, he may make his garlands of roses and English violets.

One bright day soon after Thanksgiving, a young man and woman sat on a rustic bench in Golden Gate Park, at San Francisco, in that cosy nook known as "Cyclers' Retreat." The floral sun-dial in the great circle marked the hour of eleven. Scores of wheels glitttered in the sunshine in their little "stalls," while the owners drank from the rippling fountain, or threw themselves down to rest on the soft turf. Flying over the hard and smoothly-rolled roads were hundreds of bicyclers, of every age, size and condition, an endless and never ceasing procession, one that, a few years ago, not the wildest imagination could have pictured. The men in caps, sweaters and knickerbockers, becomingly and suitably attired, attracted no especial attention. The women did not present so pleasing a picture. Their garments were nondescript, inharmonious; for the most part unbecoming. A jaunty cap and sweater were accompanied by a long dress skirt. A pair of bloomers were worn a basque and elaborately trimmed hat. The riders were "neither fish, flesh nor fowl," in their effort to secure the comfort of a man and preserve the femininity of a woman.

"I wish, my dear Ralph," said the young lady on the rustic seat, "that you would overcome your prejudice, and not object to my wearing a costume appropriate for the bicycle."

"You could not look any prettier than you do now, Edith," he replied, gazing at her with admiring eyes. "Your waist is so dainty, and your little

feet peep out so shyly from under your skirt with every turn of the pedals! I don't want you any different."

"I suppose I ought to thank you for your compliments," she said, "but, just because of that 'dainty waist,' I have to stop every few minutes and rest, I can't make any speed, and must get off and lead my wheel up every slight incline."

"Why," he exclaimed, with a laugh, "are you a 'victim of tight lacing?"

"Not at all, when pursuing my usual occupations; but you know that bicycle riding puts so much extra work on the heart and lungs that they cannot endure the least restriction. Then, as to the poetical idea,

Like mice beneath her petticoat
Her little feet peeped in and out,

that's the sheerest nonsense when applied to a woman on a bicycle. The other day, when I was racing with Harry Graham, my dress flew about so wildly I fell of my wheel with mortification, and Harry had to dismount and pick me up and brush the dirt off. 'What do you wear that confounded thing for?' he asked."

"I hope you told him it was none of his business," growled Ralph.

"No, I said I was the victim of a senseless prejudice. When I try to mount, I sometimes step on my dress two or three times before I can catch the pedals. I have to have the weight of my wheel increased several pounds by the weight of the skirt-guard, and when the wind blows it catches my dress like a sail, and I have to turn around and go the other way."

"Well, you do make out rather a strong case; but then you know, something must be conceded to the conventionalities. There is usually a very good reason for them, or they would not exist."

"But what is the 'good reason' for requiring a woman to wear a style of dress that endangers her safety and destroys all the health and happiness that she might obtain from a most delightful exercise? I tell you, Ralph, that if a man would try just once to ride in a skirt and corset, he would throw aside every prejudice, and urge women to adopt a new costume suited to the new exercise."

Ralph seemed uncomfortable. Then, suddenly catching at a fresh argument, he exclaimed, "There, would you be willing to look like that?" A woman went dashing by in voluminous, baggy "bloomers," badly fitting leggings, a short-skirted basque and high-crowned hat.

"Oh, Ralph, do you think I could?" cried Edith, her pride deeply wounded. "Don't you ever see women whose total want of taste makes them look ridiculous even in the conventional dress which you so highly approve? I should try the Syrian costumes, the knickerbockers and vari-

ous intermediate garments till I found what was best suited to my figure."

"What!" demanded Ralph, springing up. "Notwithstanding all the glorious rides we have had together, rather than see you in that unwomanly and immodest costume, I should insist on your giving up the wheel entirely."

Edith rose, too, with very bright eyes and very red cheeks. "And would you give it up, also?" she asked.

"No, why should I?" said he, looking down with some complacency on his shapely legs, encased in the handsomest of stockings.

Edith walked over to the little stall where her shining wheel was stabled, whisked it out, sprang upon it as quickly as her impeding skirt would allow, and started rapidly down the road. Ralph was hindered a minute to render some assistance to a new rider, and when he wheeled out into the main road he could see Edith a long distance ahead. At that instant two of those nuisances known as "scorchers" whizzed past, backs bent, heads down, entirely oblivious to the safety of other riders. As they passed Edith, one on each side, very close, on account of the crowds of bicyclers, her fluttering skirts caught in the sharp points of the pedal of the one at her right, and, in an instant, a dozen wheels and riders lay in a confused mass on the ground.

Ralph was the first to reach the spot, and, flinging his wheel recklessly to one side, he began pulling frantically at arms, legs and bicycles, in his effort to reach a blue-robed figure which lay at the very bottom of the heap. Bicyclers seemed to spring up out of the earth, and he soon had so much assistance that it looked as if those who had escaped injury from the collision would receive it from the hands of their friends. The bruised riders and broken wheels were finally sorted out and cared for, but the innocent cause of all the trouble lay unconscious upon the ground. The offending skirt was twisted around her ankles, and one arm was bent under her.

Ralph gathered her in his arms and laid her on the grass. A physician soon came riding up on his wheel, and, after an examination, announced that she was stunned from the fall, and had dislocated her wrist. "A miraculous escape," he said.

The bicyclers wheeled away in all directions. Presently Edith opened her eyes, and the first movement of her unhurt hand was an involuntary effort to draw her dress down over her feet. "Never mind, darling, it's all right," exclaimed Ralph. The words acted like a dash of cold water. She sat upright, with an indignant look on her face. At this moment a carriage drove up, with Harry Graham on the seat by the driver. While Ralph had been rubbing her hands and calling her pet names, Harry had mounted his wheel and started at a century run gait for a carriage. "You are always sensible, Mr. Graham," said Edith. "Please put me in the carriage, and,"

she added, a little unsteadily, "as I am somewhat faint, perhaps you will ride home with me." Then she drove away, without a glance at the shattered wheel or the crushed young man.

Ralph watched the carriage out of sight; then, turning to the wrecked bicycle, he said, grimly, "Well, it's hard to tell which of us is the worst broken up!"

. . . . . .

Scattered among the Santa Cruz mountains are a number of beautiful places called, in California parlance, "ranches." They are maintained by men of means, more as pleasure resorts than for any profit there may be in them. They are charming places to visit for a week or two at a time, when one wants a touch of nature; and the pleasure is enhanced by the knowledge that, at any time, a few hours' ride will take one back to the modern comforts of city life. It was to one of these sequestered spots that Edith Rylands and her cousin Marie had gone to spend a part of the Christmas holidays.

The evening before Christmas, the girls and Mrs. Winters, the hostess, stood in the pretty sitting-room before a bright fire which blazed and crackled merrily in the little fireplace. All day they had been busy with the pine branches and the great heaps of holly and madrone berries brought in by the hired man from the ravines and mountains, until the whole house had been transformed into a rustic bower.

"Now, girls," said Mrs. Winters "we must get up bright and early in the morning and gather the flowers. Mr. Winters and the two young gentlemen will be up from the city at ten o'clock, and we want everything finished before they come."

"Yes," said Edith, "we will have breakfast as soon as they arrive. Then we'll all climb to the top of the mountain, and, while we read the morning papers, which they will bring, the gentlemen can have a shot at the birds."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Winters. "No bird or squirrel is ever harmed here. The little things are so fearless that the birds fly round our heads, and the squirrels run across our path, and almost smile at us with their bright black eyes. No, the men can stretch out on the ground and smoke and rest. Men have such a capacity for rest! I think we women need to imitate them, sometimes. We have the idea that there is a virtue in always doing something, even if it is perfectly useless fancy work."

The tinkling of the supper bell called the three ladies to the cosy dining-room.

"You may pour the tea, Marie," said Mrs. Winters. "I will serve the plates, and Edith shall wait on the table, if necessary. Mrs. Martin's services end with the cooking; she is too old for a waiting-maid."

"This informality is the most delightful part of the life here," said Marie, as they seated themselves at the table.

At this moment the portly form of Mrs. Martin appeared in the doorway. "There's a gentleman outside who's been hunting up in the mountains and has got belated," she said, "and he wants to know if he can stay all night. He's every inch a gentleman, and says he's very sorry to trouble you, but it's so dark and he's so tired, he can't go any farther."

"Of course he must come in," said Mrs. Winters, with true California hospitality, while the girls' eyes sparkled with curiosity. "Take him to the guest-chamber, and ask him to join us as quickly as possible, before the supper gets cold."

In a very brief space of time a stalwart figure paused on the threshold. The ladies arose, and Edith barely suppressed a cry as she looked up into the face of Ralph Wyman; but instantly stepping forward, she said with great dignity, "This happens to be an acquaintance. Mrs. Winters, let me present Mr. Wyman. Marie, I think you have met Mr. Wyman."

Ralph had all of a hunter's appetite, but the fried chicken, the fragrant tea, all the good things on the table, could not make him happy. The plain surroundings of the ranche house only brought out more clearly the delicacy and refinement of the ladies. How pretty Edith looked in her perfectly fitting gown of golden brown, which just matched her hair, with a front of soft satiny white, like her lovely skin, and the pink ribbon around her neck, tied in a dainty bow just the color of her rounded cheeks! How dreadful out of place he felt in his corduroy suit, flannel shirt and heavy shoes! He tried to say this, in a stammering voice. Mrs. Winters at once came gracefully to his relief. "When you arrayed yourself for hunting," she said, "you did not expect to attend a tea-party. Good sense and good taste demand that the dress always should be suited to the occasion. You are not to blame."

"Well, I don't agree with you," said Edith. "Something must be conceded to the conventionalities. There is usually a very good reason for them, or they would not exist, I think even in hunting, a man should wear long trousers, a nicely laundered shirt, and a Prince Albert; or, at least, a cut-a-way coat."

Ralph brought his heel down savagely, grinding into the floor the tail of Mrs. Winters' terrier, which was curled up under the table. It ran, shrieking and howling, from the room, and in the confusion Edith exclaimed, "I will get some hot biscuit," and flew to the kitchen, where, through the closed door, came the sound of her muffled peals of laughter.

The evening passed pleasantly enough, but Ralph noticed, with a sinking heart, that his diamond engagement ring had disappeared from Edith's white hand.

He lay awake most of the night, thinking what a fool he had been. He would gladly tell Edith so, but she knew it already. Since that unfortunate day in the Park, every effort to obtain an interview had been mercilessly snubbed. He had seen her only once, and then she and Harry Graham were spinning down the road on their wheels. She wore handsome, dark blue knickerbockers, meeting just below the knee a neatly buttoned pair of leggings of the same color, a jaunty cap, and a stylish Eton jacket fastened over a soft silk blouse, which gave the feminine touch to a perfectly modest costume. Harry Graham was looking at her so proudly that he was in constant danger of collision. Ralph was so anxious to show her that he also approved her dress, that he dismounted from his wheel and stood in the middle of the road, and took his cap entirely off and bowed very low; but she barely recognized him as she flashed by, and a big, rough man bicycler ran into him on purpose, because he was violating the rules by standing with his wheel in the middle of the track. And now Harry Graham was coming to-morrow to spend all Christmas Day and evening with her. Very likely she believed that he knew she was here whan he asked for shelter. He would get up early the next morning, before anybody was awake, and leave the house, and he would go home and sell his wheel! This being the very heaviest penance he could think of, he finally fell asleep just before daybreak.

At the next moment of consciousness, he heard the sound of men's voices in the room below, and looking at his watch, fonnd to his dismay that it was ten o'clock. He rose and began a hurried toilet, which was interrupted by the entrance of Harry Graham with a hearty welcome. "Hello, old boy! Isn't this glorious? Did you ever breathe such air? Hurry up, the breakfast is on the table, and the girls are all ready for a climb up the mountain."

"No, thanks, Harry. The breakfast I shall have to accept, but I decline to be the 'fifth wheel to the wagon.'"

"What do you mean? Oh, I understand. Well, you'll be delighted to learn that Jack Adams was called away by a telegram and couldn't come, and so you're absolutely necessary to make up our party, and the girls have it all arranged."

The honse was fragrant with the perfume of roses and lilies, as Ralph opened the door and descended the stairs. The family were all seated at the table when he went into the breakfast-room, and one vacant chair was awaiting him. The conversation was lively, and he felt more at ease than on the preceding evening, but there was a mischievous sparkle in Edith's eyes that caused him some misgivings.

"We will meet you at the gate in a moment," said Mrs. Winters, as the gentlemen rose from the table, and when they did so Ralph understood the

mischief in Edith's eyes. Each lady wore her full bicycle costume, with the addition of a trim skirt reaching half way between the knee and the shoe top, and carried an alpenstock for mountain climbing.

"Now that's what I call sensible," said Mr. Winters. "Comfortable, thick-soled shoes, no tight waists, and no long skirts to catch on every twig. If women would learn to dress properly, they wouldn't be left behind so often when men go out for a good time. Come, wife, we'll lead the way," and they started up the steep mountain side like boy and girl. Harry appropriated Edith, as a matter of course, and Ralph turned to Marie. From force of habit he offered her his arm. She laughed merrily, shook her head, and, brandishing her alpenstock, challenged him to a race.

The party came together again at the top of the mountain, and throwing themselves down in the shade of the magnificent redwoods, had a most enjoyable time, reading, singing, quoting poetry and telling Christmas stories. All were happy except Ralph, who made so tremendous an effort to appear so that he deceived nobody but himself.

After a while Mr. Winters recollected that he promised to look over the accounts with his manager, and Mrs. Winters remembered an agreement with Mrs. Martin, to give her some help about the Christmas dinner, and they vanished from sight. It is queer how much married folks will do to promote the happiness of young people, and then quietly efface themselves without ever being missed by the latter.

Marie, who had been wandering restlessly about for some time, suddenly tossed a handful of acorns in Harry's face and started down the mountain side. He sprang to his feet and dashed in pursuit of her, and their merry voices soon grew faint and far away, and at last were lost in the depths of the ravine.

Edith sat very still on the trunk of a fallen tree, leaning on her alpenstock, a twentieth century Rosalind. Ralph was stretched on the ground, a short distance away, resting on his elbow and looking not the least bit like an Orlando who would go about the woods pinning verses on the bark of trees. As far as vision could reach were endless billows of mountains, enveloped in soft and tremulous haze. So far below that it seemed as if one were gazing into another world, stretched the fertile and beautiful Santa Clara valley. All around was the stillness of the forest. The beauty of the scene, the intense quiet, the nearness of the girl he loved, strung the nerves of the young man to a tension that was unendurable. He rose somewhat unsteadily to his feet, pulled himself together with an effort, and stood looking at Edith with a passionate longing in his face. Unable to resist the intensity of his gaze, she looked up at him and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. In an instant he was on his knees in the thick green moss beside her.

"You are a brave girl, and I am a coward," he said. "I was a senseless slave to custom, and you had the courage to defy its tyrannical demands. I honor you for it. Can I hope ever to win back my old place in your heart?"

"Oh, Ralph, it was not so much for myself, individually, that I cared. I could have borne the hardships of the old, uncomfortable dress, I could even have given up the wheel, but I do rebel against having women fettered hand and foot by the conventionalities that are without sense or reason; and I am tired for all women, because we are continually watched and criticised and lectured."

"Of course you are," said Ralph. "I never looked at it in that way before. Men ought to mind their own business, and let women do the same. I'm sure we can trust their instincts and judgment to do the right thing. Now, dearest one, if you will forgive me, I will not say a word if you wear a costume like this all the rest of your life."

"Ralph Wyman! do you think I'd give up all my tailor-made suits, and my lovely trailing skirts, and my beautiful evening costumes? I wouldn't do it if I never saw another bicycle!"

"Well, I'm glad of it," said he laughing heartily, "for I'll confess I do like all those feminine fripperies; but I'll promise never to interfere."

"And I'll promise that you shall not be sorry for your confidence in me," she said, moving over to make room for him by her side.

After a while, when they began to think of climbing down from the delectable heights, Ralph said, remorsefully: "This will be awfully hard on Harry Graham. I really feel sorry for him."

"Oh, don't worry," replied Edith, tranquilly, "He's going to marry Cousin Marie next month."

"I'm glad to hear it," cried Ralph. "I want everybody to be happy to-day, the sweetest Christmas that I ever knew!"

And so they started down the mountain side, his arm around her waist, and the poor little alpenstock, which she had flourished so proudly in the morning, lay on the dead leaves quite forgotten.—[*Woman's Journal.*

A LONELY SOUL.

"BE you my boarder?"

The person addressed looked around with a smile at her questioner. She had just alighted from the cars at a wayside station among the hills, and there was an amused look in her dark eyes, as she answered, "If you are Miss Martha Bascomb, then I be."

The other woman drew a long breath of relief. "I was so afraid," she said, "that something would happen to hender your coming. Now, just as soon as the cars are out of sight, I'll bring around the horse, and we will go home. It's Deacon Hinda's horse, and he's dreadful afraid of railroads."

Disappearing behind the station for a moment, she presently came leading a very meek-looking animal. She held him by the bit, at arm's length, and seemed very much afraid he would step on her. It was quite evident Martha did not feel at home with horses.

The small trunk was placed in the back of the open wagon by the station-master, and climbing up beside her driver, the boarder, whose name was Marcia Ames, presently found herself riding down a most beautiful country road.

It had been a warm June day, and the sun was still hot on the little depot platform, but as they turned into the shady highway, a cool breeze met them, laden with all the fragrance of the pines and other sweet odors of the wood. The wild roses made pink all the hedges. On one side Marcia saw a meadow white with daisies, like summer snow; and when Martha Bascom, on meeting a carriage, turned out to let it go by, her wheels crushed the mint that grew by the roadside, and the strong fragrance came to Marcia like a welcome. She sighed with content. "I am glad I answered that queer advertisement," she said to herself, "and I will stay here all summer, if things are bearable."

"What a lovely road?" she said to her companion.

"Aint it?" replied Martha. "Sometimes when I'm worried most to death, I walk down the depot road, as we call it, and my cares all fade away, and things don't seem worth minding."

Miss Ames looked at her. "A character," she thought, "and one that I shall like to study."

She saw a straight figure that disdained the support of the back of the

seat; a care-worn face with grave gray eyes and a smiling mouth that did not seem to belong to the rest of the face. She was dressed in a brown checked gingham, as clean as possible; you could see the folds where it had been ironed. She wore a shade hat with strings, which were tied in a prim bow under a rather square chin.

She looked up and caught Marcia's glance.

"I hope," she said, "you won't laugh at my hat; I can't bear bunnets. I know hats are for girls; but I put strings on this, and thought they would take the curse off."

"I am not a girl," said Marcia, pleasantly, "and I have a hat in my trunk. I hope you won't insist on my putting strings on it."

"Oh!" replied the other, "you can wear what you have a mind to; I don't care."

"You need not be surprised," she went on, "if folks look pretty sharp at you. You see I didn't tell anybody I was going to take a boarder, and they don't know who you can be. I hope you will be contented. I haven't got much room, but I can give you a good bed. And I've bought a hammock for you. All the summer boarders I ever heard of loved to set in them."

And Marcia assured her she loved hammocks, and did not care for room, as she intended to live out of doors most of the time.

People did stare when they met them, and presently the horse was brought to a standstill by Martha before the gate of a low red house on the side of a hill, and she told her companion she had got home. "You go in the front door," said she "and I will get somebody to help me out with your trunk, and carry the horse home. Go in and turn to the left. I won't be but a minute."

Marcia followed directions, and found herself in a large front room. The floor was painted yellow, and was so clean it shone; various worn places were trying to hide under braided mats, and everything was spotlessly clean. Between the two front windows a table was set for two. "Her dining-room," she said to herself, "or her kitchen," as she caught sight of a small cook-stove. A door opened between the side windows, and Marcia saw a piazza with a hammock in a shady corner. There was a home-made lounge in one part of the room, and she sat down on it, thinking she would not remove her bonnet until she went to her room.

And then Martha came in; she untied her hat-strings with nervous hands.

"I don't know how to tell you," she said, "but this is all the house I've got. I know it's ridiculous for me to think of taking a boarder, but I've got to earn some money somehow, and there didn't seem to be any other way."

She held out her hands, and Marcia saw that they trembled. "I will do well by you," she went on; "do say that you will put up with it and stay. You don't know what it will be to me."

There was something in the woman's face that touched Marcia. "She is in trouble," she thought, "and I am going to help her."

She smiled reassuringly. "If you don't think I shall crowd you," she said, 'I'll stay. But you don't mean this room is all you have?" And Martha hastened to tell her there was a bedroom where she could sleep. "I shall sleep on the lounge," she added, as she opened the door of the little sleeping-room and Marcia went in and took off her bonnet.

It was the next morning. Martha's housework was all done; so she took her rocking-chair out on the piazza, where her boarder was trying the new hammock, and as she rocked, she knit, and presently began to talk.

"I want to tell you all about it," she said.

"You see, this was father's house, and, when he died, he left it to brother James and me, after mother. James, he thought he would move right down here, and he wanted mother and me to live in with them, and have a chamber finished off to sleep in; but we didn't want to—we didn't like his wife over and above—and so we divided the house. Afterwards, James built on a porch on his part. They've got a dining-room and everything.

"And mother and I lived in here for a good many years. We got along real comfortable. She had her pension, and I sewed braid; but after a while they stopped bringing braid around. It was all sewed on machines in the straw shop. And then mother died."

She was silent a moment, and Marcia saw her lip quiver.

"She died, and I was all alone. James wanted me to break up and live in with them—his wife wanted this room for a parlor—but I could not; it was home and I knew it wouldn't be in the other part.

"The children were sarsy, to; they hadn't used mother well, and one of them called me an old maid. His mother heard him, and I looked at her, for I thought she would take him to due; but she didn't; she only laughed. And she knew," continued Martha, "all about my disappointment, too. I was going to morry Hiram Parker, and I had all my sheets and pillowcases made, and mother and I were just going to quilt. I had five bed quilts all ready for the bars. He wasn't sick but two weeks; it was the typhus fever. I am sure I feel just like a widder, and I went to his funeral as chief mourner. It was real cruel for James's wife to let her boy twit me so, as if I never had a chance to be married, like old Liddy Wlbur." And Martha's knitting needles flashed brightly in the sun, and her gray eyes were almost black with the remembrance of her wrongs. Marcia murmured sympathizingly, and presently Martha went on.

"It's eight years now," she said, "since mother died, and they are always at me to give them this part of the house. I can't bear to. I've got along in spite of them, till now."

"But how could you?" said Marcia. "What did you do to get something to eat?"

The other woman looked at her a moment. "I suppose," she said, "you'll despise me, but I've worked just like a man. That field over there is mine. I planted it myself, and raised a good many things to sell. I went huckleberrying, and I sold my grass standing, for fifteen dollars, every year, and year before last I sold potatoes enough to buy me a barrel of flour and a alpaca dress. I got a man to plough the field, and I planted the potatoes myself, and hoed them, and dug them. I've got along all right till last year; it was so dry that everything dried up. There wasn't any huckleberries, and my potatoes were too little to sell. James used to put a hose in the pond and get water to water his garden, but he never put a drop on mine. They wanted me to give up and they thought I would have to.

"I came pretty short last winter. Many a time I did not have anthing to eat but hasty pudding, and I could not buy any tea. I used to smell it from the other part of the house, and I wanted it so bad.

"I will say I don't think James knew how poor I was; he has always been pretty good to me. And the neighbors used to invite me out to spend the afternoon. I used to be afraid they mistrusted how poor I was.

"I've got a splendid garden this year, but I know we may have a dry season again, and I made up my mind I must have a little money to fall back on. I laid awake night after night, thinking of every way folks took to earn money, and finally I thought if I could only take a lady boarder I could save most of her board in the summer; for most of folks like garden sass and so forth, and I've got most everything planted, and they are doing well. I tried to get the schoolmarm. I went to see her, and when she heard what accommodations I could give her, she laughed at me; but she promised she would not tell anybody I asked her.

"I composed that advertisement myself, and sent it to a Boston paper, because I didn't know anybody around here that took a paper from there, and I could not bear to have anybody know I had tried to get a boarder if I did not get one. I never saw how it looked in print," and she looked appealingly at Marcia, who told her kindly that it was very much to the point and all right.

Then they sat in silence for a while, and Marcia thought how she had read the advertisement in her city home, and laughed at it, and then suddenly determined to answer it, and find out what manner of woman Martha Bascom was. She thought over the words she had read:

"WANTED, a lady boarder, by a plain country woman, who will do the best she can. The view from the piazza is beautiful, and you will be sure to like it. Address Miss Martha Bascom, Littlefield, Mass."

And here she was, seated on the piazza. She let her eyes wander over the scene before her.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she thought. The house was on a hill, and she could look a long way down the valley at her feet. Field after field was outlined there; the stone walls that marked their boundaries seemed like children's work—like the playhouses her brothers used to make years ago, marking out the rooms with a row of stones. A thick growth of bushes and trees told where a river crept, and she could see the glitter of the water, here and there, between the trees.

"I don't wonder," she said to herself, "that the poor woman wanted to keep her home. I will help her all I can."

One day they were in the parlor, as Marcia called the piazza. She had hung it around with pretty shawls, and had a bright cushion in the hammock; a vine shaded one side, and Martha's thrush sang in his cage among the leaves.

"There is one thing I want to tell you," said Martha. "It don't seem right to take four dollars a week for your board. I never was so happy in my life as I have been since you come. You don't eat hardly a thing, and I haven't had but one white petticoat to wash for you since you have been here."

"And there is one thing I want to tell you," said her friend. "I always go somewhere in the country in the summer, and I never pay less than seven dollars a week for board in my life. I intend to pay as much as that, I assure you. Four dollars a week!" she said, scornfully. "It is very evident, my dear Martha, you are taking your first boarder."

Martha sat up straight in her rocking-chair; her eyes shone like diamonds, and there was a faint red in her faded cheek.

"If you stay till September and pay me seven dollars a week," she said excitedly, "I'll have me a cow. I can keep her as well as not, if I can only get her in the first place, I've got a pasture, and I can raise a lot of pumpkins and fodder corn. I know how to milk. I can make butter. Why, I can most live on her milk," and she burst into a flood of tears and hid her face in her hands.

It seemed as if the poor woman could not talk enough about her cow, and her gratitude to the lady who had proven from the first such a godsend to her.

"I shall have something to love after you are gone," she said one day. "I got me a cat after mother died; she was real pretty, and I thought so much of her. She used to sleep on the foot of my bed, and I did not feel

half so lonesome nights, if I could not sleep; for if I spoke to her, she would purr, and come up and rub herself against me. I thought there never was such a cat; but James's boys, they used to stone her whenever she went over on their side, and one day she came dragging herself home with a broken leg, and her head was hurt, too. She died before night, and I buried her under the laylock there. And I missed her so I got me another, but that one was missing within a week, and one of the boys kept asking me what had become of my cat, and laughing in a hateful way. So I made up my mind I could not have any more pets.

"But they won't dare to hurt a cow, they are too valuable; and I could have the law on them if they did," she added grimly. "Any body can do what they have a mind to to cats, poor things!" for Martha had never heard of the "society with the long name."

"Let me see," said Marcia, "what kind of a cow will you get—Jersey?"

"I shall get a red and white one," said Martha. "Father used to keep a cow, and that was speckled red and white. I mean to get one just like her, if I can. What will James's folks say! I guess they'll think it will be some time before they'll have my house for a parlor."

"It beats all," she said, one day, "how little things trouble folks. Now, any great trial like death and such, you can carry to the Lord, and He will help you bear it; but anybody feels so mean to tronble Him about the little things.

"Now, there was mother's gold beads. She always told me I should have them after her. Many a time I've put them on my neck when I was a little girl, and wished mother would give them to me then; but she would take them, and say I shonld have them some time.

"And when she died I was almost crazy, and James's wife, she had to see to everything.

"It was a few weeks afterwards, and I saw mother's beads on Maria's neck—that is her oldest girl. I felt dreadfully. I went out to the barn and talked to James about it. He said Maria wanted them as bad as I did, and he didn't know as she would give them up. His wife made a fuss about it, and so I did not have them.

"But it was a trial. I never had a piece of jewelry in my life but a cornelian ring. I have got that now, but I have outgrown it."

Now, Martha had a birthday that week; and James's wife was astonished, as she was getting breakfast one morning, by seeing her sister's boarder coming in. She had in her hand a beautiful gold chain. There was a locket attached, and the rhinestone in it sparkled like a diamond in the morning sun.

"Mrs. Bascomb," said the lady, "I want to make a bargain with you. I want you to exchange your daughter's gold beads for this chain; it is fully as valuable, and prettier for her.

"You know it is Miss Martha's birthday to-day, and I want to give her a present. I know there is nothing she will prize like her mother's gold beads."

Both mother and child were delighted with the chain.

"I have always felt mean about those beads," said Mrs. Bascom, "but the girl wanted them so; and I'm real glad to change. Here, let me brighten them up a bit," and she hurried around after a piece of flannel and some whiting.

And so it happened, just after breakfast, as Martha was getting up from the table, Marcia Ames's white arms went lovingly around her neck, and clasped there the precious beads.

The autumn came all too soon, and the friends parted until next summer, Marcia said.

A gentle red and white cow stood by the bars in Martha's pasture, and it was on her glossy neck that Martha left the tears she shed when the stage that bore her friend away went out of sight.

For Marcia had insisted on the cow becoming a reality before she went away, and had named her at Martha's request. Sultana was the rather high-flown name she had bestowed upon her; and her mistress thought it just the right name, as, indeed, she would have if Marcia had called her Peter Snooks. They had a merry time when they christened the gentle creature, who calmly chewed her cud, and looked at them with her great mild eyes, as she thought to herself: "What fools these mortals be!"

I do not think Martha Bascom ever closed her eyes at night, as long as she lived, without thanking God for the friend she had found—a friend who did not forget her as the years went by.—[*McClure's Magazine.*

Aunt Susy's Settin-Out.

EMILY V. KEEVER.

"IT is really surprising the way girls rattle on nowadays about 'equal rights,'" remarked my Aunt Millicent Adams to me one morning, as we three—Auntie, Cousin Mill and I—were sitting together on the broad piazza of their lovely Illinois home.

"I don't know what would have been thought of girls in my day who talked as you and Milly have this morning! I think we should—to use some of Tom's slang—have been 'sat upon' and silenced if not utterly mashed."

"Oh, Clara," groaned wicked Milly—"to have a staid and modest matron of forty-three summers talk of being 'mashed,' it is too dreadful! I must tell Tom."

"Auntie, you know in your heart you quite agree with us in our intensely modern and advanced views—though it is not so much for women happily situated as you are that we want the laws 'made over,' as Mill calls it; but for such as Susan More—isn't that the woman's name who came here with her head bandaged this morning? The result that followed the hilarious mood of her whiskey-loving lord and master."

"There wasn't much said about woman's rights,' as it was called, when I was young," returned Aunt Millicent, in her low, sweet voice, "but I do remember a few times when I thought the laws of the State very unjust toward women, and I remember also," with a musical little laugh, and a modest blush, "that on one occasion I heartily wished that I were a man so that I could try to get sent to Montpelier to the Legislature where I could make a speech on that subject."

"What a confession!" exclaimed Mill. "It takes these quiet, low-voiced, dainty little women for bold wishes and daring suggestions, after all, Clara. Instruct us, Mammy dear—for even as women, you may yet hear our treble voices ring through legislative halls—who knows?' Didn't Mrs. Stanton say in her lecture 'The day is surely coming when women will have a voice in all matters of public interest? I believe it, too. Hail, happy day!"

"Perhaps, child; she is right, but you'll be no happier than I have been, I'm sure of that."

"Tell us, Auntie," I interposed, "about the matter that stirred your gentle soul to such righteous indignation that you longed to rush into the thick of the fray, and to orate; too."

"Yes, do, Mammy. We're two good hours till dinner-time, and I can get my strip lengthened out wonderfully in that time. Clara, if I ever begin another afghan, take me to a lunatic asylum at once, you'll need no further proof of 'mental aberration.'"

"I think you a little 'off' now and then, as it is,' I replied. "Come, Auntie; you know how I love to hear you give one of your reminiscences of the days of long ago; everything is favorable—speaker and audience are *en rapport*."

"Did I ever tell you about Aunt Susannah Gordole of Vermont!"

"No, I think not. Aunt by courtesy, I suppose, else I should know something about her, of course."

"Everybody called her Aunt Susy; and her husband Uncle Zekel; a most worthy couple who lived about a half mile, or a little more, perhaps, from father's. It was a great treat for us children to be allowed to climb the hill, and call at the weather-beaten cottage that crowned its very top. Uncle Zekel owned the cottage, the rocky hill on which it was perched, and the extremely rocky farm land around it. How he ever managed to scratch a living off it, was a standing wonder to the neighbors; but he did, and year by year put by a little money. Aunt Susy was, in her way, one of the proudest women I ever knew."

"'Proud of her teeth and proud of her talk—Proud of her knowing cheese from chalk, etc?' to quote from your beloved Saxe of fragrant memory," interrupted Mill.

"No, child," said Auntie, smiling, "quite another kind of pride—though I believe I have heard her remark of her teeth that 'them is as good a set as the best dentist in St. Albans could make; and paid for in butter as yellow as that gold plate.'

"But to return to my story, and don't you interrupt me again Millie: when sister Lucy—your mother, Clara—and I were home from the Seminary at Burlington, we always took tea, at least once, with them by special invitation. We went at three precisely, and at five o'clock tea was served on the old-fashioned china, a part of the famous 'setting-out' of which I am going to tell you.

"They had lived there over forty years, and had added scarcely an article to the original furnishing. Everything had been carefully preserved, and being of stout material to start with, was good for another forty years. I presume her chairs, table, bureau and settle are still in use in some of the farmhouses in the vicinity to-day.

"It is—let me see"—musing—"yes, girls, it is just a quarter of a cen-

tury ago—my, how time flies!—since we took tea with the dear old souls for the last time. Lucy and I coaxed her to tell us all about her marriage, and how she came to have such a fine 'setting-out.'

"'I was born in March,' said she, 'and on the same day one of father's merino sheep dropped a pair of twin lambs. I had a twin sister, but she didn't live more than a few minutes, if at all, and father was so tickled about my being a girl—there were five boys already—that he said the lambs were to be mine, and their increase, and all was to go for my settin'-out when I was married. Father always was a wonderful man to be looking ahead and planning for the future,' she added.

"'I should think so, indeed,' said sister Lucy, laughing, 'if he began to provide your *trousseau* on the very day of your birth.'

"'He didn't call it no such funny name as that, but it's all one, I s'pose. May be I'm getting a little old-fashioned living away up here and bein' alone so much. Well, I grew and thrived, and so did them lambs, and in a few years I had a nice flock. Strange to say, twins was dreadful common amongst 'em, which was lucky for me. Mother was a wonderful woman for business; she would stew around from morning to night, and things had to be done jest about so, or there was trouble ahead for somebody. Mother took father at his word, and every time wool-clippin' came round she 'tended to it that the wool from my sheep was kept separate; when it had been washed and carded it was sent over to the McMaster girls to be spun and woven into blankets. There was four of 'em, all old maids, but master hands at spinnin' and weavin', yes, and knittin' and sewin', too—all kinds of work they took in to do, tailorin' and most everything. Well, in time, you see, I had a nice pile of soft fleecy blankets; then mother had fifty yards of handsome yarn carpet made—this that we're a settin' on is some of it. The McMasters was famous colorers, you can see it ain't faded scarcely a mite.

"'Then again mother exchanged yarn for calico, and had the "girls" piece bedquilts, and traded some for red and blue delaine for comforters, them was stuffed with wool-bats—dreadful nice and warm ones it makes. I've showed all them to you, though, one you remember I told you about, the blue and white "Irish chain" that had three weeks' steddy quiltin' on—and I don't know how long they worked on the Rising Sun and the others. When mother got all that done, she sold the wool every year and put the money in the bank, so that when I was twenty and promised to Ezekiel, I had plenty to buy silver and china and furnishing and weddin' clothes. I well remember how excited I was when mother said we'd take a trip to Boston to buy my things. We stopped to my Aunt Martha's—father's only sister she was—and she went with us to get my spoons; I had a dozen solid silver and a half-dozen plated for common, you know, besides large ones and

sugar-tongs, and cream spoon and caster. Then Aunt Martha, who had lived in the city a good many years, and had rather toppin' notions, insisted on a silk dress for the weddin' one. I kind of wanted it myself, but mother was firm. She always was that, and said she:

"'What in the world would she do with a blue silk up amongst the hills of Vermont? The silver will last good a lifetime; but a dress goes out of fashion in five years;" so that settled it. I will own to you girls, that I was wonderfully proud of my settin'-out; it was about the best any girl in the Connecticut valley had had, as far as we was acquainted.

"'Everything was in dozens—linen sheets, two dozen pair; towels, six dozen; pillow-slips, two dozen pair—some hemstitched; three large feather beds, with pillers and bolsters; cushions for every chair in the house, all stuffed with best geese feathers; and just before we left home father gave me five hundred dollars in money for my sheep. You see Zekel's father wasn't very fore-handed and couldn't help much of any; they wasn't very good housekeepers either, and I got dreadful homesick six months we stayed with his folks while this house was bein' built. It was my idee entirely havin' it up here. I'd read about them little Swiss houses—I forget what they call 'em, perched here and there amongst the Alps, and I coaxed Zekel till he consented.'

"Well, you've been happy up here with your bees and your flowers and your pretty little home, haven't you?" I asked, as she paused.

"'Oh, yes,' she said, sweetly. 'Nobody's lot is jest perfect, though I hain't no fault to find with Zekel, girls,' she added, hastily, lest we should misconstrue the meaning of a gentle sigh she breathed. 'He's been good and kind always, but'—dropping her voice and looking modestly down—it's been a great disappointment to us both that we've been left alone. I should set great store by two girls, say like you two now, if they was my own. It's all for the best, I s'pose. I believe our changes is all meted out in mercy. I've had a very peaceful life so far, though maybe a little lonesome sometimes, but it would be dreadful wicked for me to complain a word, and I don't mean to. I've enjoyed this talk, too, dreadful well, but I must go now and set the table. I'm glad I've got some extra nice honey, Millicent, you're so fond of it, and after supper I'm going to show you my china asters and gladioluses. I'm ruther proud of my flowers, you see.'

"Little we thought it was the last time we should ever take tea with the dear old friends.

"The year prevlous Uncle Zekel had a slight stroke of paralysis, and Aunt could get no help for twenty-four hours. She carried him into the house and sat by him till a neighbor happened in, so mother made her promise that if she needed any one, she was to hang a large white cloth from her upper window; we could see it from our piazza.

"The next morning when father went out he glanced up, as was his habit, and seeing the cloth, he started up the hill at once. We were quite sad at breakfast, I remember. Mother kept glancing out of the window to see if father wasn't coming, and Lucy and I talked over our visit in subdued tones, and wished we knew how they were and what Auut Susy wanted.

"Presently father returned and harnessed old Fan to the light wagon, sending us girls to the village for a doctor; but poor Uncle Zekel never spoke again. He slept for hours, and finally died without recognizing any one."

Here Aunt Millicent relapsed into silence, and I was trying to see the connection between the simple little tale and the remarks she had prefaced it with, when Mill asked softly:

"Did the old lady—Aunt Susy—live on in her little eyrie, mamma?"

"Yes, but her 'peaceful' days were over. I don't know anything about the law regarding the property rights of married women in Vermont nowadays, but then it appears they hadn't any worth mentioning."

"What?—laws, or rights?" queried Mill.

"Rights, I mean; they had laws enough, as poor Aunt Susy found to her sorrow, for the grip of the law on her goods nearly broke her heart.

"Uncle Zekel had several cousins living in the vicinity—shiftless, no-account bodies, and they came like a hungry pack of prairie wolves to gobble up the results of forty years of ceaseless industry and close economy."

"'The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.'"

murmured the irrepressible Nell.

"Not in purple and gold, though, by any means. Lucy and I stayed by turns with Aunt Susy for a fortnight after the funeral, and I was there when one of the long, lank cousins came prowling round, hinting as to his choice of things, but finding that Aunt Susy did not see his drift, he spoke out boldly and told what he wanted for his 'share.'

"'When I'm called,' said she, with great dignity, 'I shall remember my husband's relations with something; but at present I do not intend to make any change.'

"'Wal, the law don't leave that fur you to decide, as I understand it,' said he, leering around at me, and then spitting tobacco juice on the spotless hearth.

"'As you ain't, nor never had no children, your late husband's relations are his heirs, and will have half his property; half the housen stuff, half the stock and half the money. The 'praisers will probably come along up to-morrow. We all know purty well what's in the house, so't the square thing'll be done, I guess.'

"Before Auut Susy could really take in his meaning, with a parting shot of tobacco juice at the stove leg farthest from him, he slunk away.

"We were both as ignorant of the law regarding such cases as two babies, but Aunt Susy wept pitifully at the very thought of losing her household treasures, the pride and care of her forty years of married life.

" 'Of course Ezekiel expected me to have what there is, if he was called first,' she moaned, 'I know it as well as if he had said so with his hand on the Bible.'

"The next afternoon the three men who had been chosen to act as appraisers came.

"They went first to the barns and spent a long time with the stock; then they came into the house and requested to be shown the household stores.

" 'There aint much of anything but what I brought,' said Aunt Susy, 'most everything except the tin ware was a part of my settin' out.'

"The officious cousin who was there the day before came sneaking in, and followed the party up-stairs: when they came down, Aunt Susy meekly following, was as pale as a sheet. She mechanically opened the cupboard doors, and the writing went on after a whispered consultation with each other. Just then up stepped the cousin and fumbled over the spoons, then whispered eagerly to the man who was writing down the items.

" 'Ahem, Mrs. Goodale,' began that functionary pompously, 'I believe there should be more teaspoons here. You have a dozen solid silver ones, have you not?'

"There's every spoon there is in the house,' faltered Aunt Susy, trembling, and wiping her eyes with the corner of her check apron.

" 'Then she's sold or giv' em away!' cried the cousin, excitedly, 'and it's stealing from the estate, squire, ain't it now?'

" 'The law holds, Mrs. Goodale, that it is theft to use any money or dispose of any property left until after the settlement of a man's estate.'

"I'm no thief, Squire Jones, as you very well know, and my husband never considered that he owned a spoon.'

" 'Yes, well, we shall be under the necessity of compelling you to tell us where those are which were in your charge when your husband died.'

" 'Or layin' her hand on that there Bible and swearin' that them's all' added the cousin, nudging the squire, 'she won't never dar' t' do that, squire. Hold her to it!'

"After badgering the poor soul until she could stand it no longer, she burst out with:

" 'They're in the wheat bin out in the granary, if you must know, but it's a dreadful mean law that robs a poor widow of her settin' out to give to a set of shiftless nobodies who never earned a spoon in their hull lives.'

"I felt then, girls, as I said, that for a moment I was so heartily indignant that I did really wish I could make a speech in the State Legislature

on the subject of treating women with decent fairness when left as Aunt Susy was."

"I am glad you told us this homely little story, Auntie," I replied, "I am gathering up all such, and I shall write this out at once as another example of man's injustice to woman, and I shall call it, *Aunt Susy's Settin'-Out.*"

WHEN TROUBLE COMES.

E. E. REXFORD.

When trouble comes, don't let despair
Add to the burden you must bear,
But keep up heart and smiling say,
"The darkest cloud must pass away."

Don't sit and brood o'er things gone wrong
But sing a helpful little song,
Or whistle something light and gay,
And whistle half your care away.

The man who sings when trouble's here,
From trouble has not much to fear,
Since it will never tarry long,
When stout heart meets it with a song.

Then don't forget, when things go wrong,
To try the magic in a song;
For cheerful heart and smiling face
Bring sunshine to the shadiest place.

How Mrs. Benton Economized.

LILLIAN I. GREENE.

"I MUST economize very closely these hard times," mused Mrs. Benton, as she looked over the last month's bills. "I will not do my economizing either, as so many people do, by cutting off all charitable contributions," she added virtuously, "but I must buy and hire as cheaply as possible."

Mrs. Benton's musings were interrupted by a knock at the door. An old man stood there with strawberries to sell. "Fifteen cents a box!" exclaimed Mrs. Benton when the old man timidly stated the price. "Why, Mr. Smith, you cannot expect me to pay that much! There was a man here yesterday with berries at ten cents a box. I did not buy of him as I had promised to buy of you."

Mrs. Benton forgot to add that the berries that the man had yesterday were more than half spoiled. She at length succeeded in buying Mr. Smith's fresh berries for ten cents a box. The neighbor who had promised to take the remainder of his berries, finding that he had sold to Mrs. Benton for ten cents, of course expected to buy at the same price. Consequently the old man went sadly home with only two-thirds the sum that he expected his luscious berries to bring him.

Later in the day Mrs. Malony brought Mrs. Benton's washing. "It will be impossible for me to pay a dollar a week for my washing," said Mrs. Benton. "I know that you have three little children to support," she added magnanimously, "and so I am not willing to take the washing away from you. If you are willing to do it for fifty cents a week I will let you have it."

Mrs. Malony was doing her best to support her little children, and a dollar a week could not be spared. She consented to wash for Mrs. Benton for fifty cents. It was not long before two other of her customers told her that if she could afford to do Mrs. Benton's washing for fifty cents she could afford to do their washing for less. Though the six washings that Mrs. Malony was already doing taxed her strength to the utmost, she was forced to do three more washings in order to provide bread for her children, securing the extra washings by promising to do them cheap.

That evening Mrs. Benton was planning how her summer dress should

cost only two-thirds as much as it did last year and still be just as good and stylish.

After some thought she exclaimed: "I have it! I will have Cora Nelson make it for me. Her own dresses are made beautifully. She can do just as good work as Madam Walker. But she has just come here and will be glad of work at any price."

Cora Nelson sewed for Mrs. Benton for fifty cents a day. It was the first sewing that she had done since she came to the city. Therefore, when she applied to others for sewing, she was obliged to refer them to Mrs. Benton. Upon finding that she had sewed for fifty cents a day, others were not willing to pay more.

A few days after her resolve to economize Mrs. Benton visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. Parker. She found her doing the family washing.

"Why, Kate, how does it happen that you are doing your own washing?" she asked.

"Charlie has had his salary cut down and I do not feel that I can afford to pay a dollar every week for washing. I do it part of the time and part of the time Mrs. O'Brian does it."

"Would she not do it for fifty cents a week? I pay only fifty cents a weeks for mine. If you tried I do believe you could get yours done at the same price."

"It is worth a dollar to do my washing." replied Mrs. Parker, quietly. "I disliked to take the work from Mrs. O'Brian for she has an aged mother and a little boy to support. But I found that Mrs. Sweet wished to put out her washing part of the time and I asked her to let Mrs. O'Brian do it."

"It is all very well to pay a good price when we have a large income," said Mrs, Benton, "but we cannot be expected to pay as much when our income is cut down. You are not strong enough to do your washing."

"I do not see that it is any worse for me to rise at four o'clock once in two weeks in order to do my own washing than it would be for Mrs. O'Brian to rise at three o'clock every morning in order to earn a living."

"You are such a funny woman," said Mrs. Benson, half vexed.

Shortly after this a woman came to the door with strawberries. "They are beauties," said Mrs. Parker. "Later in the season I shall be glad to buy of you, but I cannot afford them now. I think that the lady next door would be glad of some."

"I bought strawberries last week for ten cents a box," said Mrs. Benton as the woman left. "Beauties, too, they were."

"They are more than that at the grocery," said Mrs. Parker, "and not nearly as nice as these, either."

"Of course they are higher at the grocery," said Mrs. Benton. "But the grocerymen never pay the producer as much as they retail them for,

If you intend to live on your income you will find that you must learn to beat people down."

When Mrs. Parker brought out her simple, summer dress, Mrs. Benton exclaimed, "What! are you making the dress yourself?"

Mrs. Parker replied that she had felt able to hire only the waist made. Upon learning the price paid for making the waist, Mrs. Benton said, "I wish I had seen you before you had it made. You might just as well have had your whole dress made for that price. I had a girl sew for me for fifty cents a day."

"I considered the price very reasonable," said Mrs. Parker. "Mrs. Williams needed the work. No woman can afford to sew for fifty cents a day."

"Some of them are glad of work at any price these hard times, and it is a charity to employ them," replied Mrs. Benton.

She told her husband that evening that she did not see how "Charlie's folks" were going to live on his reduced salary, as Kate did not understand the first principles of economy.

Six months later Mrs. Parker was spending the day with Mrs. Benton. During the day Mrs. Bruce, the neighborhood gossip, called.

"Had you heard that old Mr. Smith has committed suicide?" she asked. "He was destitute and thought he must either commit suicide or starve. His son, William, went West a year ago. He had money coming to him in the spring and would have sent for his father then, though at present he is in very straightened circumstances himself. Mr. Smith expected that he would make enough from his fruit and vegetables to keep him comfortable all winter, but he did not make more than half as much as he expected."

"It is very sad indeed," said Mrs. Benton. "I bought all of my fruit and vegetables of him last summer. He sold very reasonably."

Mrs. Parker glanced at her with a peculiar expression that she could not understand.

After a few moments' conversation Mrs. Bruce remarked, "I called to see if you would subscribe toward buying clothing for Mrs. Malony's children."

Upon Mrs. Benton's giving her subscription Mrs. Bruce was loud in her praises of her generosity.

"I do not intend to quit giving to all charitable objects even if I do have to economize in other ways," said Mrs. Benton complacently.

Then in answer to Mrs. Parker's inquiry she said: "Mrs. Malony used to wash for me. She dropped dead at her tub two weeks ago. Her three children will be taken to the orphan asylum soon."

Again the peculiar expression passed over Mrs, Parker's face. Could Mrs. Benton have read her thoughts she would have read: "Martha paid

Mrs. Malony twelve dollars for twenty-four dollars' work, and now thinks herself generous for giving two of the twelve dollars that she should have paid her."

Before Mrs. Bruce left Mrs. Benton inquired if she knew of a dressmaker who would "work cheap."

"Where is the one that made your dress last summer?" asked Mrs. Parker. "Your dress was made so nicely."

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Benton, "Cora Nelson has turned out badly. She seemed like a nice girl, but I find I was mistaken in her."

"She was a nice girl when she came here." said Mrs. Bruce. "My sister used to live near her. Cora had a mother and little sister that she helped to support. Soon after she came here her little sister was taken ill. It was thought that she would die if she did not have luxuries that her mother could not provide for her. Cora was not acquainted here, and could command but fifty cents a day for sewing. She was nearly frantic. Then it was that she met that villain, Bert Chamberlain. He professed to be very sorry for her, and lent her money to send to her mother. It was not long before she fell a victim to his wiles."

And for the third time that day Mrs. Benton noticed that peculiar expression on her sister-in-law's face.

"Kate looks tired out," said Mrs. Benton that evening. "What a pity it is that she does not know how to economize as I do! I have got along just as well this year as I did last, though I have spent only two-thirds as much."

And verily, the closest observer would have failed to discover one accustomed luxury of which Mrs. Benton had deprived herself.

"If I have worked hard and gone without many things," said Mrs. Parker to herself that evening, "I, at least, have a clear conscience. What would I do if I had as much to answer for as Martha has!"

Dear reader, if your income has been cut down, who is to suffer for it, you or your laundress?—[*The Union Signal.*

His Second Wife.

MR. PHUSSY was an exceptionally good man. He paid his bills promptly, provided comfortable food, shelter and clothing for his family, paid a tenth of his income to the church and charities, and did not use more time in prayer and class-meetings than might reasonably be supposed to belong to him. With all these fine qualities, we are sorry to say the sin of selfishness had found lodgment in his heart, and led to a system of looking out for Number One which was a real trial to Mrs. Phussy's patience. Coming home a little more tired than usual one evening, he began to exercise his prerogative of fault finding almost as soon ae he was seated at the dinner-table. Little Roy coughed once or twice, and the note of warning was struck at once.

"Jane, the child'll be sick if you don't do something for him."

"I have been doctoring him for a week, dear. I really think he is better."

"He doesn't act like it. You'd best give him some cough syrup right away."

"I will, after dinner."

"That's it. Always some other time. You'll forget it, and a doctor's bill will be the result."

Mrs. Phussy rose patiently, went up stairs after the syrup, administered a dose, and seated herself once more at the table. At that instant the baby began to cry, and the mother left her dinner to quit him. By the time that feat was accomplished, her appetite had vanished. Afterwards, when the children were in bed and dinner a thing of the past, with a sigh of relief Mrs. Phussy seated herself beside the mending basket. Mr. Phussy in slippered feet and handsome smoking jacket, with his feet on a comfortable rest, looked over the morning paper.

A sense of quiet and comfort had begun to steal over the room when a faint cry from the cradle made both parents start.

"Baby's waking up," said the father with an air of having told her something she didn't know.

"I see," whispered Mrs. Phussy, quietly.

A loud cry brought the husband's feet to the floor, and he looked sharply at his wife as he remarked,

"You'll find it hard to stop him if you let him cry like that."

I'm afraid so," she returned, still without moving.

A sharper scream from the cradle brought Mr. Phussy to his feet. He crossed the room, poked the covering from the little red face then went back and sat down again.

"Jane, the baby'll be sick, I'm afraid," he said eyeing her uneasily.

"Very likely, but I must mend these stockings."

"Oh leave the stockings! The baby is the first consideration."

Evidently the tiny atom thought so, too, for he set up such a vigorous protest at this juncture that Mr. Phussy hurried to the cradle once more, bundled the baby into a terrible mixed condition as to which was blanket and which baby, then came and stood before his wife.

"Why, Jane, I never knew you to be so indifferent before. Baby will surely cry himself sick. If you were the mother you used to be—"

"That will do, I am not. I am an older mother than I used to be. If you fear he'll be sick, you might take him up.

"So I might if it was my business, but—good gracious! I'll have to, or have my head split," and the frightened babe was huddled up in his unaccustomed arms, walked up and down the floor, and jounced until his fat cheeks shook like jelly. Louder and louder became the noise, until at last, in abject humility and with perspiration streaming from his forehead, Mr. Phussy paused beside his wife, saying—

"Jane, if you'll take him I'll mend the stockings."

"Very well, I'll quiet him; but there's an awful hole in that toe."

Mr. Phussy really did try, but his labors left much to be desired. Baby was soon asleep again; then Mr. Phussy looked searchingly at his wife as he asked—

"Who has been here to-day?"

"Your mother," was the quiet answer.

"And she came to give you advice, I'll be bound."

"Yes."

"What about?"

"You, and she said—"

"Well, out with it!"

"That, if I have no regard for myself, I surely ought to have for your next wife, who will step in soon if I keep on killing myself. She said I had a right to be a slave if I wanted to, but I had no right to prepare a hard road for another woman to walk in."

"Humph! I guess you'd better look out for yourself, and let the other woman do the same. Put an ad in to-morrow morning's paper for a nurse girl, and let her do the mending between times. I guess mother'll find out I know what I'm about."

Mrs. Phussy followed his instructions, and the second woman has not put in an appearance yet.—[*Ram's Horn.*

Sketches, from Our Exchanges.

ANCIENT FLORA OF EGYPT.

It has been discovered that the ancient Egyptians possessed some mysterious method for preserving natural flowers so perfectly that they have remained during thousands of years with all their freshness. This curious discovery has been made by Professor Flinders Petrie, the noted Orientalist, who arrived a short time ago in England.

He brought with him several boxes of flowers including the most delicate blossoms like those of the lotus, the lily and the date, and their coloring is as delicate and brilliant as if they were still upon the plant. It appears from a careful examination of these flowers, which Professor Petrie says are several thousand years old, that the ancient Egyptians knew some secret method not only of preventing vegetable decay, but of preserving every one of the brilliant colors to be found in the varigated flora of Egypt.

By means of this collection our knowledge of the flowers indigenous to Egypt in the remote past has been doubled. Several entirely new and distinct species which appear to have vanished from the face of the earth during the intervening thousands of years, have been found in these ancient boquets without a leaf gone, with every petal perfect and even elastic and flexible to the touch. The colors range from the most brilliant red, blue and orange to delicate pinks and shades of azure.

The remarkable collections of flowers which Professor Petrie has brought from Egypt were found by him in a cemetery at Hawara. From the fact that these flowers were discovered in or about the tombs of the cemetery and have never been found in any other part of Egypt, it is inferred that they were only preserved as a sacred funeral rite at this particular place. They were all cut flowers, detached from their roots. Some of the most beautiful of these wreaths were taken from the inside of a large stone sarcophagus.

CHALK.

The small piece of chalk which is in constant use in the school-room, the lecture-room, the billiard-room and the work-shop has a strange history, the unraveling of which, through all its complexities, is one of the most difficult problems with which the science of the present day is called upon to deal. The piece is in reality a chip of an immense block of chalk that once filled an area the size of the continent of Europe, and of which

even yet several gigantic fragments remain, each hundreds of square miles in extent.

A sheet of chalk more than 1,000 feet in thickness underlies all that portion of England which is situated to the southeast of a line crossing the island diagonally from the North sea at Flamborough Head to the coast on the English Channel in Dorset. This enormous sheet of chalk is tilted up slightly on the west, and its depressed eastern portions that dip toward the waters of the North Sea are usually buried from sight by means of overlying sands and clays.

Where the edges of the chalk floor come upon the sea the cliff scenery is strikingly grand and beautiful. Any one who has once seen the magnificent rocks of Flamborough and Beechy Head, the jagged stacks of the Needles or the dizzy mass of Shakespeare's cliff near Dover, can understand why "the white cliffs of Albion" has grown into a stock phrase.

The massive sheet of chalk appears again in France, in many other parts of Europe as far east as the Crimea, and even in Central Asia, beyond the Sea of Aral. How far it stretched westward into what is now the Atlantic may never be known, but chalk cliffs of at least 200 feet in thickness are seen at Antrim, in Ireland, and less conspicuous formations are found in Scotland, in Argyle and Aberdeen.

A STORY OF THE OBELISK.

A lieutenant in our navy has related the following: "When Lieutenant Commander Gorringe was sent to get the Obelisk, now in Central Park, New York, he met with obstacles of a wholly unusual and unlooked-for character. It seems that certain interested foreigners had incited the Egyptians to rebel against the removal of the great stone from their shores, and a pretty formidable opposition had been secretly organized. Gorring's crew was by no means adequate to combat this unexpected opposition, and there was no American man-of-war in the harbor to render assistance. A Russian flagship was there, however, and the admiral, learning of the plot to defeat the American captain's purpose, sent Gorringe a very respectfully worded note in which he spoke in very high terms of the unique engineering feat which the Americans were about to undertake in moving the obelisk, and begged that Mr. Gorringe would do him the very great favor of permitting the officers and men to witness the great work. The request was of course granted, and early the next morning the wily Muscovite landed 400 men armed to the teeth with fixed bayonets and pistols loaded with ball cartridges, who formed a hollow square about the obelisk. These men saw very little of the engineering feat of moving the great stone, as they faced out when the mob came, and no one was allowed to go through the square without a pass from Mr. Gorringe. As the obelisk was landed on trucks and moved down to the sea, the square moved along with it, and not until it was safely on board did the Russians return to their vessel. The next day the Russian admiral sent another very polite note to Mr. Gorringe thanking him for the opportunity given to his officers and men to see the wonderful work, and stating not only the admiral himself, but the Russian government, would always remember, with feelings of keenest pleasure, Mr. Gorringe's great courtesy."

Facts About Cities.

THE oldest city in the United States is Albany, N. Y., which was incorporated in 1686, Philadelphia dating fifteen years later. New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia are the only American cities whose population runs into the millions. Some odd contrasts are presented in the tables which give the area covered by the different cities. It appears that Taunton, Mass.; occupies a territory greater than that of either Boston or Baltimore. New Orleans, a city of 285,000 inhabitants, cover 125,600 acres, while Newark, N. Y., with a population of about the same size, occupies less than 12,000 acres. One expects to find the manufacturing districts of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Illinois closely packed but it is surprising to notice that Richmond, Va., covers only 6,520 acres, and Louisville, Ky., 12,800 acres, as compared with Duluth, Minn., and Des Moines, Iowa, which, with much smaller populations in each case, cover respectively 40,960 and 34,560 acres.

The second table in the September Bulletin deals with saloons, police force, and the number of arrests from drunkenness. Judging from the arrests made, it seems that Davenport, Iowa, is the most sober city in the United States, while San Francisco and Boston suffer most from drunkards. The New York Evening Post, commenting on this part of the report, says:

"It casts darkness rather than light upon the question. For example, Springfield, Mass., Manchester, N. H., and Utica, N. Y., have each about 60,000 inhabitants. Utica is under the Raines law, Springfield under the high-license system of Massachusetts, and Manchester under nominal prohibition. The New Hampshire city has no legal saloons, while Springfield has 47 and Utica 252. But Manchester has had 1,456 arrests for drunkenness during the past year, while Springfield had 1,431. Still more remarkable is the record of only 765 arrests in Utica, or only about half as many as in Springfield, although there are more than five times as many saloons. Almost as anomalous is the showing of only 383 arrests in Dayton, Ohio, with 400 saloons and 85,000 people while Hartford, Conn., with 77,000 people and but 219 saloons, reported 2,460.

The health statistics that show McKeesport, Pa., is perhaps the healthiest in this country. Its rate of deaths from consumption is only 1.09 per thousand, as compared with 12 in Boston and New York, and 26 in Denver, Colo.—due, of course, to the fact that consumptives resort to Denver from all parts of the country. The rate of 13.60 deaths per thousand from old age (considerably the highest on the list), is accredited to Salt Lake City, a condition to account for which no theory has yet been brought forward. In Pittsburg and Chicago deaths from old age are only 2 per thousand.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

The following letter, which gives to our readers some of the practical results of our Industrial Home at Hartford, was written by a business man well calculated to judge of the condition and capability of the blind men whom he visited.

"At the request of the President of the Institute for the Blind at Hartford, Conn., I visited the following named blind persons, who have received instruction at the Industrial Home. My first call was on James Girken at 1578 State St., New Haven, Conn. I found that he was out on business, but Mrs. Girken showed me his shop and in answer to my queries as to how he was getting on with his broom manufacturing business, replied: 'Very nicely indeed.' He is supporting his family, consisting of a wife and two children. He has a horse and wagon which he uses for delivering his goods and at the same time he takes orders for chairs to be caned by Burdett Knapman, who was also formerly a pupil of the Industrial Home at Hartford. Mrs. Girken was enthusiastic in her praise of the Institution and what it had done for her husband. Mr. Girken occupies as a work shop a store immediately under the tenement in which he lives. It is fitted up with all the appliances and machinery used for broom making, all of which

I am told, was furnished him by money raised by the Industrial Home, to give him a business start after he had finished learning his trade at the Institution."

"I then called upon William Arion of 21 Avon St., New Haven, Conn. I had seen him at the Institution nearly two years ago and he recognized my voice at once. He also has a shop for broom making and chair caning nicely fitted up, and he has no trouble in getting all the work that he can do. He is self-sustaining and he spoke of the Institution and what it had done for him in the highest of terms, and when told that it was having a struggle to continue its work, he exclaimed, 'If I could do anything to help it along, I would go on my knees from New Haven to Hartford.' He regarded the Institution as one of the greatest possible blessings that had ever come to the assistance of the blind."

"My next call was on Thomas Donahue, corner of State and Newhall streets, New Haven. Mrs. Donahue met me and when I asked her how Thomas was getting along in his business, she said, 'Very well, indeed, he is out in the shop at work, now.' She added that he was very contented. I was then shown his shop which was built for his use in the rear of his dwelling. There was no light in the shop but he was busily working. He has a large family of children one of whom accompanied me with a lantern His shop was well fitted up with machinery and tools for broom making and in answer to my question asking how he was getting on, he said that he had all that he could do and was supporting his family by his own labor. He said, 'It was a God-send to me when I met Mr. Cleaveland at a fair the blind people gave in New Haven' adding 'If I had not met him I should have been crazy or dead before this time, for then I was sitting around brooding over my condition; without exercise my weight had increased until it was a burden, but since I have been at work at my trade learned at the Industrial Home in Hartford, I have got back to my old weight where I was when I worked at the Winchester Fire Arms shop before I became blind. The Winchesters buy all the brooms they use of me, and I supply the leading hotels of the city and the clock shops.' He also mentioned other customers. Mr. Donahue also spoke in the warmest terms of the Institution and said he would do anything in his power to help it on in the work it was doing for the Blind."

ALEXANDER ANGUS, 31 Warner St.,

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 17, 1899.

A few years ago, John E. Swearingen, a nephew of Senator Tillman, entered the South Carolina College to take the full course. He had been blind four years and was received with the usual skepticism about the capability of blind people. He has now completed the full course making

the remarkable record of more than 95 per cent. on each study in each year.

In the ninety-eight years the college has been in existence no other student has touched the standard reached by this young man. In addition to his record for class work he proved himself the best debater in the college.

All that has been necessary for Swearingen to pass through college has been for him to hear the lectures and have the text-books read aloud in his presence.

The professors do not consider his memory so remarkable; while it is excellent, there are many men with as good or better for verbatim repetition, but his logical mind is the powerful factor. They say that he does not repeat a lecture as it was delivered; he improves on it to the extent of bringing out and making clear important points.

In mathematics he did not go to the head; the figures were as clearly defined in his mind as if he was in possession of sight and had them drawn, the demonstrations were made by him before other students could draw them.

One of his most interesting powers is to recognize by touch the carved pictures of a person who has been at any time accurately described to him. Dr. Finn says that he has tested him in a number of ways and has never known this power to fail. He recognized the carved likeness, in minature, of Prince Bismarck.

One Patrick Macke, a miner, lost his sight through an accident, almost ten years ago. He tried in several ways to earn his living, after he found his sight could not be restored, but was not as successful as he desired to be. Before his accident he was one of the best floor managers in Leadville, a good violinist and an excellent dancing master. He finally concluded his capability lay in that direction, accordingly he secured a hall, opened a dancing school, teaching the waltz, schottische, polka and mazurka as well as the square dances. In a few years he was so well established and had become so proficient in teaching that he had thirty pupils who went to him twice a week for lessons giving him fifty cents a lesson. He also filled engagements for playing for parties. He is supporting a family and has one of the coziest homes in Leadville.

CURRENT EVENTS.

"THE GLOBE-TROTTERS."

TRANSVAAL.—England's attempt to demonstrate that might makes right seems to be no nearer to completion than a month ago. The Boers, though already of inferior numbers, continue to make a stout resistance to British advance, so that it cannot be said that the British have even yet entered their enemies' territory. The familiar newspaper phrase, "important, if true," seems to characterize all news from the front. The first tidings of nearly every engagement proclaim terrific fighting followed by a Boer rout. After this comes an account rather more conservative with perhaps a list of the British killed and wounded. Then comes the startling information that the Boers were not routed at all, and that the engagement resulted in even honors. Such was the case with the Modder River battle. The sieges of Ladysmith and Kimberly continue, and the Boers are spreading consternation among the British by the accuracy of their fire with some new big siege guns planted in a commanding position before Ladysmith. By far the most serious news of the war thus far is the reported illness of General Joubert, the hero of Mayuba Hill. Deprived of the leadership of this veteran tactician, it looked as if the Boer forces would be indeed a ship without a rudder. But on Sunday, December tenth, a great battle was fought at Stromberg, in Northern Cape Colony, in which the British were defeated, and without the magnificent work of the artillery, the loss would have been very large. The British at home criticise General Gatacre's defeat, and say that he has overworked his troops in the Soudan, and that he was not fit to have a command in South Africa. British reinforcements continue to arrive and it is estimated that England has now either en route, or at the front, the largest army ever placed in the field. The last detachment to start for the front was from the Life Guards, the Queen's private bodyguard, stationed at Buckingham Palace. This is the flower and pride of the British army, and never called out except in grave emergencies.

PHILIPPINES.—The land expedition under Generals MacArthur and Lawton, for the capture of Aguinaldo, resulted in the taking of Tarlac, his seat of government, but the Filipino leader had fled to Bayombong seventy miles farther north. The capture of Tarlac, it is claimed, has broken up the rebel seat of government, and hereafter the Filipinos will be without organization. The sea expedition, under command of General Wheaton, was to cut off Aguiualdo's retreat when confronted by the land forces. General Wheaton's troops had succeeded in capturing San Fabian, when news reached

them of Aguinaldo's withdrawal to Bayombong. Despatches secured from the enemy, gave the information that the rebel chief was to retreat to Aparri, on the northern coast of Luzon, where escape was possible. Bayombong with a force of eight hundred rebels under command of General Conon surrendered to Lieutenant Munro with a detachment of fifty men. Instead of abandoning captured towns as heretofore, a detachment of men is being left in each, thus making a connecting link of fortified places. Later despatches report General MacArthur in control of the eastern part of peninsula north of the Gulf of Lingayen with General Young in the same position on western coast. Major Batchelor with a few followers from Young's force has successfully swept the center of the island of rebels, and is now within reach of the naval force stationed at Aparri to prevent Aguinaldo's escape. The Filipino chief, it is claimed, has abandoned his troops, and disguised, has fled to the mountains. With his retreat cut off, his Secretary, Treasury, some members of his Cabinet and most of his followers in the hands of the Americans, his liberty is but a question of a few days, and Aguinaldo's republic has passed out of existence.

VENEZUELA.—A despatch from Caracas dated November 27 says: "General Castro left here this morning for Valencia, where he has assembled about 4,500 men to attack General Hernandez. He will return immediately leaving General Pietio in command. General Hernandez has dynamited a bridge on the German railroad so as to retard General Castro's advance." On December 3, after a battle lasting sixteen hours, the revolutionary forces of General Hernandez captured Maracairo, the chief seaport of Venezuela.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.—Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy has been proved by trial to be well adapted for use in squadron signaling, under conditions of rain, fog, darkness and moderate speed. Further tests have been made by Professor W. S. Johnson and C. L. Fortier of Milwaukee in which they succeeded in telegraphing without wires through a suite of seven rooms with all doors closed and through seven walls. Another test was made in which the sending instrument was placed inside of a steel vault, both doors closed, and the combition lock turned. The signals were transmitted clearly from the side of the vault to an adjoining room. The rapidity is not greater than twelve words per minute for skilled operators. According to reports, contracts have been made for connecting all the islands of the Hawaiian group by the Marconi system. Marconi says that perfect communication between all the islands can be made at a small expense. Work is to begin at once.

QUESTION OF SEATING MR. BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS IN CONGRESS.—One of the many vital questions to be decided by the new Congress concerns the seating of Mr. Roberts, the member-elect from Utah. On Monday, December 4, the Fifty-sixth Congress was called to order. As the names of the new members were called, they appeared at the bar and were sworn in by Speaker Henderson. When the name of Brigham H. Roberts was reached, Representative Taylor of Ohio protested against his taking the oath on the ground that he was a polygamist and not a properly-naturalized American citizen. It was then decided to have a special committee to investigate the case. The committee held

its first meeting December 7 behind closed doors. Little progress was made at this meeting. At another meeting December 9, Roberts was present to plead his cause. To all the charges brought against him he pleaded not guilty, and demanded his rights as a representative. There is now, however, no likelihood of his gaining a seat in the House, and he is believed to have abandoned all hope. Chairman Taylor intends to rebuke Mormonism by keeping Roberts out of Congress, and he is also desirous of showing that Utah has broken its compact with the United States. There is no doubt that if the breaking of the compact between the United States and Utah can be proved, that Congress will refuse to allow the State any representation.

FOOTBALL.—The football season for the year 1899 closed with a contest for the supremacy in the annual match between Yale and Harvard on the Harvard field November 18. Before the game, as in the weeks gone by, Harvard remained the favorite in betting, although the odds dwindled considerably. The feature of the day prior to the game was the assembly of the crowd. Never before in the history of football had such a crowd gathered to witness a match. More than 30,000 people congregated to watch the game. At the end of the first half, neither had scored, and Yale was encouraged. The second half was very much like the first. The ball was first at one end of the field and then at the other, and at the finish neither side scored. Just one week from this contest, Yale played again, this time with Princeton on the Yale field. Captain Edwards of Princeton, the coacher and undergraduates have determined to win the championship this season. Never before had the team worked harder, and they were extremely enthusiastic over the game with Yale. The most that the Yale coacher would say was that Yale ought to win and that the team was never in better condition to play a hard, fast and scientific game. In the first half, Yale had a decided advantage. Princeton made the first touchdown and kicked a goal making score six to nothing, whereupon Yale took up the aggressive, and soon had a touchdown to their credit. After the touchdown Yale failed to kick the goal and the battle began again. After fierce fighting, Yale kicked the goal from the field making six to ten. The second half was opened with hard playing, Yale holding her own until the last, when by a drop kick by Poe, Princeton scored eleven to Yale's ten.

DRAMA.—The presence of the Kendals, Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry lends great distinction to the opera season. The Kendals are appearing to delighted audiences in "The Elder Miss Blossom," while Sir Henry and Miss Terry have crowded houses every evening to witness their new play, Robespiere. There are three Napoleonic plays in New York this year, Julia Arthur as Josephine in "More than a Queen," E. H. Sothern in the "Song of the Sword." and "Madame Sans-Gêne." William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes" is playing to a large and apparently delighted audience. Mr. Gillette had the co-operation of the creator of the character, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, in the preparation of the play. Mr. William Crane in "Peter Stuysvesant" is one of the plays sure to succeed. It makes no pretense, though, of being historical.

SELECTED MATTER.

The Gentians.

"Once to the Angel of Birds, far up in the rippling air;
From low on the sun-loved earth the Angel of Flowers breathed a prayer;
'Four plumes from the bluebird's wing and I'll make me something rare.'

Four plumes from the bluebird's wing as fast to the south he flew!
The Angel of Flowers caught them up as they fell in the autumn dew,
And shaped with a twirl of her fingers the spire of feathery blue."

THE American Journal of Education is responsible for bringing to the notice of the general public the following composition curiosities which Mark Twain tells of a pupil with the words zoological, geological and theological, which he was required to use in the construction of sentences. He got mixed on the words and in two of his sentences he let out a couple of secrets that ought never to have been divulged. Here they are:

Some of the best fossils are found in theological cabinets.

There are a good many donkeys in theological gardens.

The following definitions were given in an examination in mathematics:

Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they come together.

Things that are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

To find the number of square feet in a room, multiply the room by the number of feet, and the product will be the result.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Here are some answers given by the class in geography:

Ireland is called "Emigrant Isle" because it is so beautiful and green.

The principal occupation of the people of Austria is gathering ostrich feathers.

The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah.

Here are some written answers to questions in civil government;

The first conscientious congress met in Philadelphia.

The constitution of the United States was adopted in order to secure domestic hostility.

AT the sessions of the American Ornithological Union at the Academy of Natural Science, held recently, a feature to which attention has been called in some of the newspapers was that, though fully half the attendance was of women, there was a marked absence of birds' plumage in their bonnets. This was certainly to be expected, as nearly all present were members of the Audubon Society, which so zealously and properly labors for the protection of American birds, and to discourage the cruel and destructive

practice of using certain kinds of birds' feathers and adornments in millinery trimmings. The Society is engaging in a most resolute fight in this, and though it is found no easy thing to make headway against the decrees of fashion coming from Paris, yet the reports, it is announced, show that the workers in this good cause are winning ground.

REV. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, a young clergyman in the Established English church as long ago as the year 1775, was walking through what is known as Barrington Coombe, which is a deep indenture in a forbidding and dangerous hill known as the Black Down, when the fury of one of the severest storms ever known in that locality broke upon him. At one point a crag of rock over one hundred feet high conspicuously rears its head. Near the center of this is a fissure with an overhanging roof of stone under which he found protection, and here while the appalling storm raged without he wrote upon some stray leaves of paper nearly the entire hymn, "Rock of Ages" which for more than a century has brought hope and comfort to the weary and afflicted and has been the light of peace to the departing soul.

RUDYARD KIPLING, the most versatile of writers and the closest of observers, has in a few lines graphically pictured the average American politician. The samples he studied were in San Francisco, where the crop differs little from that of other cities. He says of them: "I went almost directly afterward to a saloon where gentlemen interested in ward politics nightly congregate. They were not pretty persons. Some of them were bloated, and they all swore cheerfully, but they talked over their liquor as men who had power, and unquestioned access to places of trust and profit. The magazine writer discusses theories of government: these men the practice. They had been there. They knew all about it: They banged their fists on the table and spoke of political 'pulls,' the vending of votes, and so forth. Theirs was not the talk of village babblers reconstructing the affairs of the nation, but of strong, coarse, lustful men fighting for spoil and thoroughly understanding the best methods of reaching it."

AMONG the sopranos for the Grand Opera this season, the most notable is Milka Fernina. She is considered the greatest Wagner singer of her time in Germany. Alexandre Petschnihoff, the famous Russian violinist, is to make his debut in America at the New York Philharmonic Club. The first recital by Paderewski of the season was in Carnegie Hall December 12. He was greeted by an over-crowded house and during the performance was cheered and encored by the enthusiastic audience.

THE little Island of Elba, once celebrated as the temporary abiding place of the great Napoleon, has recently come into prominence in a new way. Years ago deposits of iron were discovered on the island, but the mines were never worked. Now, where once Napoleon reigned in solitary state, great smelters and machine shops have been set up and the whole island is alive with the hum of industry.

THERE are a dozen vegetarian restaurants in London which are well patronized and are successful.

THE time required for a journey around the earth by a man walking day and night, without resting, would be 428 days; an express train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 32½ hours; a cannon ball 21¾ hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second; and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little over one-tenth of a second.

A PARLOR fifty feet long by thirty broad, once belonging to Cesar Phebus d'Albert, Marshal of France under Louis XIV., has just been transported to a London club. The Gobelin tapestry, representing the four elements, is extremely fine, as is the carving of the oak panels. The room was moved from the neighborhood of Bordeaux to Paris in Louis Philippe's time and subsequently to London.

THE old curiosity shop in London, which Dickens made famous, has been torn down. It has had to give way to progress, and a handsome modern building now covers the site of the venerable structure where Dickens placed Little Nell and expended so much pathos. It has been occupied for nearly half a century by a paper dealer, who used its historical associations with skill as an advertisement.

MANY of the same people who lash themselves into fine rage over the demoralization of prison convicts through idleness in prison seem to have comparatively little interest in the matter of the equal demoralization of honest workingmen through the same cause.

IT has been estimated that only 25 of the 258 deaf-blind persons of the United States are receiving any school instruction. It looks like it would be a saving in expense as well as a great blessing to this doubly afflicted class, if a special school could be established for them.

OFTENTIMES the hindrances that lie in the path of duty may be compared to the toll gates upon our turnpike roads—they are kept shut until we are upon them, and then fly open as it were of themselves. And that is time enough. If they had been open a week beforehand we could but have gone through at last.

ALL animals, domestic ones included, become restless before a storm. Cats and dogs move about, while their fur looks less bright and glossy than usual. It is always a sure sign of rain when horses and cattle scratch their necks and sniff the air.

THE eight principal causes of insanity have been tabulated and the results presented to a London scientific society. Drink stands at the top and directly accounts for about one-third of all the cases. Indirectly it probably accounts for as many more.

FORTY-FIVE counties in prohibition Kansas possessing poorhouses and farms, are without a single pauper, and in thirty-seven counties there were no criminals for trial in the district courts.

CALICO print works use 40,000,000 dozen eggs per year, wine clarifiers use 10,000,000 dozen, the photographers and other industries use many millions, and these demands increase more rapidly than table demands.

THE eyesight is very often injured for life by tight lacing.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Little Girl's Lament.

Oh dear, I bothered dreadful!
I'm only six years old,
Yet I have so many troubles
They cannot half be told.
I made my doll and apron
Not many days ago.
She needed it so badly
I could not stop to sew
The seams so very neatly,
As mamma told me to,
And then she said "My darling,
You must make it 'zactly true!"
Now wasn't that provoking?
I just dropped on the floor
And kicked and cried till brother
Came rushing through the door.
"Why, who is hurt?" he shouted.
"Some one must be in pain.
Oh, sissy's lost her temper!
Well, 'twill come back again!"
When I was down to grandpa's
'Twas not like that, you see;
For everyone kept trying
To please dear little me!
And once I sewed for grandma
A nice round carpet ball,
And she just smiled and kissed me
Nor ripped it out at all!
If I could live with Grandma
'Tis very plain to me
A nice sweet-tempered lady
I should grow up to be.—*Selected.*

BESSIE'S DREAM.

CLARENCE C. CONVERSE.

HER dear little head nodded once, twice—and the third time it rested against the arm of her papa's big chair, and Bessie was fast asleep.

And then she began to dream.

First she dreamed she was a little pussy cat; a little pussy cat like Toddles, her own little pussy cat.

She dreamed she was playing with a little spool, having lots and lots of fun.

Then the little girl that owned her came out of the house—all in the dream, of course—and they played with the spool together.

That was more fun than before; and she liked to have the little girl that owned her smooth her gently, and rub her head. She purred when the little girl did that.

But after awhile the little girl got very rough—all in the dream—and pulled her tail.

She gave wee little cry, that in pussy language meant, "That hurts; please don't do it again."

But the little girl did not seem to understand what she said. She went right on, and pulled her tail more yet, and lifted her up by one paw.

She never wanted to hurt her little mistress; but her tail and paw pained her so that she could not help biting one of the fingers that were in reach.

She really did not think it fair—all

in the dream, you know—that the little girl should get mad then, and throw her down, and say she would never play with her again, and that she hated her.

Why, when she tried to toss her spool up again, her paw hurt her so that she had to stop; it hurt her so—that Bessie woke up.

"Mamma," said Bessie, when she had told her mother of the very funny dream, "I've never thought that I was hurting Toddles when she mewed, when I have been playing with her. Now I will know what she means; and I am going to stop it, so she won't have to bite me. Don't you think that will be nice, mamma?"

And Bessie's mamma thought that it would be very nice.—*Our Little Men and Women.*

CHANGING HIS CLOTHES.

A littld girl named Maud made such good friendship with three toads who lived in the garden that they would come when she called them, eat out of her hand, and seem to like it when she rubbed their backs with a soft brush. She made a small brick house for them, and shut them up every day for a nap.

A playmate told her one day that the English and French people bought toads and paid money for them, only to have them eat the bugs in their garden. She was glad to know that was what they were good for, and took better care than ever of her pets.

One day only two of them hopped into the brick house for their nap; the other was missing. After a long hunt, Maud found him under a currant bush. What do you think he he was doing? He was changing his clothes. Maud watched him. First he slipped off his old skin—what you might call his coat. He made it into a neat little bundle, and, to save the trouble of packing it, swallowed it. Then after pulling and tugging, the rest of his clothes came off. These, too, were made into a bundle and swallowed. And there he was in as fine a new suit as a toad could want! Maud could hardly believe her eyes, it was all so funny, but when she told her papa about it, he said that was the way toads always changed their clothes —*Selected.*

THE COST OF SUCCESS.

The story of the successful artist whose secret was that he mixed his colors with his own blood, has a virtual counterpart in every calling in life. A writer in an English paper says:

A cobbler was once asked how long it took to become a good shoemaker. He answered promptly, "Six years, and then you must travel."

That cobbler had an artist soul. I told a friend the story, and he asked his cobbler the same question, "How long does it take to become a good shoemaker?" "All your life, sir." That was still better—a Michael Angelo of shoes!

Mr. Maydole, the hammer maker of Central New York, was an artist. "Yes," said he to Mr. Paton. "I have made hammers here for twenty-eight years."

"Well, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time." "No sir," was the answer, "I never made a pretty good hammer. I make the best hammer made in the United States."—*Baltimore Methodist.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Nedders—"What's a bon mot?"

Slowitz—Something you always think of after it's too late to say it."

———o———

"Barrin' me landlady and me washerwoman," said Mr. Horrigan, with honest pride, "Oi owe no man a cint."

———o———

"What is renunciation, Uncle Alexander?"

"Renunciation is giving up something that you can't get."

———o———

"What I want is a hat that will make me look tall."

"Oh, no; what you want is something that will make you act square."

———o———

Blobs—"Why did you resign from the Country Club?"

Slobbs—"I caught malaria. The dues are very heavy."

———o———

Taste—"What execrable taste she showed in buying ancestors!"

"Yes, indeed! Such a lot of frights as she selected."

———o———

"I really belive Miss Blumer would be willing to run for president, she's so ambitious."

"Land, yes; but she ain't so particular. She'd run for a smaller man than that if she thought she could catch him."

He—"She asked me what color hair I liked best."

She—"That's like Maud; she's always so anxious to please."

———o———

Tenant—"But does the chimney always smoke like this?"

Landlord—"Oh, no! Only when there's a fire in the grate."

———o———

Y.—"They say the Toodles baby has her mother's chin."

C.—"Indeed! I didn't know the little thing had begun to talk yet!"

———o———

"All weddings turn out about the same."

"Yes; the woman's given away, and the man gets sold."

———o———

"I hate you," he declared bitterly, "and yet I must take you, for better or worse!" Truly, a most unpleasant dose is quinine.

———o———

Teacher—"How dare you laugh at me, you young rascals?"

Chorus of Pupils—"But we're not laughing at you, sir."

Teacher—"Well, then, I don't know what else there is to laugh at."

———o———

Willie—"Young feller down stairs to see you, sis."

Sister—"Why how do you know, Willie?"

Willie—"'Cause he asked if pop was in."

Weary Willie—"Dese horseless kerridges,is great, isn't dey?"

Anxious Arthur—"Yep; but what dey orter invent is a biteless dorg."

——o——

"What's in a name?" the cynic bland
Exclaimed in solemn doubt.
He borrowed some one's trade-mark and
He speedily found out.

——o——

"Is your son succeeding in business?"

"I should say so. He has made enough to have his photograph taken sitting at his desk."

——o——

Hix—"There is one thing I could never understand about these political glee clubs."

Dix—"And what is that?"

Hix—"Where the glee comes in."

——o——

"Never waste time in denying slanders," said the Cornfed Philosopher. "Start a new slander about some one else, and yours will be forgotten."

——o——

Frank—"Blanche pinned a tiny flatiron on my coat last night."

Dick—"Do you know what that means?"

Frank—"No."

Dick—"Why she wants you to press your suit."

——o——

"Is this a fast train?" asked the traveling man of the porter.

"Of course it is," was the reply.

"I thought so; would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to."

Johnny—"I'd like to be a doctor, mamma."

Mamma—"Why?"

Johnny—"I might find out something you could take to keep candy from hurting your teeth."

——o——

Mrs. Newrich—"Oh, dear, no! My husband don't have to be in business no more. He's just a gentleman now."

Mrs. Blugore—"That must be a pleasant change for him."

——o——

"Didn't you say that five hours on the wheel would be enough to learn to ride?"

"Oh, yes; but you must remember that you have spent most of the time on the ground!"

——o——

"Her husband tells me he is rarely if ever worried about her bills."

"I know it. She seems to have no adequate conception of what it means to be well gowned."

——o——

Nodd—"Has your boy got over his college course yet?"

Todd—"Not yet. I imagine it will be some years before he learns to treat me as an equal."

——o——

Russian Official—"You can't stay in this country, sir."

Traveler—"Then I'll leave it."

Official—"Have you a permit to leave?"

Traveler—"No, sir."

Official—"Then you cannot go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do."

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TALKS AND TALES.

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Notice to Patron Members in Washington, D. C.

All Patron Members of the American Association of the Blind who feel that they can pay the one dollar a year for the magazine sent them, are requested to send that amount to H. R. W. Miles, Treas. 915 E Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Those who gave their names expecting to render some service to the Association in lieu of the annual payment of the one dollar will greatly oblige if they will send a postal card notice to that effect to same address as, we wish to communicate with them.

Respectfully,

F. E. Cleaveland, Pres.

Note.—Read on pages 40 to 48 inclusive, what the Press and our subscribers have to say of Talks and Tales.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN, BERKSHIRE HILLS, CONN.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, CONN., FEBRUARY, 1900. NO. 5.

CLARA BEWICK COLBY.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is naturally the Mecca to which every American visitor in London first turns. It embodies the history of a race and of a faith, and wherever an Anglo Saxon may chance to be Westminster Abbey belongs to him as the God's Acre for those from whom have come his traditions, his customs, his civilization, his prejudices, his loves, his hopes and his immortal inspirations. Here the heroes who have fought for his liberties on battlefields, and statesmen who have won for him even greater victories in the forum. Here are discoverers and inventors who have given him the arts and sciences. Here are the masters of learning who have guarded the ancient lore and dug up even greater riches from the mines of wisdom than the fathers dreamed of. Here are the memories of the great souls who have kept the faith and transmitted it in all its vital essentials as a still potent and calming factor in the doubting, turbulent life of to-day.

Here are historians who have made the past his conscious heritage; philanthropists whose deeds have made the Golden Rule his living exemplar; singers whose undying strains echo forever for him down the corridors of time; poets who in the universal language of the heart have told his joys, his sorrows, his aspirations and the deepest experiences of his soul.

All this sense of appropriation and of coming into touch with an ancestral past came to me as on my first morning in London I sat in the Poets' Corner of this grand old edifice. The devout aspect of the worshippers, the solemn discourse of the venerable Canon in residence, the strains of the majestic organ reverberating from the choir through the nave, the flute like voices of the boy choristers, all combined to still impatience and curiosity

and give a feeling of quiet exaltation as if one had already passed from the turmoil of life and was in the very courts of Heaven. After the service was over I walked as slowly as was permitted by the stately verger out of the south transept yet it was only in repeated week day visits that I was able to get any idea of the vastness of the Abbey and of the sacred dust it contains.

In the afternoon I again attended to hear Canon Wilberforce preach, and his soul stirring, broad sermon, bristling with progressive ideas, formed a contrast with his surroundings such as only can be found in England where the old is not destroyed or rejected, but honored and linked with the present as its legitimate product. The day was that on which the Humane Society had asked the ministers to preach on the duty of kindness to animals, and quite universally the Church of England pulpit acceded to the request. Canon Wilberforce is one of the pillars of the society and on this occasion he spoke with no uncertain sound. As an effective bit of word-painting I have never heard surpassed his description of the sufferings of the egret and her nestlings sacrificed to satisfy the demands of fashion. He was not content with sentimental moralizing, but boldly declared that beast and bird and every living thing is a creature of God and a brother of man. He said there was not a single argument that could be brought forward for the immortality of man that did not hold good also for the lower creation. The text which has been held to prove the contrary has been mistranslated and should read "Who knoweth that the spirit of man goeth up and the spirit of the beast goeth downward?" The question is now being answered in the negative by an enlightened humanity. Another slow walk, this time down the nave, treading on the dust of kings, and out at the West door and I was once again in the sunlight of this first and perfect day in London.

Westminster Abbey dates back in tradition almost to the middle of the seventh century, when it is said the church was to be dedicated to St. Peter on the following Sunday. The night before, St. Peter himself in disguise was ferried across the Thames, having come doubtless to see that everything was all right. The church was found to be all illumined with heavenly light while angelic music sounded from its walls. St. Peter left a message for the noble Roman, Mellitus, the first Bishop of London, and promised the fisherman that he and his successors would always have a good catch if they paid a tithe to St. Peter's church. The only basis on which this tradition came down to historical times is that for a long time the monks of Westminster claimed a tithe of all the fish caught in the Thames.

The present church is the work of over seven centuries. Edward the Confessor was the original builder and he died a few days before its dedication on Christmas tide in 1065. It was the church of a great Benedictine monastery, and the Church of St. Peter, and called an abbey because ruled

by an abbot (or abbat, from *abbas* the Syriac word for father). It retained this character until the reign of Henry VIII and its mitred Abbots acknowledged no head but the Pope. Now it acknowledges no head but the monarch. The present Abbey is mainly the work of Henry III. who tore away the eastern portion of the church which Edward the Confessor had built and erected a splendid chapel as a monument to the Sainted King, canonized by the Pope in 1163 and placed his body in the shrine of the new chapel, where it still lies. The work of building was carried on by succeeding kings and while the new structure was opened for service in 1269 the Abbey as it now is was not completed until 1740. The veneration with which the people and all succeeding ages regarded Edward the Confessor was naturally transferred to the edifice he had designed as his burial place and where he was interred within a few days of its consecration. Even William the Conqueror was crowned near his tomb and piously based his right to the throne on an alleged gift from this king while he was an exile in Normandy, and every succeeding monarch has been crowned within a few feet of his shrine.

Entering by Solomon's Porch, a side entrance, for the great central entrances are never opened but for the interment of kings, the visitor is in the North Transept, which is known as "The Statesmen's Aisle." Immediately to the right is the monument of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who is dear to Americans from the fact that his last appearance in the House of Lords was to deliver an impassioned appeal in behalf of the American colonies. Passing down the aisle plain stones mark the graves of Charles James Fox and Henry Grattan, the defenders of the rights of Ireland. A statue to Viscount Palmerston, Prime Minister of England at the time of his death aged 81, has been erected by Parliament "as a testimony of public admiration." Further down is the Earl of Mansfield, long the Chief Justice of England, and described by Bishop Newton as "the oracle of the law, the standard of eloquence and the pattern of all virtue both in public and private life." Opposite is the grave of Gladstone, who had the first state funeral held here since the burial of Pitt in 1778. Just beyond is the site of the Gladstone Memorial, and hard by the statue of Sir Robert Peel who appears in the garb of a Roman because of the whim of the sculptor Gibson who refused to make the statue unless it was thus clad. However, the author of the repeal of the Corn Laws is "the noblest Roman of them all." Turning back towards the door the first monument is that to Warren, Admiral Sir Peter, who was knighted for valor in action with two French squadrons. If the idealism of Gibson was wrong in putting a Roman toga on a British statesman, the realism of Roubilliac in reproducing the marks of the smallpox which disfigured the face of Warren, is execrable. Then there is the statue of the great Jew, Disraeli, who won his right to sepulchre in the noblest of Christian churches by his literary distinction and his brilliant

success as Conservative Prime Minister of England in four administrations. Next, Sir John Malcolm, one of the founders of the Indian Empire, and then the three Cannings who form such a striking group that one naturally stops to learn their relationship. There is "the great George Canning," one of the most noted of English statesmen and orators, who was instrumental in carrying in the House of Commons a bill for the emancipation of the Catholics. His strength was always thrown in behalf of the constitutional liberties of the people. His son, whose statue stands by his side, was raised to the dignity of an Earl for his success as Governor-General of India during the time of the Sepoy mutiny. As he died without issue the other Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, for fifty years Ambassador in the East, must have been a nephew. Tennyson has written his epitaph:

> Thou third great Canning, stand among our best
> And noblest. Now thy long day's work hath ceased;
> Here silent is our Minister of the West,
> Who wert the voice of England in the East.

We must notice the tomb of William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, whom Cibber called "the most distinguished patriot, general and statesman of his age." He was called the "Loyal Duke" for his devotion to Charles I, in whose cause he spent a colossal fortune. The principal interest he has for us is that he was great enough to do justice to the memory of his wife and to build a tomb for her with himself in the Abbey. There are few women here and nearly all of those are commemorated for their charity, but the Duchess according to the inscription written by her husband was a "wise, wittie and learned lady, which her many books do well testifie," and "with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries." Her effigy holds an open book, a pen case and inkhorn as symbolic of her favorite pursuit.

In the West Aisle of this Transept are Jonas Hanway, the Traveler, who is thought to have been the first person in England to carry an umbrella. He wrote an account of his travels in England which was so dull that Dr. Johnson said, "Jonas acquired some reputation by traveling abroad, but lost it all by traveling at home." Here are monuments to several peers who were particularly serviceable in affairs with India, notably Vice Admiral Watson who rescued the prisoners from the Black Hole of Calcutta, and Warren Hastings, the celebrated Governor-General of Bengal. He was not buried here, although as Macaulay said: "With all his faults, and they were neither few nor small, only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey, which has during so many ages afforded a quiet resting place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should

have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers." It is worth while to recall these words not only as a tribute to Hastings, but as a tribute to the Abbey. The charity of Mrs. Warren, widow of the Bishop of Bangor, is typefied in marble by a beggar girl holding a baby.

The second approach to the Abbey is by the West door which leads down the Nave to the Choir. To the left is the Belfry Tower and this has been dubbed the "Whigs Corner." Here is a monument to Fox, the Whig leader in the House of Commons, whose body lies in the North Transept near Pitt his rival. Fox is represented as dying in the arms of Liberty while a negro kneeling at his feet thanks him for his share in the abolition of the slave trade. Next to this is a monument to Lord Howe, brother of the great Admiral who was killed on the march to Ticonderoga in North America, and this was erected by the Province of Massachusetts. Here are Zachary Macaulay, father of the historian, and Henry Petty, both ennobled by their advocacy of the abolition of slavery. William Pitt, son of Lord Chatham was Prime Minister for nearly a quarter of a century during which time his honesty is attested by the fact that he died insolvent and had to be buried at the public expense. His statue represents History recording his words while Anarchy crouches in chains at his feet. The statue of the devoted philanthropist, the Earl of Shaftsbury, is next to that of Conduitt, who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as the Master of the Mint. Perhaps we might skip this without notice, but for the singular fact that a tablet was inserted in it on the occasion of the transit of Venus in 1874, to the memory of Benjamin Horrocks. the young clergyman who first observed this phenomenon in the 17th century.

The Southwest corner is the old Baptistery, although the font has been removed to the Chapel of Henry VII where baptisms now take place. This is one of the most interesting spots in the Abbey and was christened by Dean Stanley "Little Poets' Corner." Here is the bust of Keble, the statue of Wordsworth, a bust of the poet and essayist Mathew Arnold and one of his father, the great Dr. Arnold, Master of Rugby, and busts of Charles Kingsley, poet, novelist and canon of Westminster, and of Frederick Denison Maurice, the well-known preacher; while the modern window above, commemorating William Cowper and George Herbert, was the gift of the late Mr. Childs of Philadelphia. The blind Postmaster-General, Henry Fawcett, is also honored by a monument, but it must be mentioned in this connection that a far nobler monument consisting of a medallion and a drinking fountain has been erected in a park by the Thames and inscribed "Erected by his grateful countrywomen." This is to commemorate the fact that Mr. Fawcett was the first to employ women in the postal service of Great Britain.

In the north Aisle of the Nave lie Darwin and Herschel side by side and together are commemorated Sir Charles Lyell and Woodward, the "founder of English Geology."

This might almost be called Physicians' Row; so many noted in medical science lie here. A modern paving stone marks the grave of Ben Jonson who was buried standing on his feet. The story is told that dying in great poverty he begged eighteen inches square of ground in the Abbey. The ancient stone with its inscription "O, Rare Ben Jonson," is put against the wall to preserve it. Memorial windows commemorate four great civil engineers, Richard Trevithick, who invented the first engine which ran on any railway; Stephenson, Locke and Brunel.

In the centre of the Nave is a stone to the American philosopher, George Peabody, whose body rested beneath it for a short time before being removed te Massachusetts. Next is the grave of Archbishop Trench, so well known to students of English literature. Eminent architects and mechanicians are here, and also the explorer, David Livingstone, and Sir Isaac Newton, on the monument is a long inscription setting forth his discoveries which, as Dr. Johnson said, none but a philosopher could understand and which no philosopher would need. Better to have taken Pope's rejected epitaph:

"Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in night:
God said, Let Newton be! and there was light."

Dr. Isaac Watts, our hymn writer, "who taught the Dissenters to court attention by the graces of language," has a monument separated only from that of John and Charles Wesley by that of Stepney, esteemed poet by virtue of having been included in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." Sir Godfrey Knell is the only portrait painter commemorated in the Abbey and he designed his own monument for another place, saying he would not be buried in Westminster: "They do bury fools there."

The North Aisle is sacred to the memory of a number of philanthropists, notably Sir Thomas Powell Buxton, one of the heroes of the abolition of the slave trade, and the great William Wilberforce, "who removed from England the guilt of the African slave trade."

The burial of Spenser near the tomb of Chaucer gave the name of Poets' Corner to the eastern portion of the South Transept. Chaucer, author of the immortal "Canterbury Tales," was poor in his old age and holding the office of Clerk of the Works at Westminster lived the last year of his life in the monastery garden, to which circumstance it is believed is due his burial at the entrance to St. Benedict's Chapel. There are busts of Dryden and Longfellow, the latter set up in 1884 by his English admirers. Right in front of Dryden is Beaumont, the great dramatist, who wrote an epitaph for one of the tombs in the Abbey, which is considered one of the best things he ever wrote, but although very apropos hardly would entitle him to a place in the Poets Corner. It runs thus:

"Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones,
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Here are sands, ignoble things
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings;
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate."

Below Chaucer's monument Tennyson and Browning lie side by side. It will always give lovers of Mrs. Browning a pang that she lies far away. Such close love and intimacy never before united two souls of so nearly equal poetic genius, and it was ruthless to separate their dust. I thus expressed myself to one of the stately vergers and he seemed quite astonished that I should concern myself in the matter. If the English Government had wanted Mrs. Browning there they would have put her there; and if Americans wanted to move in the matter they must do so through their Ambassador. He seemed to think I was planning a *coup d' etat* to put her there, willy-nilly. However, I hope that out of this suggestion how it might be done may some time come a concerted request of Americans for the removal of Mrs. Browning to Poets' Corner where there is a vacant place beside her husband. Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," has a monument here erected by John Barber, the printer, "that he who had been denied almost everything in life might not in death be denied a tomb." John Milton is buried at St. Giles, but his bust was erected in the Abbey in the eighteenth century after the strength of the Royalists' feeling against him had died out. Gray, the author of the "Elegy," is buried at Stoke Pogis, but his portrait is carved on a medallion held by the lyric Muse, who is pointing to the bust of Milton. The monument to William Shakespeare was erected by subscription in 1740, and the next neighbor, the bust of Robert Burns, was paid for in shilling subscriptions by all classes of the Scotch. John Gay, author of "The Beggar's Opera," wrote the epitaph which is inscribed on the pedestal to his monument:

"Life is a jest and all things show it
I thought so once and now I know it."

Sheridan, Campbell, Goldsmith, Southey, Coleridge, Macauley, Dickens and nearly all the writers who have given us our classic English literature, either lie here or are commemorated in this corner, but the only women who are here in their own right are Mrs. Hannah Pritchard, an actress, who died in 1768, and Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, whose portrait is placed below the statue of Handel.

The Chapel of Faith for silent worship occupies the space between the South Transept and the Chapter House. It is entirely without ornament save an old allegorical painting, and has no furniture save a few small plain chairs, but it is a place that ever draws to it one who has once entered. Under its vaulted roof and in its absolute stillness the barriers of time, space and ignorance fall away and we are one with those who have given the Abbey its sacred memories and with the Infinite whose Being enfolds us all.

The reader may construct a diagram of Westminster Abbey with the aid of these descriptions if he will remember that in accordance with architectural symbolism, older in England than the Abbey, it is cruciform in shape. The upright beam of the cross is represented by the nave which is entered from the west, with the Belfry Tower, now Whigs' Corner, on the left, and the Baptistery, now Little Poets' Corner, on the right. Passing up the centre, treading at every step upon a grave sacred to a name honored in science, discovery or invention, we reach the Choir filled of old seven times by day and night with monks and singing boys. A very large number of boys who attend the Westminster school sing here now four times a day; the services at 10 a. m., and 3 p. m., being choral services. This music is not excelled in all England, at least it seemed to me finer than the renowned singing of St. Paul's.

Standing in "the Lantern" or centre of the Abbey, the left arm of the cross is the North Transept with its Statesmen's Aisle; and the right arm is the South Transept with Poets' Corner. In front is the head of the cross, the sanctuary, in which is the ancient high altar, *high* to distinguish it from the "Jesus altar below" which formerly stood on the floor of the Nave, at which mass was said in the presence of the people who were not admitted within the choir without payment. Above in the crucifix loft was another "Jesus altar," used on certain days for reading the Gospel and Epistle. The space in front of the high altar is paved with mosaics brought from Rome in the thirteenth century. In the sanctuary are three tombs of the period of Edward I in fine preservation and a picture of Richard II, which is the earliest contemporary portrait of an English monarch. It used to hang over the Lord Chancellor's stall in the south side of the Choir, but the wigs of the occupants injured it so that it was removed and afterward transferred by Dean Stanley to its present position. The sedilia or seats for the officiating clergymen date to Edward I's reign and rest on the tomb of King Sebert. On each side the altar are doors reaching into the shrine of Edward the Confessor, but the visitor must go back to Poets' Corner to get into the chapels or tombs of kings.

Through one of these doors is brought in the coronation chair for the ceremony of crowning the English kings which, from the accession of William the Conqueror, takes place before this altar, and is performed by the

Archbishop of Canterbury, who on that occasion only can claim a place by right in the sanctuary of the Abbey.

It was customary in churches of the cruciform shape to add a "Lady Chapel" or Chapel of the Virgin, at the head of the cross to typefy the Virgin holding the head of her Son when He was being taken down from the cross. This idea has been elaborated in the Abbey into nine chapels beside the chapel of Edward the Confessor in the centre and that of Henry VII at the extreme east end, which also has its own series of chapels around it.

The chapel of St. Benedict adjoins the South Transept and is said to contain the head of St. Benedict which was brought from France by Edward III. The most prominent monument is the kneeling figure of Dr. Goodman, who was Dean of Westminster under Queen Elizabeth. The Abbey was anciently used as a sanctuary for debtors, and a bill to abolish this right being brought before the House of Commons, Dr. Goodman was permitted to address that body and defeated the bill so that this right remained until the reign of James I. The altar is occupied with the tomb of the daughter-in-law of Protector Somerset, who died in 1598. Several Abbotts of Westminster are buried in this chapel; Dean Vincent, who died in 1815, and Archbishop Spottswood, the historian of the Scottish Church, who crowned Charles I King of Scotland at Edinburgh.

On passing through the iron gates to the South Ambulatory the visitor must pay six pence to be shown the chapels, except on Mondays and Tuesdays, which are free days. Without regard to saving the fee it is really better to go on free days as everything tells its own story very plainly, and that which cannot be learned from guide books or inscriptions one is more likely to catch from the Dean or Canon who may be taking a party of friends through and whose affectionate appreciation of the place differs widely from the perfunctory austerity of the vergers, and one can at least take one's own time in going around.

Immediately within the inclosure is the tomb of King Sebert, who died about 616 and whom tradition claims as the founder of the Abbey. The stone coffin was placed in its present position with great ceremony at the completion of the Choir in 1308. Above it is an altar decoration of the 13th century. It consists of symbolic pictures painted and gilt over an enameled ground and decorated with artificial jewels and cameos. Under an arch is the tomb of Katherine, aged five, whose royal father, Henry III, to show his grief and love, built a fine monument covered over with mosaics. Three little brothers were afterwards laid in the same tomb with her, and the four kneeling figures painted on the back of the recess may have been meant for these or for the four children of Edward I who were afterwards placed in the same tomb. This pathetic bit of family history makes these olden days seem nearer to us than tombs of kings and learned men who have made our

history for us, for in what land and time has there not been this perennial "weeping for the children."

The first chapel after entering the gates and beginning the walk around the interior Chapel of the Confessor, is the Chapel of St. Edmund, the King of East Anglia, who was martyred by the Danes in 870 for refusing to give up Christianity. This chapel was regarded as next in sanctity to the Chapel of St. Edward, and was used mostly for the interment of relations of the sovereigns. It is curious to find among the remains of the Earl of Pembroke, half brother of Henry III, Lady Jane Seymour, cousin to Edward VI, the niece of Anne Boleyn, the mother of Lady Jane Grey, the second son of Edward II, and the children of Edward III; to find among these a touch of the present in the tomb of Edward Bulwer-Lytton, bearing date 1873. Recumbent effigies of husband and wife lying side by side are often seen, and in this chapel Jane, Countess of Shrewsbury, erected a fine Elizabethan tomb of this kind for herself and husband. No woman erected the next monument which represents Sir Richard Pecksall, who inherited from his mother the responsible office of Master of the Buckhounds to Queen Elizabeth, kneeling between his two wives, while four small kneeling figures below the inscription are his daughters by his first wife. The Lord John Russel, who died in 1584, is here with an inscription in Latin, French and English composed by his learned wife. His daughter, who was maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, is next to him. Her figure is seated upright pointing a finger to the skull at her feet. Some vulgar gossip started the story that she was holding out her finger to show that she died from pricking it with a needle, and the legend has been perpetuated in a nursery rhyme which impressed on my memory that "Lady Russell pricked her finger, bled to death and—died." In this chapel also is a monument to Bishop Nicholas Monk, brother of General Monk who restored the monarchy.

The next chapel, dedicated to Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of children, contains many Elizabethan monuments and the vault of the Percy family, who still have the right of burial there. The earliest tomb in the chapel and the most interesting is that of Philippa, Duchess of York, whose husband had been Lord of the Isle of Wight, and the office was given to her at his death. So Queen Victoria in making her daughter Beatrice, Governor of the Isle of Wight only followed this ancient precedent.

Sir Anthony Cook had four daughters who are always mentioned in history with the adjective "learned" prefixed to their names. One of them was the Lady Russell who wrote a Latin epitaph for her husband, another lies in this chapel under a gilded marble monument twenty-four feet high, erected by her husband, Lord Burleigh, to commemorate the wife and daughter "who were dear to him beyond the whole race of womankind."

We have now reached the Chapel of Henry VII, "the wonder of the world," as the histories calls it, which is at the extreme eastern end of the Abbey, and which is entered through magnificent bronze gates in which the badges of Henry VII appear, as they also do in all the decorations of the chapel. These are, to quote from Dean Bradley's description: the red rose of Lancaster and the white rose of York, separately and conjoined; the portcullis of the Beauforts on the maternal line; the daisies of the Countess of Richmond; the Lions of England; the Fleur de Lys of France; the Dragon of Cadwallader, the last British king, whom Henry claimed as his ancestor; the initials H. R. surmounted by a crown on a bush (in memory of the king's hasty coronation on the field of Bosworth with Richard III's crown, which was found hanging on a bush); the greyhound of the Nevilles, the ancestors of his wife, Elizabeth of York, in marrying whom he united the claims of the rival families; and a falcon within an open fetterlock, a badge of Edward IV. Through all these lines did Henry VII claim to derive his title to the throne of England, which really needed all this bolstering up. It is worth while to pause for once on such details that we may take into our consciousness the fact that there is not a line or curve in all the wealth of ornament in the Abbey or elsewhere in ancient English architecture that has not its significance.

To secure room for this chapel Henry VII pulled down the original Lady Chapel of Henry III, the Chapel of St. Erasmus, built by Elizabeth Woodville, the "White Rose" tavern and Chaucer's "tenement in a garden." Twenty years after the chapel was finished the Abbey was surrendered to Henry VIII by Abbot Boston and was immediately dissolved as a monastery.

The Nave of the chapel is lined on each side with the stalls of the Knights of the Bath as this chapel came to be used as their Hall of Installation at the time of George I, while overhead wave their banners. The stalls are the old *misericordes* of the monks, the hinged seats being decorated with a variety of grotesque figures and imps, and being so arranged as to support the monks while standing through the long services. Now to the back of each stall is attached a plate emblazoned with the arms of the knight to whose use it was appointed.

Passing up towards the altar, over the graves of many of royal blood, we come to the grave where is mingled the dust of George II and the good Queen Caroline. In accordance with the wish of the king that their remains should not be separated in death, the two coffins were placed in a marble sarcophagus inscribed with both their names, and with their sceptres crossed. The adjacent sides of the coffins were then removed.

The altar at which masses were to be said for the soul of Henry VII "perpetually and forever" was broken down in the civil war. A portion of

it was discovered by Dean Stanley buried in the vault of Edward VI. This short-lived son to whose safe delivery at birth Henry VIII sacrificed his wife, Jane Seymour, (Anne Boleyn's rival,) lies at the foot of his grandfather. From his grave the finely carved marble frieze was recovered and, with two of the original pillars which had been preserved at Oxford, was set up in modern mounting. Just back of the altar lie Henry VII and his Queen, who was the first person buried in the chapel. Their portrait effigies executed in gilt bronze rest on the black marble tomb. The simplicity and dignity of the tomb and its ornaments accord well with the king's instructions that "dampnable pompe and outeragious superfluities' should be avoided, In this same vault where lie these remains, Dean Stanley discovered the coffin of James I, son of Mary, Queen of Scots, first King of Great Britain.

The apex of this chapel is formed by five small chapels, and stopping first at the centre in line with Henry VII's tomb is the chapel where Oliver Cromwell, his mother, sister and grandchild, with General Ireton, his son-in-law; John Bradshaw, president of the tribunal which condemned Charles I, and other officers were all buried during the Protectorate. Cromwell's body was escorted from Somerset House, where it had laid in state, by an immense civic procession and buried with every honor that could be lavished on him. But little more than two years later all their bodies were exhumed and reinterred in the green outside the Abbey, all but those of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw, which were dragged to Tyburn, hung and then decapitated, the heads being piked on Westminster Hall. Of all the Cromwell family or faction the only one left in the Abbey was Elizabeth Claypole, Cromwell's favorite daughter, whose death is said to have brought on the fever from which he died. Her body lies on the north side of Henry VII's tomb near the pulpit which is reputed to be the one from which Cranmer preached.

In the chapel to the left are Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I; and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favorite of Charles I, whose rise to power was described by the historian as a flight not a growth. To the extreme right is a huge monument to the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, with enormous bronze figures of Faith, Hope, Prudence and Charity supporting the canopy. Adjoining this is a chapel sacred to the memory of a husband and wife who embody the ancient dignities and the modern virtues: Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the late Dean of Westminster, and Lady Augusta, his wife, whose beneficence and exalted character are commemorated by her husband in the memorial window of this chapel.

Queen Elizabeth, whose coronation was by the Abbot of Westminster, and the last in England according to the rites of the Catholic Church, lies in the North Aisle in a marble tomb erected by James I.]—*Woman's Tribune.*

STRIKING SILVER.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

MRS. MATTHEWS was thoroughly tired out with poverty. She called it poverty; though certainly there was little other want in it than the want of making a better appearance. There was always enough to eat in the house—good plain fare and if she had been content with good plain clothes, there would have been enough to wear. But so long as Mrs. Mean's new silk that would stand alone rustled by her and darkened her vision, so long as Miss Purcell's black lace shawl spread itself like an evil cobweb to catch her wishes, so long as Mrs. Broyne's diamond pin stared her in the face, or Mr. Broyne's landaulette and his thoroughbred chestnuts flashed and splashed by, she felt all the cramp and ache of poverty—she, who had a new silk once in ten years, perhaps, whose standby was an alpaca that had been turned, who made her own bonnets, whose highest expectation in the line of the toilet was a tiny black lace barbe, and who never expected to have a diamond at all. "Ride!" said Mrs. Matthews, as Mrs. Broyne drove by—"the longest ride I'll ever take will be my ride to the church-yard!"

Poor Mrs. Matthews! She was very much dissatisfied with her lot in life. Yet she had married Mr. Matthews thinking it would be bliss enough to be his wife even if she had to live in two rooms. And so it was—at first. But the babies came, and bills; and that wore out and this grew shabby, and acquaintances prospered and went beyond them, and they moved into a new neighborhood where there were whealthier people, and slowly the iron entered her soul and rusted there. She became indignant with fate, and she manifested her indignation by wearing a dingy calico that might have been a pretty one, with a soiled cravat knotted around her neck anyway it happened, when it might have been a clean collar, with her hair twisted in a careless knot—going about altogether slipshod and slovenly, and sometimes dropping down and crying in the midst of her work and her dirt.

As for Mr. Matthews, of course this did not make him very comfortable; sometimes a little angry, sometimes a little sad, he did the best he could, yet so frequently found home a dismal place that, if it hadn't been for the children, he would have spent his evenings at the tavern or in the corner grocery, along with a lot of other loungers. "I dare say!" snapped Mrs. Matthews when, thoroughly disheartened, he once made such an exclamation. "Children, indeed! Of course *I*'m nothing! It's no consequence

that *I've* been slaving all day and am at home alone! I don't know that I had any reason to expect anything else, though!"

Nevertheless, Mr. Matthews did not go to the grocery or to the bar, but sat at home with his newspaper and his box of tools, and of late months with certain maps and books, over which, in spite of sundry ejaculations about men's work being from sun to sun, and women's work being never done, he pored every night till long after the house was still, and while Mrs. Matthews sat opposite, the sock which she was darning still stretched over her five fingers, and her rather frowzy head fallen forward in a doze—every night, that is, when he was not out with a dark lantern, prowling over the great field behind the straggling little orchard—the great field whose bones stuck out of the earth in old lichened surfaces of dreary rock, where Mr. Matthews had found he could not even pasture a cow, and which, with its singular conformation—a huddle of low mounds, like bubbles suddenly stiffened out of the seething of some gigantic caldron—would have reminded a reader of poetry of nothing so much as of that savage region through which "Childe Roland to the dark tower came."

One morning Mr. Matthews, dressed in his best, packed into a hand-bag a number of small and heavy articles that he had kept in a locked drawer, much to the wrath of Mrs. Matthews, who thought it was high time of day if keys were to be turned against her in her own house; and telling his wife he should not be at home for a couple of days, the good man kissed her and stepped on board the cars, and left her in a flood of tears.

What had he gone to the city for? What right had he, out of their little means, to take the money for a two days' lark? What did it all portend? Mrs. Matthews had visions dart before her eyes that she did not dare to call by name—insanely jealous visions of her husband, her staid husband of a dozen years, in the company of some gay and lovely charmer—and though she dispelled the visions, she redoubled her tears. Mrs. Matthews' tears were tears of anger as well as grief; she was very angry during all that first day, and pursued her tasks on that explosive verge which warned the children to keep out of her way. But night and darkness and lonesomeness, and an unaccountable dread of burglars where there was so little to steal, had a softening effect; she was somewhat less angry with her husband, but began to pity herself—to pity herself intensely. The next day she attended to her duties in a lachrymose frame, with a very red nose; the day was longer and duller than any day she remembered; she found herself looking forward to the morrow; and by the morning of the third day she was quite ready to give Mr. Matthews a warmer welcome than he deserved after keeping a secret from her. A little of the old Eve overcame her as she saw him walking up the lane; she had half a mind to set open the door and be off to a neighbor's—she was dressed in the prettiest toilet she could get up—and let

him have a cold reception; but on the whole she was so glad to see him, and so curious concerning his journey, that she hustled the old Eve behind her, and ran to the door as she used to do when they were first married.

Mrs. Matthews had her reward. When the children had had their romp, had nearly reduced to ruins the toys the indulgent father had brought, had quite demolished the taffy, when Wybe had been snatched from his contemplation of the new game, and all were safely tucked away to their dreams, then Mr. Matthews took from his pocket several mysterious parcels and spread them on the table beside his wife, with his hand over them. "My dear," said he, "you have seen me wandering with my lantern at night over the great field out behind us, and spelling in my books and maps in here. And you have been very good," said Mr. Matthews to his guilty wife, "about not vexing me with questions, and letting me keep the matter to myself while I chose, and now I am going to tell you what it all means."

"You are!"

"One day I picked up out there a bit of stone of very curious appearance," said Mr. Matthews, solemnly. "It puzzled me a good deal. I scratched and chipped away in the same region, and found more of it; I traced it for some distance across the field; I found a seam; I drilled it here and there; I put an average of the broken bits in that locked drawer, and took them to the city with me in my sachel day before yesterday. But I didn't feel justified in the expense of that trip till I had those books and maps, and studied the subject up as well as I could, and satisfied myself. And the long and short of it is, wife, that those bits of rock have been assayed by a chemist and smelted in a furnace, and they are argentiferous lead to the tune of fifty ounces of silver to the ton. And these," lifting his hand, "are the statements of the essay. Nobody needs a better mine than that; and that—now don't you give way—that mine is ours."

So that was the gay and lovely charmer, then, that had filled Mrs. Matthews' head with insanely jealous visions? A silver mine? Ah, who wouldn't be willing to have one's husband hold tender relations with a silver mine! Mrs. Matthews burst out laughing and crying at once, and hung round Mr. Matthews neck as if she were not quite old enough to know better.

"Our horses shall be black," she sobbed, "and we will have a landau that will put the Broynes' little landaulette out of sight!"

"I shall send Wybe to Germany," said Mr. Matthews, taking up the same strain. "And Patty—"

"Martha. We may as well begin to call her Martha."

"Well, Martha, then, shall have the best musical education in the world," said her husband. "Our children shall have all we missed."

"And how long will it be before it begins to pay?" asked Mrs. Matthews.

"Well," said her husband, "that is the question now before the meeting. We own the mine; but to clear away the rubbish, employ experts to find the vein and sink shafts, to get out the ore, to smelt it, and all the rest, that will take money, and money is what we don't possess. I propose to mortgage the house for my share of the ready money. And I think it would be easy to induce Mr. Means to go in with me—"

"Mr. Means! I would rather it were somebody from out of town."

"Why, pray, what odds—"

"Why? Well, I should like to hear any good reason for our making the fortunes of these people that have been flaunting their finery over our heads and splashing their mud on us ever since we were born! It's our turn now. We're to be the millionaires. And if this mine's like other mines, our yearly income will be more than their whole fortunes. Mrs. Means won't be the only lady round here crackling in her silks! It does me good," said Mrs. Matthews. And probably it would have done anybody good to be relieved of so much long-hoarded venom. "It does me good," she said with a mocking sort of shiver. "It makes me young again. What a pity it didn't come when we *were* young, Mr. Matthews!"

"Better late than never," was the response. "Well, I thought fellow-townsmen would be most interested in the thing, and look out for my interests best, too. But I'll look abroad for a partner if you say so. I *did* think of selling Broyne and Means and some others a small portion outright, and so settling on you that much safely—"

"I wouldn't sell them a foot of it—no, not to save their lives!" exclaimed his wife.

"Well, whoever I get, I suppose I'll have to give them four-fifths of it."

"Give!" almost screamed Mrs. Matthews.

"Don't you think one-fifth of a silver mine is better than none at all?" asked her husband, a little nettled.

"But you own five-fifths!"

"Oh, hang a woman!" cried Mr. Matthews. "You never can get any business into her head. If I can't raise the money to mine it with, I shall have *no* fifths. They're not going to put in their money at a venture, and do my work for nothing. One-fifth of a silver mine, let me tell you, is an immense property."

"It is robbery," groaned Mrs. Matthews.

"If it should turn out a false lead, it is they who would be robbed, you see. Well, we must do the best we can;" and thereat they sought their pillows. But Mrs. Matthews lay awake half the night tossing under the vexation of having to surrender so much to acquire so little; for what was a fifth of anything? she thought.

Yet the morning brought better counsels. The great alchemist, the sun, turned everything to gold. Mrs. Matthews recalled, as she awoke, the stories, more marvellous than those of the *Arabian Nights*, which she had heard concerning the Yellow Jacket and the Comstock—a fifth of a silver mine might be a quarter of a million a year. She went down and built her fires while Mr. Matthews slept the sleep of those who have struck silver, stirred up her oatmeal porridge, swept, scoured and called her brood to breakfast—perfectly content to do it all, now that there was no necessity, so to say; for the mistress of a quarter of a million a year could afford to do anything she pleased, she reasoned; and she was altogether in such a halcyon mood that Patty—I beg pardon, Martha—was emboldened to ask her mother for an extra doughnut to take to school, reminding her that she liked "hands" best; and Wybert, hearing she was about to bake pies, mentioned indifferently his preference for "turnovers."

Few people are obliged to look long for partners in such an enterprise as that of Mr. Matthews. The place was a midland town of no great age, at the foot of a long range of hills communicating with the metalliferous regions of the continent, though in themselves no sufficient quantity of ore to pay for the mining had yet been seen. The discovery of the rich metal was a delightful surprise to the people; they all began building castles in Spain with that pay-rock for foundation; everybody who owned a back yard and a hammer began to manifest a geological turn, and chipped away at the soil either secretly or publicly, a little ashamed, but not going to lose millions for a trifle of ridicule. They chipped in vain; all the silver in that burgh belonged to Mr. Matthews. Would he sell? Not a stiver. Flattering offers were made—so flattering that he felt it best to urge them on Mrs. Matthews' attention. Suppose the mine should fail, then there would be that much at least from the sale of the land laid away in the bank. "Fail?" said Mrs. Matthews, scornful as Richelieu. "How can a mine fail when the experts have been over from St. Louis, and even from Denver City, and said there is no such ore this side of the Rocky Mountains?" And so "Not a stiver," continued to be the answer to those who hungered after that silver. The partners from out of town were found, though little was known of their character beyond its value on 'Change, the company formed, and the excavations were begun.

What ore it was! shining smooth surfaces of lead that hid the silver, here speckled with the precious stuff: there scaled in rich colors that declared the presence of gold itself as well—and how it yielded! Half-decomposed material, it mined only less easily than a gravel pit; pure bricks of silver came out of the furnaces; Mr. Matthews' fortune was made. Mrs. Matthews beheld herself the envy of all those on whom she once had gazed with envious eyes. Though she had not spent a penny of

it yet, she was the mistress of more than she knew how to spend; she lay awake nights now, joyously planning how to be rid of it.

They must look about them soon and buy a place, Mr. Matthews said one day. Should they go East, or should they stay where they were, and be and continue to be the grandees of the little town, that soon would be the great town with the various kindred enterprises he and his confrères would establish about the mine?

"We will go to the hotel," said Mrs. Matthews; "we will have a suite of rooms there. I always did think it would be a heavenly life, with the lights and the noise and the people. And now I'll try it the moment I get some dresses made. I shall have *one* just covered with black net and beads. We shall not have another care about housekeeping, and we will have a French governess for the children, and sit by and learn something ourselves."

"Under the droppings of the sanctuary?"

"Yes. There is time enough to make up our minds about the future. We must take a journey and see a little of the world first—time enough to look round for a place when we have seen other people's places."

"I thought of the Vreeland place," said Mr. Matthews.

"The Vreeland place would have done very well six months ago. It would have been a wild dream then—Paradise. But it is no better than the Purcells', and would never do now. When people have such a great possession as ours it is a duty they owe the public to live becomingly," said Mrs. Matthews, quite up to her position. "We must have gardens conservatories, graperies, fish-ponds, aviaries, perhaps a private theatre," said the little woman who had never yet had a spare chamber. "We shall, I suppose, go to the Springs in the summer, and see a little of life at the seaside and in the mountains; we shall make more friends than we want; we shall learn how to spend our quarter of a million—it yields that, doesn't it?"

"At that rate, so far. But I shall not receive so much at once. However, we are receiving more now than we can comfortably put away. I have a credit at the bank, Mrs. M."

"You are really growing to look like a bloated bond-holder," said Mrs. Matthews, pulling up her husband's coat a little, and then tiptoeing to give him a kiss.

"Well," said Mr. Matthews, "I suppose you want your dresses. I'll draw you a check."

He took off his coat and sat down to it. It was a laborious piece of business, but he achieved it. She put on her bonnet, and ran over to the bank with it, as he bade her; and for that bit of writing they put into her hands—which used to have such hard work to extract half a dollar for necessary needles and thread from her husband's purse—half a dozen five-hun-

dred-dollar bills, the sight of which might have dazzled her but for their green tint, so soothing to the vision. She asked to have one of the big bills broken into ones, but thought better of it, and took tens. Fifty ten-dollar bills! It took away her breath. Those fifty ten-dollars seemed more to her than all the five others: fifty ten-dollar bills at once! But she sent her order to the city that afternoon, and not only sent the order, but sent the dressmaker with it. And when, a week or two subsequently, the wardrobes of all the family as complete as money could make them, she moved with her husband, Master Wybert, Miss Martha, and the baby Gulnare into the best parlors of the only hotel, she felt that her career had begun.

But how can a career begin without a carriage? The best that could be ordered—patent springs, plate-glass, quilted satin, hidden mirror, card-pocket, parcel-holder—became Mrs. Matthew's; and as for horses, the horses that drew the Broynes were not good enough for the Matthewses. Ten-thousand-dollar horses that stepped as if they knew their worth were the ones that drew Mrs. Matthews and Miss Martha when they took the air. And they took the air so much—for Mrs. Matthews was haunted by the idea that she could hardly get her fair share of riding before she took that last ride of which she had once before made mention—that the coachman declared another pair must be procured or these would be ruined; and another pair accordingly went into the stable. Yet what with the ailments to which these costly beasts were subject, what with the weather in which they couldn't be out, and the hours at which they must be in, and the general tyranny of the coachman, Mrs. Matthews sometimes doubted if she would not have more enjoyment out of a hundred-dollar nag which she could drive herself. But what a wonder that coachman was and what a wonder was his livery! Nobody in that town had set up a livery before her; she did not set it up herself till after their return from that journey in which they saw as much of the world as could be compressed into the vision of a month. But the calm content which Mrs. Matthews took in that dark green surtout, with the silver stripe and the clack cockade, would have gone far to balance the general discontent of the rest of humanity with their lot. And what a gorgeous sight was Mrs. Matthews herself, as she sat in state, with Miss Martha and her governess just sufficiently in the background, receiving the calls of the fine ladies who had never known what a lovely person Mrs. Matthews was till now; or as, clad in royal purple velvet, with the drooping plumes of her heart's-ease-loaded hat mingling with her yet bright brown hair, she stepped from her carriage, returning these calls, her footman standing at the door the while with her priceless cashmere on his arm—so haughty and magnificent a being himself, that footman, that in the old days Mrs. Matthews would not have dared ask him a question!

Mrs. Matthews had good taste in dress. She was fond now of showing her husband what she could have done when she was young, if the means had been at hand. She was quite an artist in colors. "Trust me for that!" she said, displaying a star of enormous diamonds that had just been sent in from the city to match her necklace, for she had *carte blanche* in expenditure, and liked diamonds for her throat better than for her troublesome red hands.

"But really, Mrs. M.," said her husband, "we are living now at high pressure. Don't you think it would be better to hold off a little and salt something down, in case of accident?"

"Accident?" said she, gaily. "What accident can occur, unless an earthquake should tip the world wrong side up with care? Don't you think you have enough salted down in that mine now? No, Mr. Matthews, let us, for the first year or two, spend all we can. In a little while we shall be too old to enjoy it; let us enjoy it while we are young enough. It establishes our supremacy, too, like nothing else. It does me good to see Mrs. Broyne and Mrs. Means kowtowing to me. I want to laugh in their faces. The men have just found out what splendid business capacity you have; the women are all in love with me. If you could see that chit of a Purcell girl, who used to cut me whenever she felt like it, admire my Chantilly flounce on her knees, it would be as good as a play for you!"

"You're a smart woman," said her husband, lost in admiration. "You're a trump. You do credit to your money. Well, have your own way, my dear." And it is needless to say she did.

Mrs. Matthew's way was a very fine way, and a mightily expensive one. She moved before long into the Vreeland place, which was furnished and vacant. She thought best, she said, not to purchase or build till they had made their European tour next year, and seen what palaces were. She had a French cook, and a horde of servants; she began to give a little course of delectable dinner parties; she had people to visit her whose acquaintance she made in her month's tour; she gave a couple of chamber concerts, with the assistance of the Haydn Quartettes who chanced to be in that portion of the country. She was finding out how to spend her money, and even to run a little in debt. "By George!" said her husband once, when she dismissed her whole retinue and imported another household from the city, "you cut such a swath it would take a whole silver mine to keep up with you!" Save in the time for such a chance remark, she saw nothing at all of her husband; she hardly saw her children; was quite ignorant that Master Wybert was an accomplished smoker and liked his champagne dry, and that Miss Martha read French novels by the parcel. Other people imitated her hospitalities; she was plunged in a round of festivities, and her cards were out for a great ball.

Yet if the truth were told, the zest flagged sometimes, and she was beginning to find it just a little stupid. It seemed, in recollection, as if those must have been halcyon days when she had no servants to make life a burden, and the house was not full of creatures whose insolence was only equalled by their ignorance, who stole and smashed and kept her in a ferment. More than once she caught herself thinking how pleasant it would be to feel the old exultation and get the old praise at having made both ends meet in some unexpected way; how pleasant it would seem again to be darning stockings on one side of the fire in the long evenings, while her husband read his books on the other, instead of putting herself into the hands of this torturing French maid and going out for the night. Yet that French maid had made Mrs. Matthews an adept in all the toilet arts. She knew how to tinge her lips a slight, bright cherry, though it forbade the same lips to kisses; she knew how to give her cheek a soft powdery bloom, how to blondiline the stray locks about her brow, and give that brow an air of innocence and youth. Sometimes she thought it didn't pay. She was sure Mr. Matthews didn't mind it at all—in fact, he hardly seemed to look at her. He was absorbed in his thoughts, in his papers, his business people, from morning till night, and she even heard him muttering figures in his dreams. He was all the time taking little journeys, that he called business errands, by himself; he didn't listen to her: he told her not to bother him; he gave her short answers; he even began to be stingy of his checks; something seemed to worry him. She didn't know but it had been pleasanter when they were poor.

It was the night, at last, of the great ball. The silver mine and its surroundings had turned the quiet town into one of almost as reckless revelry as if there were genii and sprites to answer every wish. Was there not, indeed, the great Slave of the earth down that pit? Every room in the Vreeland place was resplendent with light and fragrant with flowers. Exotics that had been brought from St. Louis, and even more distant cities, by the decorators, made bowers of halls and stairways. In the punch-room there were fountains flowing from unseen sources, which Mrs. Matthews had seen the French cook himself brew, after some imperial recipe. The table sparkled with gold and silver, and each portion of the country had contributed its separate dainty. Everybody would say, as everybody had said, how royally, how perfectly, Mrs. Matthews could entertain! And her costume! While it seemed deferentially to give precedence to that of every guest—or else, as Mrs. Matthews knew by experience, there would be a fine chapter of backbiting—it was more darkly splendid than words can tell. It was black net over black satin, and in every mesh of the net a drop of jet sparkled; bandeaux of jet in the bright hair met over the forehead in that diamond star, brilliant as Hesper, and her diamond necklace glittered

between rows of jet again. She was the impersonation of a frosty, star-lit night, a shadow at one glance, a dazzle at the next. Mr. Matthews breathed hard as he saw her come down where he paced the rooms alone before the assembling of the guests. He went up to her and kissed her. He seldom did so now. "Yes, you do justice to it all," he said wiping his lips—"to it all. If it had lasted long enough for me to get to the Senate, what a figure you'd have made! I'm glad we've had it, if it's only to have seen yon to-night. You are a magnificent woman."

"Dear me, Mr. Matthews," she said, readjusting her diamonds, "have you just found that out?"

"Well, how do you like it, on the whole—this magnificence?" said he, still surveying her sharply.

"I don't know," she answered. "Sometimes, if you'll believe it—it's absurd—I like the old way best!"

"What if I had news of a great disaster to tell you," then he said, laughing—"that we had to go back to the old way, for instance—should yon like to hear it now or after the ball?"

"Oh, now!" she responded, gaily. "Then I should have the ball to break the blow, and keep my thoughts from it till I was used to it, you see!"

"Very well, then," said he, "here it is. The silver mine has gone up."

"Gone up!"

"Come to an end. It's no mine at all—merely a bit of 'drift' a piece of the deposit of some old ripping and tearing glacier."

"What *do* you mean?"

"While it lasted," continued Mr. Matthews, stolidly, "it was good silver. Now there's no more of it. The mine has come to an end."

Mrs. Matthews caught at the back of a chair, and grew so white that the delicate bloom, immovable on cheek and chin, looked like angry stings. "You are jesting," she said.

"I mean it," he answered her. "And much worse. We have known this for some time. We have been running it at large risk in hopes to strike another deposit. At least *they* have. I wanted to own up and pay up while we could."

"While we could?" she gasped.

"Yes. It was a stock company, you see, and the company was never incorporated, and we are personally responsible for all debts."

"Well?"

"The payment of those debts," said Mr. Matthews, "will sweep everything—the plate on that table, the horses in the stable, the lace in your drawers, the diamonds on your throat—everything. As nearly as I can reckon, it will leave us nothing but the little house in the lane, and a mortgage on that."

"One of these diamonds would pay the mortgage," she said, after a moment, half suspiciously, half defiantly. "Can't I save it?"

"Nothing! nothing! The little house is all. I forgot it when we were so flush."

"Is it empty?"

"Yes."

There was a brief silence as they stood facing each other; and then to Mr. Matthew's amazement, his wife laughed.

"What a pity we didn't buy the Vreeland place in my name! Are you going to reproach me about it?"

"Reproach you? It was my folly. I felt like the shoemaker who was made Caliph for a day, in Patty's story-book. I was reckless. I thought I had Potosi. Yet I've learned the tricks; I may yet pick up again. What's that—the carriages?"

Mrs. Matthews reclasped the bracelet she had been holding up to the light. "What a masquerade!" she said. "How well we have played our parts! It's hollow stuff. Now we'll go back to work again, and you'll spend your evenings at home. I like it best—I like it best!" and she had thrown her arms around her husband's neck, and was kissing him like a child. "Hark! yes, it is the carriages," she said, arranging her disordered splendors. "There go the Broynes and General Killum up-stairs. This is the fifth act."

"To-morrow the keepers will be in the house," said Mr. Matthews, bitterly.

"To-morrow we'll go home. And next day I'll get up in the morning and light the fire!"—[*Woman's Journal.*

Slympkin's Revenge.

"SAM! Sam! Sam! Where the deuce is that fellow?" I had rung the bell until I was tired and out of patience, and then called for him until I was out of breath, and still he did not come.

If you want to know who I am, allow me to inform you that my name is George Boomerang, better known in Farzedona, where I reside, as Captain Boomerang, late of the army. I am a man of considerable wealth; own the finest house in town, and keep, or did keep, a man by the name of Sam, whose duty it was to brush my clothes, hat and boots, and adjust my leg.

I refer to a wooden leg. The original leg ran against a cannon ball during our late unpleasantness, and I have never seen it since.

Well, it was Sam's duty to take that wooden leg off at night and to be on hand again in the morning to put it on before I got out of bed; and now you know why I was yelling "Sam! Sam! Sam!" And when I inform you that this was the morning of my wedding day, perhaps you can imagine how anxious I was to get on to my legs as soon as possible.

"Yes, ma'am, I was the lucky fellow that had walked into the affections —on a wooden leg, too—of the handsomest girl in Farzedona, and was that day to lead her to the altar. But I must get my leg on first, and as Sam wouldn't or couldn't come, I roiled out of bed and went hopping around on one foot to find my leg.

Now, my dear reader, when the surgeon trimmed my stump after that little affair with the cannon ball, he sawed it off uncommonly short; so perhaps you can faintly imagine my feeling when, after hopping around my room, I found what I supposed to be my leg, but, upon attempting to adjust it, discovered that it was intended to go on below the knee.

"Do wooden legs shrink?—that's just what I want to know," said I. And then I rang the bell and called "Sam!"

Well, Samuel didn't come, but my housekeeper, Mrs. Bloom, did.

"Mrs. Bloom," I cried, "where is Sam?"

She answered me through the keyhole of the door. "He left the house last night about eleven o'clock—took his trunk with him, and said he was going to leave town by the midnight train."

I couldn't understand it at first. I had always used Sam well, paid him good wages, and he had seemed perfectly contented with his situation, and served me faithfully until now,

Suddenly an idea struck me, and the whole cause of Sam's perfidy was revealed to me.

"By heavens, it is Slympkins!" I yelled. "Slympkins is the cause of all my woe. He bribed Sam to steal my leg, on this my wedding day, and leave this insufficient prop in place of it."

Jim Slympkins is, or was, my rival. He is the only son of his father, who, by the way, is the most wealthy gentleman in Farzedona. Consequently, Jim doesn't do anything but smoke cigars, drive around town behind his splendid grays, and devote himself to the ladies generally.

I rather had the advantage of Slympkins. To be sure, Slympkins had, or was expecting to have, much more wealth than I could boast of; but he hadn't my face, you know, or anything like it.

I was sorry for Slympkins, but hang it, my dear sir, what could I do? If he had chosen Miss Short, Miss Ginx, Miss Broad, or in fact, any one but Miss Amelia Seymour, it would have been well. But it was really absurd for Slympkins to suppose that I would allow him or any other man to marry Amelia—at least, while I had a wooden leg.

I would have given Slympkins anything in reason, but it was truly ridiculous for him to think that I would give him Amelia. I told her so, and then I folded her to my breast, and she folded me to her breast, and I allowed her to sip the honey from my ruby lips.

Yes, I had won her, and poor Slympkins was fairly wild with rage. He had sworn to be revenged, but I laughed at his threats.

I was seated at the breakfast-table, sipping my coffee, half an hour afterwards, when Mrs. Bloom came running in, crying:

"Oh, captain, I know all about it!"

"What, the leg?"

"Yes, I think so. My daughter Eliza says she saw Mr. Slympkins give Sam some money last night."

"Yes, I knew it was Slympkins."

"More than that, Sam was married last night to Miss Seymour's maid, and they went off together by the twelve o'clock train."

"But, my dear woman," said I. "I don't care anything about whom he has married, or where he has gone. The question is, has he carried my leg with him?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, that is just what I want to know, ma'am. This isn't a time for trifling. You must remember that I am to be married to-day, and, by Jove, I want my leg!"

"Why don't you ask Slympkins for it?"

"Yes, and be laughed at. No, I don't intend to let him know anything about the trouble he has caused me. Besides, I don't know that he has got it."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Why, just as soon as I finish my breakfast I shall go to Mr. Seymour's, and tell him of the perfidy of my servant (and I shall take that leg to prove my statement), and unless he objects very strongly, I shall insist on being married on crutches rather than to have the wedding postponed. That would please Slympkins too much, It's what he expects, but I'll disappoint him, by Jove!"

I finished my coffee, and going to my chamber I took the ownerless leg, and wrapped it up in paper. Then I came down, and ordering my carriage rode out to Mr. Seymour's residence.

The old gentleman met me at the door. He took no notice of my crutches. With averted face he bade me good morning, and led me into the parlor.

"I'm sorry, Captain Boomerang, very sorry, but the wedding will have to be postponed."

"What, not on my account, I hope?" for you see I thought he had already heard of my loss.

"Amelia is—"

"What! my dear Amelia! Oh, has anything happened to her? Is she ill?"

"It's nothing serious, my dear captain."

"But is she ill? Oh, where is she? Let me go to her. Do let me see her!"

"She's in her boudoir. Go; perhaps you can comfort her."

I did go. I burst into the room, and found her lying on the sofa.

I rushed forward to clasp her in my arms, but recoiled in surprise and amazement when I saw upon the chair in front of the lounge upon which she was lying, my—

"Great heavens! Amelia, where did you get my leg?" for you see I recognized the limb instantly.

"The le—. Oh, George Henry, I—I—can never be your wife!" she sobbed, fixing her liquid orbs on the limb before her.

"But where did you get my leg?" I reiterated, at the same time unfolding the paper from the short one that I had brought with me.

"Where did you get mine?" she screamed, hopping up from the lounge, and clutching the limb that I still held in my hand.

"Yours?" I gasped.

"Mine!"

Oh, this is too much!"

Amelia sat down, too, and for about two minutes we gazed into one another's faces without speaking a word. At last I spoke:

"Oh, Amelia, Slympkins has played a cruel joke upon us. He has bribed your maid and my man to change these limbs."

"Yes, and now—"

"But luckily, we have found it out in time, and now the wedding can go on as if nothing had happened."

"What! Would you marry me now?"

"Now!" I cried, clasping her to my breast. "I'd marry you if you hadn't a leg to stand upon."

Then I kissed the dear creature, while she laid her beautiful head upon my breast and cried for joy.

In conclusion, I am happy to inform the reader that the wedding took place at precisely two o'clock that day. Slympkins was not there, and I haven't seen him since; but when I do see him—well, I'll write you about it.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

More than thirty years ago a bullet cost Gen. Adam Rankin Johnson, of the Confederate army his sight. During this period of darkness his mind was busy and the town of Marble Fall, Texas, was evolved, for in his brain sprang up the vision of a great cotton mill utilizing the immense force of the Colorado falls.

In his ears the roar of water melted into the hum of machinery. He saw hundreds of men and women thronging happily to their work, their children playing in cottage gardens, wide streets lined with shops, public buildings mounting skyward.

The cotton mill became a fact. The thronging men and women became facts. The cottages, the children, the streets, the shops, the public buildings —all came into being to take the place of the rocks and trees and sand that marked the place when the blind General first listened to the music of the falls.

He planned it himself. Every detail that slowly unfolded itself in reality was born first in his imagination. He walks the streets of Marble Falls to-day with the picture of it printed on his mind, but he will never see it more plainly than he did before one stone was set upon another.

It was work that called for prodigious energy and the keenest business sagacity. The blind man provided these qualities. He induced the Austin and Northwestern Railway Company to construct a branch line from Burnet to Marble Falls.

They call him the father of the town. He may be seen any day during business hours passing along the streets with vigorous, unfaltering tread, albeit he sometimes holds the hand of a little boy who trots by his side. Few men in Marble Falls walk so fast.

All have an affectionate greeting for him, and he recognizes every voice. Indeed, he does not need to wait for the greeting, for his ear has learned to distinguish the footstep of almost every man and woman in the little town.

There is no end to his activity. Recently he has been engaged in constructing a waterworks for Marble Falls—harnessing the roaring falls in yet a new way for the service of the people.

He is not content to leave this sort of work to engineers and contractors. No single step is taken without his examination and approval. Samples of all the material pass through his hands. He studies every piece of machinery, explores every culvert. The workmen find it almost impossible to believe that he is really blind.

The Rev. Ghosn-el-Howie, the Oriental preacher, lecturer and temperance advocate has made a success of his life since he became blind. Ten years ago the Montreal *Witness* said of him: "Prior to his loss of sight, Dr. Howie had traveled extensively in his native land and since his loss of sight he continued his studies and graduated in Western Universities, first as Literate in Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy."

Since the above was published, Dr. Howie has been very successful as a preacher and teacher. He is scholarly and forcible and a power in his chosen professions. He is now at his home in Mt. Lebanon, Syria.

Miss Alice A. Holmes, the blind poetess, of Jersey City, is still hale, considering her age. She is almost 79 years old and her hair is silvery white. Her blindness dates from her ninth year, when she was seized with a severe attack of smallpox while on her way with her parents to this country from England. She entered the New York Institution for the Blind, Jan. 2, 1838, and for seven years afterwards was one of the brightest pupils. She became an accomplished musician and eventually taught with much success. She was a classmate of Fanny Crosby.

Miss Holmes composed her first poem in 1847. After that her pen was kept busy for two years, when she published a small volume of poems. So successful did this enterprise prove that a second edition of the work was disposed of a year later.

Miss Holmes is a member of St. Matthew's P. E. Church and she manages to attend service once in a while. Despite her affliction she does all her own writing. She desires very much to learn typewriting, and it may be that the ambition of this grand old lady may be gratified.

We shall publish some of Miss Holmes' poems in later issues of TALKS AND TALES.

A DARK SHADOW.

I never saw my mother's face;
God drew a shadow o'er my baby eyes,
And there it lies,
Unchanged by time or place;

But I have felt her loving breast
Breathe heart sore sighing for the joys I miss
And felt her kiss
Upon my eyelids pressed.

I never saw God's lovely world,
But I have listened to the whispering trees
And felt the breeze
That spring's sweet leaves uncurled.

I never gazed upon a rose,
But I have laid the flower against my cheek
And heard God speak
And mysteries disclose.

And he has made me understand;
Though dark the shadow that now holds me blind
God is behind
Unseen I feel his hand.

And know that from my darkened eyes
The lifelong shadows will be rolled away
One solemn day.
Oh, rapturous surprise!

My happy lips e'en now must sing.
These eyes, unclosing in the streets of gold,
Will first behold
The face of Christ, my King.

—*Good Words*

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE TROTTERS.

TRANSVAAL.—On December 15, General Buller made an attempt to force the passage of the Tugela river and failed, the British army retiring to its camp south of Colenso with a loss of 1,097 men and leaving behind eleven guns. Notices posted on December 18, at the War Office in London, outlined the new forward policy of the British government. All the remaining portions of the army reserve were called out. The Seventh Division, which was being mobilized, was directed to proceed to South Africa without delay. General Buller was authorized to continue to raise local troops mounted. The offers of troops from the colonies, it was added, would so far as possible be accepted. General Buller's limitations were recognized and in his place Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford was appointed commander-in-chief of South Africa with Lord Kitchener of Khartum as chief of staff. On the first day of the year, General French captured the town of Colesburg after an engagement lasting more than two hours. On Saturday, January 6, the Boers under General Joubert fiercely attacked Ladysmith, the battle lasting all day. General Buller, who was fifteen miles away at Colenso, on hearing of General White's desperate condition, sent an entire division under General Clery to attack the Boer lines. The Boers were finally defeated with heavy loss. Official news dated January 13, states that General Buller is advancing and that he has passed around the western end of the Boer lines at Colenso, and is within a few miles of Ladysmith. From Buller's despatch, it may be inferred that an important battle is likely to take place soon, as he cannot move farther without coming in contact with the Boer entrenchments. From now on, it is probable that very little authentic news will be received from the front, as the channels of informations are closed on account of the censorship. The strictness of this has been redoubled since the arrival of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener at Cape Town a few days ago.

PHILIPPINES.—The death of General Lawton is a serious loss to our army in the Philippines. He was a brave and brilliant military leader besides having the power of bringing about definite results. In this campaign and in his previous capture of insurgent strongholds, General Lawton was as President Schurman said, "fearless, impetuous and always successful, so that his very name was in itself the strength of legions." The mountain stronghold beyond Montalban (a short distance from San Mateo, where General Lawton met his death) was captured after a sharp fight. Several important ports of Luzon are thrown open to commerce with the beginning of the year, and General Bates has instructions to open the ports in Mondanao and Zamboango. Our troops captured the insurgents in Cavite provinces and now occupy Cabuzac on the

south side of Laguna de Bay. The chase after Aguinaldo continues. Colonels Hare and Houze are said to be one day's march behind him. There was a rumor that he had arrived in Mexico, but it is difficult to see how he could reach the Mexican coast unless he had wings. The report that his wife had died from the fatigues of the flight is probably false, as a later report states that she surrendered to the Americans on January 2. Another important event in the Philippines is the rescue of Lieutenant Gilmore (who was captured by the insurgents last April near Baler on the east coast of Luzon) near the Abalut river by Colonel Luther R. Hare. He speaks of the humane treatment received by him from Aguinaldo, and of the suffering experienced when he fell into the hands of General Tino. The fighting for the past week has been almost entirely confined to the country south of Manila.

AFFAIRS IN CONGRESS.—The financial situation has been very uneasy for some time past, owing to the tightness of money, and the first matter that was brought up for the consideration of the House was a Currency Bill prepared under the direction of Secretary Gage. It was passed by the house on Monday, December 18, the day of the panic in Wall Street. The object of the bill is to establish gold as the standard of value and to put the currency of the country on a sound and unassailable basis. The bill was sent to the Senate and debated on January 4, and February 1 was fixed as the day on which the vote for or against it will be taken. When Congress re-assembles the case of Senator-elect Clark of Montana will be investigated. The protest was made against him by Senator Thomas A. Carter of Montana who took his action at the time Mr. W. A. Clark, the Senator-elect, was sworn in. Mr. Carter alleged that Mr. Clark obtained his seat through bribery, and states that all members of the Montana legislature who voted for him were paid for their votes, none receiving less than ten thousand dollars, and the amount paid to others where influence was necessary, was something enormous. It is said that the whole amount paid in bribes was larger than the sum of all the election frauds the government has ever investigated put together. Mr. Clark insists that he is innocent, and, although there has undoubtedly been bribery, it has been practiced by his enemies for the purpose of causing him to lose his seat. Senator William P. Frye of Maine has been chosen to preside over the Senate in consequence of the death of Vice-President Hobart. Mr. Frye was elected and repeatedly re-elected to Congress by the State of Maine, first taking the place of Mr. James G. Blaine when he resigned from the Senate to become Secretary of State under President Garfield, and has ever since been a member of that body. On the occasion of his latest re-election, Mr. Frye received every vote in both houses of the Maine legislature except one, showing that the people of the State appreciate his public services.

EDUCATION.—An appeal for funds has been made by the Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes to enable them to carry on their work. An endowment of over half a million is needed by each of these institutions. Fisk University at Nashville devotes itself chiefly to the training of negroes as teachers. It is estimated that over 10,000 negroes have been taught by graduates of this University. Although free from debt, Fisk, like Hampton and Tuskegee, finds it necessary to appeal for an endowment

fund to carry on its work. Mr. Dwight L. Moody's death left the three institutions under his care without a leader. They were largely supported by Mr. Moody's personal efforts. A fund of $3,000,000, to be called the Moody Memorial Endowment Fund, is to be raised to continue his work. The question of scholarships for theological students has recently been raised at Yale. Feeling that the indiscriminate aid given them is bad, the students themselves have declared their wish that the system be changed. College presidents and prominent clergymen have also taken up the question and it is likely that a change will soon be made. The question of schools in Alaska has recently been agitated by Governor Brady. Until 1897 only two schools had been established by the government for white children. Within the last two years the number of white children has increased enormously and the government appropriation of $30,000 has proved inadequate. Governor Brady thinks that the appropriation should be doubled and he also urges that the right to form municipal governments be given to the larger towns, with power to make appropriations for school purposes. This would go far towards settling the school difficulties in Alaska. The question of education in the government's recent acquisitions is most important. Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, advises that the appropriations be liberal, that old schools be re-established and especially that English should not be imposed for the working language of the schools, but as a most necessary foreign language.

SCIENCE.—A system of night signalling by means of flags held aloft by kites and illuminated by a suspended search-light has been given a trial with success. The search-light has about one hundred candle power and is suspended within a few feet of the flags. The light, which weighs three pounds when loaded with carbite and water, is suspended two feet below the flags, each of which are two feet square. Both light and flags are supported by one nine-foot and two seven-foot kites. They are fastened to the kite cable by perpendicular staffs. As the kites carry the cable upward, the glare of the fiery pencil passes beneath the flying kites and upward into space. The rapid fluttering of the flags causes the effect of a stream of red, white and blue fire to extend ten or twelve feet beyond the search-light. England has made arrangements to have the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy used for the next few weeks on the royal mail steamer between Dover and Calais, and also on the mail steamer between Folkestone and Boulogne. One of the latest uses of electricity is the powerful electric light with reflector which is being put into the head of a gentleman's walking-stick. It is really a miniature search-light. It is anticipated that "the pathfinder" as it is called, will be popular with men whose engagements make it necessary to them to go home late at night.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.—The New York season of opera opened at the Metropolitan, December 18, and from the advanced sale of seats, promises to surpass all records of previous years. Many old-time favorites have re-appeared, some in new roles, and are repeating last season's triumphs. A few new stars have made their debut,—Alvarez, Bertram, Scotti and Mme. Ternina. Alvarez, with his distinguished European record, was received with enthusiasm, but proved

somewhat of a disappointment on account of faulty intonation. This he is gradually overcoming in later appearances. Herr Bertram made a most satisfactory debut, and has been placed with some of the favorites of former years. Signor Scotti acted with power and expression in his first appearance in Don Giovanni, and scored a triumph. Mme. Ternina has also impressed the people as a powerful actress and great singer. Mme. Eames-Story reached the zenith of her fame as Aïda in the opera of the the same name. Hardly ever before has such an Aïda been seen. Operatic concerts are given every Sunday night, also on Christmas eve and New Year's eve the people had the pleasure of hearing some of the stars in concert. Emil Paur leads the Metropolitan orchestra. Alexandre Petschnikoff, the "poet of the violin," since his initial performance with the New York Philharmonic Society has appeard in more than thirteen cities, and has made over twenty-two appearances. He is a scholarly artist with unlimited capacity of technique. He has complete mastery over his instrument but never goes beyond the bounds of delicacy and refinement. Miss Leonora Jackson, after an absence of six years in Europe spent in study and touring, made her debut with the Philharmonic Society in New York January 3. All expectations were fully realized, and she was royally welcomed, and highly commended by even the severest critics for her playing. Her future is unmistakably brilliant. Maxine Elliott and her husband, Nat Goodwin, are playing at the Knickerbocker in The Lady and the Cowboy. The play proved a failure in London where it was not understood—scenes and characters are typically western—but was enjoyed by the New York audience and continues to have a crowded house every night. My Lady's Lord, a whimsical comedy, was produced at the Empire, the week preceding Christmas, and was well received by a large audience. Ben Hur is now booked at the Broadway, and the demand for seats has surpassed all previous records. Its chief attractions are the picture scenes, Daphne dance, wreck of the galley and the chariot race, which are admirable. Edward Morgan impersonates the character of Ben Hur and Mary Shaw, that of Omrah. These two seem to be the drawing cards of the cast. Mrs. Langtry's American tour in The Degenerates, began January 16 at the Garden Theatre. It is a social comedy of to-day in which Mrs. Langtry is able to descant upon her own experience and the injustice of the world. Wheels within Wheels at the Madison Square is a picture of London Society. Hilda Spong impersonates the heroine and has surprised the New York theatre-goers by her wonderful improvement. Three Little Lambs is running at the Fifth Avenue with bright tuneful music and "fun without vulgarity."

Glimpses of New Books.

DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW-IN-LAW:—

"I see just what puzzles you about Estabel, and you'll have to do as you told her,—wait and see. I've been waiting and seeing this long time, or rather waiting a long time and just beginning to see. If it will do you any good, I will tell you what little I've got to in making her out. I believe I told you before, in some things she's just a baby, and again in others she might have been born grown up. Outside, she's bran new; inside, I most think sometimes she's old as the hills. Perhaps we all are, if we only get far enough into ourselves to find out, what I mean is, that in what concerns manners and things, she's new; she isn't one of the sort that grows in the bark, but in the pith; she hasn't got the touch with things that folks call tact. That's only the skin sense, anyhow; but it's all some folks ever have, so they make much of it. There's more *to* Estabel. * * * * Keep her bright and sweet and healthy, whatever you do. If you find you can't, send her back to Stillwick. She'll grow slower here, maybe, but the best things don't grow in a hurry, nor in too rich earth; and being a human creature she's bound to grow to something."

So writes Esther Charlock, of her niece Estabel, to the "other aunt" Mrs. Clymer, in "Square Pegs" by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Estabel is a dear, sweet, natural girl, one whom society cannot spoil. Her world is the better for having Estabel in it. There are the usual difficulties and perplexities of all lives woven into the story, but they are met by the best of people; there are four young people whose love stories are of the better kind, and while Estabel comes not to her own until the very last chapter, the reader's interest is sustained. Mrs. Whitney's books cannot be hastily read, one's admiration is engaged by her genuineness and there is nothing to "skip." "Square Pegs" is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50

GENERALLY a novel with a purpose appeals neither to literary people nor to the average reader, but "Stephen, the Black," by Miss Pemberton, is an exception.

It has as distinct a purpose as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had and is as intense, dramatic and as full of pathos as Mrs. Stowe's book. The author says of Stephen "The white blood was a pure, clear Anglo-Saxon current bearing the virtues and vices of a revolutionary hero, a Maryland judge, and a North Carolina planter." "In mind, temperament and sensibility he is the sum total of his white ancestors, but he is a white man shut up in a black skin " Of Therese, the heroine, Miss Pemberton says, "Outwardly she is a white woman, but inwardly the fabric of her nature is woven of African characteristics; her clinging tenderness, her devoted faith, her poetic dreaminess, are qualities bequeathed to her by her black ancestors." Read it!

WILLIAM WHITMAN BAILEY has given us a useful, interesting and instructive help in "Botanizing." The book is a suitable guide to field work, telling us just what to do and how to do it, what to wear, and what to eat, when on a botanical tramp. Many of us have learned by our mistakes how best to prepare our herbarium but with "Botanizing" we shall be more likely to do our work correctly in the beginning.

A SIMPLE and pathetic story, laid in the mountains of Tennessee with the dialect and traditions of that section, is "Harum Scarum Joe." The superstitious old grandmother, the faithful Delia, and the poor idiot, Ike, are all strong characters such as Will Allen Dromgoole is wont to call up for her audiences.

EVERYONE will want to read "The Prevention and Cure of Old Age," and every one will be better for reading it. The book will be found helpful to those advanced in occult science and interesting to all others. Eleanor Kirk's books are all stimulating and this one is fully up to her standard.

THERE was never a time when all classes of people, both young and old, were so aroused to the importance of the duties and laws of citizenship as at present.

To meet this thought, with younger people at least, comes "The Young Citizen,' by Charles F. Dole, a book which is calculated to impress upon its readers civic duty and the honest management of municipal affairs. The queries of the author, "Why should any one want to go to war and burn towns and kill men?" and "Who knows but that they are right who say that there is *always* a nobler way than to fight?" and what follows, should teach the patriotism of peace to the young readers and to "grown ups" as well. The book is freely illustrated and is published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, at the introduction price of 45 cents.

A STRONG argument against vivisection has been given by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in "Loveliness" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); and one against raising money for church work by resorting to the questionable methods so often employed, in "Reformed Robbers" by Rev. I. A. Sites. (The Woman's Journal Pub. Co.).

THE children are highly favored these days—D. C. Heath & Co., have recently published "Alice and Tom" by Kate L. Brown, a book which will gladden and inspire every child-heart. From the "Foreword" we quote, "While the book does not claim to outline any series of nature lessons, it aims to present clearly a definite method of procedure." The story is "the result of a long and happy experience with a flock of hearty, lovable country children." And well done is the author's attempt to teach children how to learn from the everyday things with which they are surrounded. The long walks in the woods with their loving teacher, and the many things they observe and learn will interest (and probably instruct) the older members of the family as well as the children. Science is easily mastered by such methods. Not the least enjoyable character is "Rags," the children's companion. "Alice and Tom" is a classic.

"My Lady Barefoot" is a good story, entertainingly told by Ida Waugh. It is a story of a girl who has lived a quiet, secluded life with an eccentric uncle, and who upon that uncle's death goes into the world in search of relatives. She finds the relatives but does not find a home and finally returns to her old abode and "lives happy ever after." Published by the Penn Publishing Co, Price $1.25.

The vegetarian ought to be gratified with the practical help which "Guide for Nut Cooking" will give in teaching the housekeeper how to make many delicious dishes out of new material.

There are receipts for nut butter, nut oil, nut meal, nut sausage, nutmeatose, nutora, nutmeats, nut grano, etc.

There are chapters on the preparation of grains, vegetables and fruits for the table that are of great value to the cook. The book meets a need and will easily find its place among our best "cook books." Almeda Lambert is the author, and Joseph Lambert & Co., the publisher.

THE SILENT VOICES.

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
  Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
  Silent voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
  And the sunlight that has gone!
  Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
  On, and always on!

—*Tennyson (his last poem).*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"That was a bad bicycle accident your head barber met."

"Yes, but it helped business. He had his chin tied up for three weeks."

———o———

Jack listened with great delight to the soft purring of his kitten, and then exclaimed: "Dear little thing! just hear her bubble!"

———o———

Teacher—"What should be done to a little boy who plays truant?"

Johnny, The Truant (promptly)—"Keep him out of school, mum."

———o———

The editor who is always feeling the pulse of the people is not really interested in their heart-beats. It is his own circulation that he is looking after.

———o———

Watts—"Honestly, now, don't you have a sort of belief that Friday is an unlucky day?"

Potts—"I know it. That's the day my wife goes bargain chasing."

———o———

"Somebody must be cultivating the widow."

"Yes?"

"Anyway, her weeds have disappeared."

———o———

Willie—"Papa, does beggary always follow bankruptcy?"

Papa—"Yes, my son, it usually does—but the creditors usually become the beggars."

He: "Are you sure I am the only man you ever really and truly loved?"

She—"Perfectly sure! I went over the whole list only yesterday."

———o———

"That dog I bought in Paris understands my French perfectly."

"No doubt he formerly belonged to some other American."

———o———

"Davie, what's a friend?"

"Why, a friend's someone yuh tell things about yourself to so's they can tell about yuh to someone else."

———o———

Little Joe had been amused by some maps of the constellations. The next morning he asked: "Mamma, may I have those maps that came down from heaven?"

———o———

"I wish," said a railway passenger, as a bunch of comics was dropped into his lap by the train-boy, "that these people would quit poking fun at me."

———o———

"I am afraid Colonel Poazer is losing his patriotism. Have you noticed that he has quit taking off his hat when he meets an American flag?"

"The Colonel is getting bald."

———o———

"Never mind; I am going to the gold fields next spring, and when I come back rich I won't know you."

"And if you come back broke, I won't know you."

"Will you lend me five shillings, old chap?" I want to lend it to Jones."

"Why lend it to Jones?"

"Well, you see, he owes me five shillings, and he wants to return it."

———o———

"Did the kitty hurt you?" asked papa, seeing his little boy's puckered face."

"Yes," answered Charlie, "that kitty has got teeth in her toes."

———o———

Domestic Laurels—"My wife beat the record this week."

"How do you know? Did she have a cyclometer on her wheel?"

"No, she wore a pedometer while she was cleaning house."

———o———

"Papa," said Jimmieboy, "you are the nicest man in the world."

"And you are the nicest boy in the world," said his father.

"Yes, I guess that's so," said Jimmieboy. "Isn't it queer how we both got into the same family?"

———o———

"Maw," said the little boy, "Johnny is such a mugwump that I don't wan't to sleep with him any more."

"A mugwump?"

"Yes, mamma. Didn't you tell me that a mugwump was some one who would not take either side? And that's the way with Johnny. He wants to sleep in the middle of the bed."

Jones—"Are you going to pay me that account?"

Smith—"Not just yet."

Jones—"If you don't, I'll tell all your creditors that you paid me!"

———o———

Little three-year-old Dorothy's older sister was reproving her for some trifling offense, and remarked: "Why, Dorothy, I should think you would know better!" when Dorothy wisely informed her, "Why, Florence, I'se only been born three years."

———o———

"We won't print any such stuff as that!" said the editor, loftily, as he handed back the manuscript.

"Well, you needn't be so haughty about it," retorted the irregular contributor; "you're not the only one who won't print it."

———o———

"What is that dog good for, anyhow?" asked Cynicus, pointing to Canis's St. Bernard, which was lying near by, looking dignified.

"Good for!" retorted Canis; "that dog is a perfect gentleman; he's not supposed to be good for anything."

———o———

Perdita—"He bears a great resemblance to your family, don't you think?"

Penelope—"Yes, but no wonder. We have lots of Old Colony stock in our blood, and he has lots of Old Colony stock, papa says, in his safety deposit vaults."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten;
The letter you did not write;
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;

The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone
Which you had no time or thought for
With trouble enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find;

They come in night and silence,
Each sad, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;

And it isn't the thing you do, dear
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—*Young People's Paper.*

IN HER LAP.

ONE learns from a story in the Union Gospel News how a comfortable farmer in western Pennsylvania, who had never seen anybody hungry, surprised himself last summer with "fresh-air appetites." Incidentally the story gives us a hint, too, of some of the pathetic shifts of poverty.

Through a recommendation from the village minister, who told of the Tribune Fresh-Air Fund, and explained what a blessing such warm-weather charities were to destitute families in the city, the farmer and his wife had consented to receive two children from New York.

In due time they arrived, Mary, a slender slip of a girl hardly strong enough to carry a rag baby, and Jimmie, her younger and smaller brother, who could just look over the farmer's big dog.

Their forlorn appearance made the honest man open his eyes wide, but he opened them wider to see the little creatures eat, when they sat down to their first meal. They cleared their plates in about a minute and a half, and were ready for more.

The good housewife helped them generously, but the food vanished so amazingly quick that she determin-

ed to watch them. That two such tiny bodies could stow away vituals faster than any grown man was more than she could believe. Presently she and her husband exchanged glances.

"Why, Mary," she said smilingly to the little girl, "what have you done with half of the great piece of pie that I just gave you?

"In my lap," meekly answered Mary.

"In your lap! what in the world did you put it there for?"

"Cause I-I wanted to save it. Jimmy and I allus does it at home. We have to save out half our dinner, 'cause if we didn't we wouldn't have no breakfast to-morrer."

The child looked as if she would cry pretty soon; and the farmer's wife had to turn round and pretend to scold the dog, or she would have cried herself. The farmer softly lifted the table-cloth, and there, sure enough, lay the half of poor Mary's and Jimmy's dinner in their laps. But he did not laugh.

It took time and considerable coaxing to make the children understand that they really had no need now to "save up" for their breakfast, and that they were certain to have enough to eat. When they did realize their wonderful good fortune, they enjoyed it as only born prisoners of poverty can.

That evening, after the children were asleep, the farmer sat and smoked a long time in silence. Any one knowing him would have expected a chuckle now and then, if not an hour or two of laughing comment over the performance of his queer little visitors. His only remark was, when he got up to go to bed:

"Mandy," he said to his wife, "you see that them midgets get so much grub after this that they won't want to eat another thing for a year."—*A True Republic.*

A Dog Talks Through a Telephone.

Among the passengers who alighted at Redhill Station, in England, the other day, says a French paper, was a young lady who at once sought out the stationmaster and complained, with tears in her eyes, that she had lost her poodle at Reigate station. The stationmaster telephoned his colleague at Reigate, who replied that there was, in fact, at that moment in his office a dog which answered to the description of the missing poodle, and which was found wandering about the station. The lady requested to have the ear of the dog placed to the telephone receiver, and proceeded to call him by name. The animal immediately recognized the voice of its mistress, began to bark, and ended by jumping up on the instrument, at the other end of which its mistress was speaking to her favorite, which was soon restored to her.

Comments from the Press.

Comments from the press and our subscribers about TALKS AND TALES, the magazine published by the Industrial Home for the Blind, at Hartford, Conn., under the auspices of the American Association of the Blind, 3124 14th St.. N. W. Washington, D. C., the issuing of which gives employment and a home to young blind women, who but for this employment might be wasting their lives in idle dependence on their friends or in almshouses.

We give below a sample of the letters we are constantly receiving from blind women who are urgently appealing to us to be received at our Institution and assisted to become self-sustaining. We in turn appeal to our subscribers and all friends who may desire to render us assistance in this work, to show this appeal to their friends and acquaintances and ask them to become subscribers to our magazine, and thus aid us to extend a helping hand to all such blind people who are looking to this Association for an opportunity to escape from the condition of dependence, if not a condition of want and neglect. This neglect many times—though thoughtless on the part of those who are blessed with sight—entails such a miserable existence on the part of the sightless, that life becomes a burden, almost if not quite too hard to bear. Could our readers see what a change is wrought in the lives of these young people after they have been received in a pleasant Christian home and furnished employment which enables them to become self-sustaining, they would agree with us that there could be no investment of a dollar that would bear richer dividends of happiness to others then the dollar invested in paying for a subscription to this magazine. Following this letter from Miss Romily, we print what the press and our subscribers say of the merits of this magazine.

NEWBURYPORT, Dec. 27th. 1899.

MR. F. E. CLEAVELAND,

Honored Sir:—"Yours of the 26th last, received to-day, for which I heartily thank you. I will do all I can to get subscribers for your magazine.

I earnestly hope you will find a place for me soon, for I am all alone in the world and have no means to depend on of my own, only the good will 'of friends' to help me, which I find very hard after seven years of hard

study with vocal and piano music, which I find of no avail at present.

I will enclose the blank and again asking you not to forget me,"

I remain yours respectfully,

ISABELLA ROMILY.

In a former letter Miss Romily who is blind, informs us that she is living entirely alone and doing her own housework.

From the "Sunday School Times," Philadelphia, Penn.: "Marvelous achievements have been made by the blind in the past and more remarkable cases are likely to be made by them in the future.

They are rapidly branching out in many fields of activity. One of their institutions is a printing establishment carried on at the Industrial Home for the Blind at Hartford, from which is published a magazine for the seeing, not for the blind, TALKS AND TALES.

Half a hundred pages within the covers are filled with contributed matter, and 'Successful Blind People' is a series of popular articles by the blind President of the Institution, F. E. Cleaveland.

Mrs. Ella B. Kendrick is editor and most of the work in getting out the magazine is done by the sightless."

From the "Hartford Post," Hartford, Conn.: "The Industrial Home for the Blind of this city has commenced the publication of a monthly magazine entitled TALKS AND TALES. It is printed on the press of the Institution and a great deal of the work is done by the blind pupils.

The November number, just received, is filled with matter that would compare favorably with the contents of some of the older and better known magazines. There are tales of travel, comments on current events, a story, selected matter and humor."

From the "Hartford Courant," Hartford, Conn.: "The December number of TALKS AND TALES, the magazine published by the blind people at the Institute in this city, is out and is an unusually interesting number. The leading article, 'Along the Kennebec,' is written by Roberta Anna Griffith, who has been totally blind since she was three years old. "Cynthia's Tea Man,' by Lucy C. Lillie, and several other short stories make the issue one of the best so far published. The magazine is now in its third year and is a creditable production. There is much information in it concerning the work for the blind which can be read with profit by people who have sight."

From the "Washington Post," Washington, D. C.: "TALKS AND TALES is a monthly magazine devoted to stories, current events, travel, etc., published by the Industrial Home for the Blind, at Hartford.

The various departments of this attractive little publication are edited

by well known writers. The mechanical work however, is done entirely by blind people. It is an excellent little magazine, and is accomplishing admirable work."

From the "Washington Star," Washington, D. C.: "This city is the scene of considerable activity just at present in the interest of the blind.

As an evidence of this enterprise there is being printed a monthly magazine, called 'TALKS AND TALES' which isgeneralin its scope, although itcontains a department devoted to the news of the movement toward industrial education among the blind. It is a creditable demonstration of what persons without the sense of sight can accomplish, both mentally and mechanically."

The "Christian Herald and Signs of our Times," New York City: "A very serious industrial problem confronts the blind girl who is left homeless and helpless by the death of her parents and guardians. Even though she graduates a cultured young lady from an educational institution for the blind, the question is most perplexing. Mr. Cleaveland, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education for the Blind, sends us a letter by General Goodrich, of Hartford, Conn., endorsing the excellent work done by blind girls in the printing department of the Industrial Home for the Blind in Hartford.

A bright magazine, TALKS AND TALES, is put forth by the institution at one dollar a year, the proceeds being applied to furnishing homes and occupations for the blind. It tells what successful blind people are doing, and shows what they can do. Besides it carries the Gospel to the blind."

"The Sacred Heart Review," Boston: "A very creditable little publication is TALKS AND TALES."

"The Colorado Index:" "The Index is in receipt of the January issue of the first volume of TALKS AND TALES. This the fourth number of the magazine contains forty-two pages of interesting and instructive reading matter. This magazine seems to fill a long felt want."

"The Sun," Lewiston, Maine, referring to the July number of TALKS AND TALES says: "It contains some especially readable matter. The first article gives some idea of Swiss life, customs and people, and of lovely Lucerne. Two poems are well selected, one by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and the other some of Kipling's better verse (for if there is a better and a worse to almost everyone's writings this can surely be said of Kipling's.)

There are several short stories and an article on 'Successful Blind People.' "

"The Standard," New Bedford, Mass.: "TALKS AND TALES has an attractive November number, with stories, articles and special departments."

The Coldwater (Mich.,) "Daily Reporter" says: "TALKS AND TALES is the name of a most excellent magazine, a copy of which has reached the Reporter and we cheerfully recommend the magazine, not only for its good literary qualities, but also for the fact that out of its subscription receipts blind women are furnished with homes and occupation."

One of the leading papers of Maine, says: "Among the many publications that come to our notice as candidates for a place on the family table, is TALKS AND TALES. It is a modest little publication filled with short, pithy stories. The January number is unusually interesting. A subscription for it not only places an interesting little magazine before the family circle, but also helps on the good work of instructing that class of people to whom is denied that almost priceless privilege of sight. The fact that it has reached the magnitude of five thousand copies actual print, in less than a year and a half attests to its popularity."

"The Hartford Telegram," Hartford, Conn.: "TALKS AND TALES for August is now on the news stands. The issue is unusually interesting and contains a number of exceedingly interesting articles concerning current events, tales of travel and humorous squibs. The leading article is from the pen of Rev. Dr. George M. Stone."

The Hon. J. Wesley Dorman, Representative in Congress, writes concerning the December number of our magazine: "I received to-day TALKS AND TALES, and glancing through it I find it a splendid publication and a great credit to those who are in charge of its edition. I enclose one dollar which I subscribed at your meeting held at Foundry M. E. Church, Thursday evening a week or so ago."

Professor C. F. Simpson, Principal of the school at Potsdam, N. Y., writes: "We enclose one dollar for a renewal of our subscription to TALKS AND TALES. Outside of the fact that this little magazine is published for a noble purpose it contains a treat for me in every issue. The little stories appeal to real life in a manner that holds me until I have read them all, and of the papers and magazines that come to our home, none are more welcome or so universally read. We have loaned the magazine to our neighbors in hopes of eliciting their interest, and trust that you may receive success commensurate to the purpose that prompts its issue and the intrinsic value of the magazine."

Professor Jefferson K. Cole, Principal of the Centre School, Peabody, Mass., writes: "Enclosed find one dollar for renewal of subscription to your magazine, TALKS AND TALES. It is a very interesting collection rightly named and because of this and the source whence it comes, should be well sustained."

The following testimonials are selected at random from our subscribers' letters when renewing their subscriptions:

Mrs. Gordon H. Post, Essex, Conn., renewing said, "I have only praiseful words for your fine magazine."

Miss Martha L. Beers, New Haven, "I have enjoyed your magazine much and shall hope to be able to take it indefinitely."

Mrs. Ellen H. Osbourne, Amesbury, Mass., renewing says, "I think your magazine improves with age."

Mr. John O. Spring, of Bellows Falls, Vt,, renewing says, "It is a bright spicy magazine, well worth the money asked for it. I will be glad to speak a word for it to my friends."

Mr. M. L. Osborne, Canaan, Conn., renewing says, "Enclosed find one dollar for subscription to your lovely magazine. We enjoy it very much and hope you may always prosper."

Frances H. Sage, West Goshen, Conn., renewing says, "It is a very welcome guest at our house."

Miss Josephine W. Page, Manchester, N. H., renewing says, "I consider TALKS AND TALES a most interesting little magazine, and wish you all possible success in your effort."

Mr. George F. Smith, Searsport, Maine, renewing says, "I find the magazine very interesting, a good book for the family."

ENDORSEMENTS.

Endorsements of the work of the American Association to promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 14th St., Washington, D. C., by William McKinley, President of the United States; Archbishop Keane; Rev. H. Y. Satterlee, Bishop of Washington, and others.

Extract from a letter received from William McKinley, President of the United States, dated January 8th, 1900, addressed to F. E. Cleaveland, President, etc.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., January 8th, 1900.

MY DEAR SIR:

"I have been much interested in reading of the work for the promotion of the education and employment of the blind, which your Association has

undertaken, and am glad to have the opportunity of expressing my hearty approval and cordial best wishes for the abundant success of any movement so laudable." Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

"My examinations of the facts presented by Mr. Cleaveland convince me that his work, carried out on the line of his ideas, deserve the approval and the support of every Christian and of every lover of humanity."

JOHN J. KEANE,
Archbishop of Damascus.

"I need not tell you that I am very glad, indeed, that you are taking up the cause of the blind, in the city of Washington. I know of no one more capable of doing this than yourself, and if you are as successful in Washington as you have been in other cities, we will all have reason to be grateful." HENRY Y. SATTERLEE,
Bishop of Washington.

DISTRICT BUILDING, WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1899.

"The movement to establish workshops for the adult blind in the city of Washington, is one which should command general support. The success which has attended it elsewhere has been very marked, and the unsupplied need here is great." HERBERT W. LEWIS,
Sup't. Charities, D. C.

"I fully endorse what Bishop Satterlee and Commissioner Lewis have here said. I believe that the experience which Mr. Cleaveland has had, eminently qualifies him to direct the movement and initiate the work of establishing this industry." Very truly,

J. G. BUTLER,
Pastor Memorial Church.

Dec. 16, 1899.

To the Washington Public:

"I have carefully examined the testimonials of Mr. Cleaveland, and can confidently commend him and the Association which he represents to the confidence of the community."

RANDOLPH H. MCKIM,
Church of the Epiphany.

Dec. 23, 1899.

"I fully endorse the movement of Mr. Cleaveland for the establishment of work-shops for the blind and wish it a large success."

WALLACE RADCLIFF,
Pastor N. Y. Ave. Pres. Church.

"I believe this to be a worthy and necessary undertaking and wish it much success. SAMUEL H. GREENE,
Pastor Calvary Baptist Church.

"It gives me great pleasure to add my most hearty endorsement and commendations of this work on behalf of the blind. Mr. Cleaveland is worthy of all confidence and encouragement in this philanthropic mission.

F. M. BRISTOL,
Pastor Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church.

From Hon. Chas. B. Andrews, Chief Justice of Connecticut, to Senator Joseph R. Hawley.

"I have known Mr. Cleaveland for more than twenty-five years. For the last few years he has devoted his time to the matters of blind persons, and is one of our Board of Education for the Blind. In this work he has shown the greatest industry and energy. He is a man of good family, clear intelligence and pure life. He has demonstrated in his own career that a blind man may be a success for himself and at the same time an honorable and useful member of the community in which he lives."

Extract from letter from Dr. George Williamson Smith, President of Trinity College.

"Mr. Cleaveland, moved by his own loss of sight is working to improve the condition of the blind. What has been accomplished here borders on the marvelous, and he is impelled to extend his efforts to other places also."

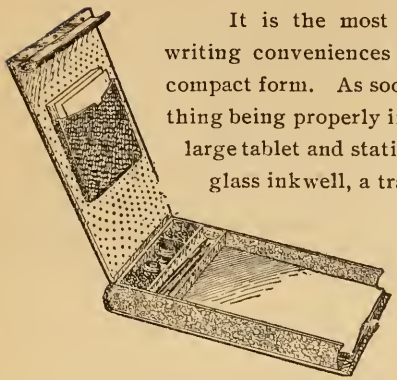
From the late President of the Board of Foreign Missions.

"Mr. Frank E. Cleaveland, in his work for the blind, which is an admirable one, has gained the confidence of our citizens. The results of his work are remarkable." REV. CHARLES M. LAMSON, D. D.

It has been necessary to omit some departments and to curtail others, in this issue, that we might have space in which to publish the above recognitions of our magazine and general work.

THE COMBINATION WRITING CASE

With Keyless Lock Attachment.



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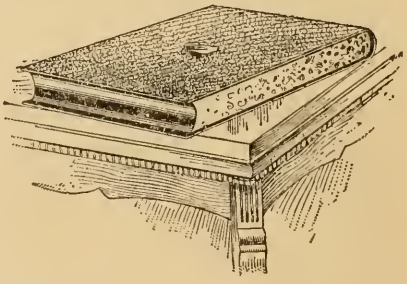

You will find the **Combination Writing Case** a convenient article, and when once used, would not again be without it at twice its cost.

No. O. Full Seal Keratol, Padded, Gold Stamping on Back, Nickel Plated Ornament on cover, suitable for engraving name on, **two** inkwells, Fancy Paper Lining, $1.50

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We are prepared to offer the No. O. Writing Case to anyone sending us five new subscribers at $1.00 each and 25 cents extra for express charges. We also offer the No. 2. Case for three new subscribers at $1.00 each and 25 cents extra for express charges.

Send us 5 new names with $5.25 and receive a No. O. Case, or 3 new names with $3.25 and receive a No. 2 case.

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Columbia, Hartford, Stormer and Pennant Bicycles, $75, $60, $50, $35, $30, $25.

Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer, or by mail for one two-cent stamp.

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DIVISION OF AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY.
HARTFORD - CONN.

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Cures while you sleep

Whooping Cough,
Croup, Colds, Coughs,
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Bronchitis and Hay Fever

Hundreds of thousands of mothers use Vapo-Cresolene. Do you? Cresolene cures Whooping Cough every time; stops Croup almost immediately, and if used at once will cure a Cold before any complications can arise. I. N. Love, M. D., of St. Louis, says: "I have instructed every family under my direction to secure it." Mrs. Ballington Booth, says: "I recommend that no family where there are young children should be without it." W. R. Chichester, M. D. of New York says: "As a vehicle for disinfecting purposes Cresolene is immediately successful." Anthony Comstock, says: "Malignant Diphtheria in my house; Cresolene used; cases recovered in two weeks; no others were affected."

Descriptive booklet with testimonials free. Sold by all druggists.

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JACOB L. GREENE, President. HERBERT H. WHITE, Sec'y.
JOHN M. TAYLOR, Vice Pres't. DANIEL H. WELLS, Actuary.

A. T. RICHARDS, General Agent, Room 16, Company's Building, Hartford, Conn.

TALKS AND TALES.

A MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

The Conn. Institute and Industrial Home for the Blind,

Nos. 334 and 336 Wethersfield Ave.,

HARTFORD, CONN.

F. E. CLEAVELAND, President.

Edited by Mrs. ELLA B. KENDRICK.

One Dollar a Year, - - Ten Cents a Copy

PRESS OF
THE CONN. INSTITUTE AND INDUSTRIAL HOME
FOR THE BLIND.

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We are grateful to the following papers for courtesies extended to us through their columns:

The Morning Mercury, New Bedford, Mass; The Occident, San Francisco; The Baltimore Methodist; The Bangor Daily Commercial; The Coldwater (Mich.) Daily Reporter; The Sun, Lewiston, Me.; The Milford (N. H.) Daily Pointer; The Pacific Churchman, San Francisco; The Evening Standard, New Bedford, Mass.; The Light of Truth, Columbus, Ohio; The Standard, Woodstock, Vt.; The Sacred Heart Review, Boston; The American Israelite, Cincinnati, Ohio; The Helping Hand, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A True Republic, Cleveland, Ohio; Daily News, Manistee, Mich.; Ram's Horn, Chicago.: The Sunday School Times, Philadelphia; The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times, New York City.

HIGHLAND LAKE, CONN.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, CONN., MARCH, 1900. NO. 6.

A. D. WENGER.

IT was midnight when our vessel arrived at Brindisi, Italy, and an hour and a half later, we were gliding over the waters of the Adriatic sea, for Greece. There were not many passengers aboard, and only one, a clergyman, who could speak English.

Across the Mamon sea our vessel sped its way, and before eight o'clock in the morning the rocky mountain mainland was in sight. We stopped some time at the Turkish port of Avtona, to unload freight and take on passengers and then proceeded southward along the ancient Macedonian shore. The day was delightful and the sea calm, making the voyage more pleasant than any sea sick sails over the Atlantic and the English channel. In the afternoon we came to the Grecian island of Corfer, and to the city by the same name. The island has a population of 78,000, most of whom are members of the Greek Church. Money changers and fruit sellers came on deck, and I patronized both. This is a troublesome feature of traveling, the learning of the values of money of almost every country one enters. I bought a large box of strawberries and feared I should not be able to make way with them, but upon finding that green leaves were tightly packed in the box and only well covered with fruit, my fears I discovered were unfounded. I realized I had made a poor bargain, but that is the way with bargains around the Mediterranean.

As much of the island as we could see was covered with olive trees and it is estimated that there were 4,000,000 on the island, while oranges, lemons, figs, and other sub-tropical fruits also flourish.

After another night of peaceful sailing and good rest our vessel anchored

at Petras, Greece, at five o'clock in the morning. In most foreign ports large vessels cannot go near the shore. Small boats must then be hired for the landing. Every traveller through these parts knows with what insolence the yelling boatmen surround the ship to row passengers ashore. They have no fixed price and if you do not bargain beforehand the charges are enormous. A few hours were spent in the city learning something of Greek life and religion.

Before eight o'clock we were on the train for Corinth which is eighty miles farther east at the head of the Gulf of Corinth. The railroad follows this body of water all the way. We passed through beautiful and extensive vineyards on the gentle slopes of the mountain bases toward the gulf. Though only the twenty-first of April, yet the vines had already grown two feet in length. This is really the most fertile part of Greece that I saw. Beyond the growth of vines and fruit-trees are rugged mountains. Across the gulf on the north, wild mountains of rock rise higher and higher and a few peaks still had some snow upon them. Greece is the most rugged and sterile country I have passed through. Only a small portion of it, the plains and valleys generally, is under cultivation.

Rev. Selwyn Blackett, the English clergyman, was my traveling companion. At a station two beggars came at one time, one at each window of our little apartment holding about eight persons, and repeatedly asked for backsheesh. Some one gave the man that was blind a coin. Then Mr. Blackett said, "In northern Spain there is a business that deforms infants to make professional beggars of them. Recently France sent one hundred beggars back into Spain. Sometimes parents have a child deformed or deform it themselves that it may be a beggar and support the family. It is considered a fortune by some to have a child in the family deformed to arouse the charitable sympathies of the passerby." This seems almost incredible, but I have heard of the same thing in other European countries. In Italy I was surprised at the number of beggar boys with only one arm or one leg.

We reached Corinth, now a town of about 8,000 inhabitants, and spent some hours. The gulf and mountains beyond it are on the north side of Corinth. A high and steep hill, on which were fields of barley already turning yellow, partly on account of the drought, is close against the town on the south. Round about and in the town are trees of fig, olive, almond, pine, cypress and mulberry. Streets, yards and houses have an uncleanly and disorderly appearance. Falling walls and fences are left so and loose stones lie all about. Many of the houses are only one story high and some have floors of bare earth. Goats walk at leisure through the streets and occasionally step in some open door. The wells are left uncovered and the water is drawn up through the small entrances by means of ropes. The weather was quite warm and the people were lazily lounging around. What we saw in Corinth

we saw largely true of Megara, Eleusis and other towns of Greece, convincing us that the Greeks at present are lower still in the scale of civilization than the Italians.

To the southwest of the present town near the elevation of Acro-Corinth is the Corinth of Paul's time. Now there are only a few houses and some ruins of the ancient city.

Here Paul continued a year and six months on his second missionary journey preaching the Word of God, making tents and writing letters to the churches. Priscilla and Aquila labored with him in tent-making and in Christian work. The Gospel was better received in Corinth than in Athens, from whence Paul had just come, and many of the Jews and Greeks believed and were added to the church. This new mission station in a land of heathen worshipers received the assistance of Silas, Timothy, Titus and especially of Apollos who remained to water what Paul had planted. Later Paul wrote the church two good. long letters, that under divine direction have been incorporated in the Sacred Book, rebuking them for partizan spirits, immoralities, heathen tendencies and improper observance of ordinances. He also wrote of gifts, resurrection and his own experiences and appealed to them to make up some collections, not for himself but for the needy brethren over in Jerusalem. During a third missionary journey Paul visited them and remained some time writing and preaching. Doubtless the churches always looked forward to a good spiritual revival when word went round that Paul was coming. One has to think how pleasant it would be to meet with Paul and his co-laborers out in these parts establishing missions among the heathen, but we shall not meet them till our work is also done.

In the evening we went by train to Athens, fifty-seven miles father east. The first few miles were across the Isthmus of Corinth along a French canal that connects the Gulf of Corinth and the Saronic Gulf. To our south along the shore of the latter water we saw where Cenchrea used to stand. It was there that sister Phebe lived and had her church membership. There, too, Paul had his hair shorn because he had taken a vow. From there to Athens we had water on our right, and picturesque mountain scenery to our left nearly all the way.

Athens was founded about 1550 B. C., and in the time of its splendor contained 150,000 inhabitants. The old city called the "eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence" has never ceased to exist since its foundation, though the population has fluctuated considerably with the numerous wars it has passed through. The present city with a population of 140,000 and much like other European cities is built of white stone. In 1835 it consisted of only three hundred houses, but now it has once more grown to be the largest, most refined and cultured city of Greece. It stands on the famous plains of Attica which are surrounded on all sides by mountains except

toward the sea, to which the plain extends, the whole resembling very much Salt Lake City and surroundings, Utah. The mountains of Hymettus, still famed for its honey, and Pentelicus noted for its fine marble, are six and twelve miles away respectively.

Athens is of great interest to us, first, because it was once the center of the most learned and powerful nation of the world of which Daniel and Zechariah both prophesy (Dan. 8 : 21 ; 10 : 20 ; 11 : 2 ; Zech. 9 : 13), and second, because the great Apostle had to contend with their philosophy.

Every reader of history knows that Greece, though only a small country, has a wonderful past, and that it would require much space simply to give the names of men who have been prominent in the political affairs of the nation, and that have made valuable contributions to art and literature. To the student we need only mention Miltiades with his ten thousand Greeks on the plains of Marathon, Leonidas with three hundred Spartans in the Pass of Thermopylæ, and Xenophon's Anabasis. To the world the names of Homer, Pericles, Phidias, Socrates, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle and Alexander the Great, will perhaps never die.

These ancients were heathens, but as Samson got honey from the carcass of a lion, so good sometimes comes of beastly men of beastly deeds. For instance, when the Macedonian country was included in Greece and Alexander was ruler he conquered the Holy Land in 332 B. C., and sufficiently established the Greek language in time to have the Gospel of Christ written in Greek, which is the best and purest of all ancient languages. On the title page of our Gospel we often see the words, "The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated out of the original Greek." Perhaps we never paused to think how it came to be written in that language when the writers were not native to Greece. The present language as well as the people has degenerated, though modern Greek bears a strong semblance to the ancient language.

The present inhabitants of Greece are not altogether the descendants of the ancient Greeks though they claim it and disfavor any statements to the contrary. So many cruel wars have frequently partially depopulated the country and given influx to elements of other nationalities that it is hard to tell just from whence they are. They appear well-built physically and have black eyes and very black hair. Their complexion is dark, but after all they are rather a handsome people.

The woman dress much as other European and American ladies except some of them wear a kind of black veil, worn also in other parts of the East. I noticed this especially at a Greek service in Damascus. The men have different forms of dress. Some have the usual dress while others from the mountainous districts especially wear a fez, very loose upper garments and tightly fitting leggings which make them look much like an Indian when

attired for a dance around his camp fire. One of them unbidden showed us how conveniently and showingly he could dance in his garb. Many of them wear shoes turned far up to a point at the toes with a gaudy tassel for ornamentation on each point. The priests of the Greek Church appear very primitive indeed and suggest to you the ancient Nazarenes. We saw them on the streets of every town in their long, black, flowing eastern robes and with high black caps. No razor or shears ever come to their heads and the hair grows full length.

Nearly all the inhabitants of Greece are members of the Greek Church. On Palm Sunday morning I attended service at the Greek cathedral in Athens. Here as well as in many other cathedrals nearly all the congregation stand during the service. The house is not supplied with seats and the people come and go continually. Small branches of some kind of tree were for sale at the entrance. These the members purchased and carried along to the service. There were many lighted candles and many pictures around in the cathedral. Their service is similar to the Roman Catholic service. They are opposed to musical instruments and to images in their worship however, they salute the pictures by kissing them and bowing to them. When all was ready to observe the communion the people rushed up around the priest and in rapid succession kissed his hand and then took the bread from it. At the same time to one side was another priest giving the wine in the same way to just a few that desired to partake of it, only the priest dipped the wine in their mouths with a spoon. Sometimes the bread is soaked in the wine that both may be given together. Much of this seems to us formality and idolatry, yet a young member said to me, "I am sure that my church is the best of all."

I sit on the summit of Mars' Hill or Areopagus, its Greek name, where the learned assembly of archons and ex-archons used to convene concerning the interest of public order and morality. Numerous projecting rocks look as though they had been chiseled for seats. One called the Orator's Stage looks as though it had been worn by the feet of speakers. The whole top of the hill is nearly solid rock which forms a platform or crown about a hundred feet wide and a little longer. As you come from the Acropolis, which is about one hundred yards on the east, the ascent to it is made by sixteen steps cut into the rock. Just behind the speaker's stand on the north, huge masses of rock have broken away in some remote period and left a perpendicular precipice fully forty feet high. Very little grass grows on the rocky crest and the occasional visits of goats and sheep keep it quite barren. The elevation has a gradual slope of about a thousand feet down to the road on the west. It is only a small hill after all.

A short distance on my northwest is the large temple of Theseus built about 470 B. C. It is the best preserved heathen temple not only of Athens

but of entire ancient Greece. This like most of the ancient buildings is constructed of the best of marble from Mount Pentelicus.

The Acropolis is a hill rising to the height of 370 feet. It has been cut away till its walls are nearly perpendicular. The top is 1200 feet long and 550 feet high. Large heathen temples dedicated to the worship of many gods and goddesses stood on the level surface of the summit. The most magnificent of all the ruins now is the Parthenon temple built by Pericles B. C. 444. In it was the colossal statue of the goddess Athena which was partly of ivory and gold measuring thirty-nine feet in height. The Acropolis was the earliest seat of the Athenian kings who here assembled their judicial and popular assemblies around them. Later the place was left solely to the worship of the gods.

Some distance east of the Acropolis are the ruins of the temple Jupiter Olympus. It was built for the worship of their principal god Jupiter, or Zeus, and is 353½ feet long and 134 feet wide. Only fifteen of the 120 huge Corinthian columns that formerly surrounded it now remain standing. These columns are of fine Pentelican marble and measure 56½ feet in height and 5 to 5½ feet in diameter. The only larger Greek temple known was the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Near the temple of Jupiter Olympus is the Stadion where the games were celebrated. The principal place for the famous Olympian games in honor of Zeus was at Olympia in the northeast part of Greece. They were celebrated every four years for a period of more than a thousand years and each period of four years was called an Olympiad. The athletes had to undergo ten months training preparatory for the contests which consisted of foot races, chariot races, wrestling, boxing, jumping, etc. The prize or crown to the winner consisted of branches from the sacred olive tree. Paul draws a spiritual lesson from these games with which the Corinthians were very familiar.

To the south of Mars' Hill against the foot of another hill in the so-called prison of Socrates. It is in the shape of a cistern and is hewn out of solid rock. At the bottom the diameter is eleven feet and at the top it is about four feet. Two large stone slabs, one of which remains, were carefully placed over the entrance above, while an entrance at the side was also doubtless very securely fastened. It is claimed he met imprisonment and death because he opposed the worship of many gods.

Paul had to contend with the grossest superstition and idolatry. It is likely those Gentiles never heard the name of Christ. They believed in many gods—a god of war, a god of peace, a god of the sea, a god of the winds that held them in a cave and occasionally let them sweep over the earth, a god to hurl the thunderbolts and, in fact, scores of special gods for special purposes, many of whom were supposed to have their abodes on the

mountain heights. In the museums of Athens are now preserved many of the statue images of the gods, likely some of which Paul looked upon when he saw the "city full of idols." The images are chiseled principally out of white marble and are in the likeness of men, beasts and part man and part beast or serpent. Paul and Barnabas had trouble with the same kind of worshipers at Lystra. When a cripple was healed the people said the gods of Jupiter and Mercurius had come down to them in the likeness of men. Massive temples with many large marble columns of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian style have been erected and dedicated to the worship of the false deities. Parts of many of the temples still remain and students of many countries go to Athens and other places in Greece, as well as to Rome and Pompeii, to study the architecture.

Much more might be given about ancient ruins, art, philosophy and eloquence, but let this suffice to remind the reader of the nature of Paul's visit, and the barriers in the way of Christianity. While the Apostle waited in Athens for Silas and Timothy to come from Berea from whence he had just fled for safety, he held up Jesus and the resurrection to the Jews and philosophers. As he walked the streets from day to day, his spirit was stirred within him at the idolatry of the city. Finally they brought him to Mars' Hill to hear what the "babbler" would say about his new doctrine. There he stood in the presence of orators, statesmen and philosophers to give a reason of his hope to them that asked. Turn which way he would there were manifestations of superstition and idolatry before him. Think of the many idol temples and theaters and gods of gold, silver and stone "graven by art and man's device" through the city and everywhere about him as he stood to speak the appropriate sermon. He at once adapted himself to the situation and took for a text the inscription "To the Unknown God" which he saw on a heathen altar down in the city. His sermon (Acts 17 : 22-31) is short and to the point. It shows his comprehension of God and His works, his fearlessness, his command of the Greek language and his acquaintance with the writings of the Grecian poets. Lastly, after he had paved the way he brings in Christ as the only means of salvation. As a result some mocked, some desired to hear more and Dionysius, Damaris and others believed, but no church was organized.

Just before leaving Athens I took a last walk to Mars' Hill and lingered for some time upon its summit to draw a mental picture of the scene as it was on the day that the beloved apostle stood in the midst of the "Hill" proclaiming the message of salvation to a senate of heathen worshippers.

But I would not always stay in Greece. One wants to go when the ship sails, even if you are not quite through looking. On the evening of April twenty-third I took the train to Piraeus, the seaport of Athens. There were two large vessels in the harbor just about ready to sail. I could not talk with

the Greek that rowed me to the ship, but I thought I was on the right vessel but was not. Having oranges with me I settled down in contentment to eat them. It makes bad travel if you should set out into the wide sea on the wrong vessel and in the wrong direction. There are no near stations to turn back from as from a mistaken train.—[*Young People's Paper.*

O BEAUTIFUL DAY.

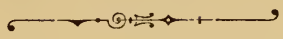
LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.

O beautiful day to live in!
  The hills in the blue vails of haze;
And the sunshine flooding the valleys
  Where the cattle in quiet graze.

O beautiful day to work in!
  The air full of heavenly wine,
And the thought of the world working with us
  In strength for the conquest divine.

O beautiful day to love in!
  Earth an altar, with nature the priest,
And the heart like a Moslem low kneeling
  The face of the Soul to the East.

A Cry From Australia.



[This story is reprinted from the N. Y. *Independent*, where it appeared in 1869.]

MR. EDITOR:

The enclosed MSS. came to me with a request to send it instantly to some widely circulating journal. I received it at midnight. I forward it at early dawn.

Yours agitatedly,

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.

KIND EDITOR:

Think not, from the apparently trivial nature of my introduction, that the statement I am about to make is unimportant; for oh— But let me be calm.

My native home is No. 29 ——— Street, Philadelphia. My house has been in the family for generations. It and the neighborhood are permeated with the deepest respectability. I am the father of three perfectly broken young women, and the husband of the best trained wife in Philadelphia. How, then, you will ask, have I incurred this misery? I was successful abroad and supreme at home. All my little whims were accommodated; for I had educated my family to devotedness. All my aspirations were fulfilled; for I was vice-president of three associations. All my tastes were gratified; for I did my own marketing. Yet I am most pitiable, Mr. Editor; for oh— But let me be coherent.

In an evil hour my females obtained my consent to spend the evening with a Mrs. Ponderit—a person barely within, I might say on the verge of, our hereditary social set. I accompanied them, to prevent them from being escorted home by a nephew of Mrs. P., whom I had reason to suspect of being literary.

One of the amusements of this house is the old-fashioned game of bagatelle. My daughters played well for novices—too well, indeed; for sharpness of calculation is not a pleasing trait in a female. And I was about to express my disapproval of the game when my youngest daughter, Martha, impatiently threw aside her cue, and took up a gentleman's, remarking that ladies' cues were foolish, and she wanted a little more power.

I instantly took our departure.

Was it or was it not a prophetic instinct that caused this unladylike expression to haunt my restless slumbers?

She wanted a little more power!

Next morning my wife observed, while standing on tip-toe to reach me my dressing-gown from the wardrobe: "Mr. Odeer, I have, I think I have an Idea."

"A what?" I asked, suspiciously.

"Oh, nothing. I only thought perhaps the reason why all the hooks and pegs and shelves in houses are so inconvenient to ladies is that the gentlemen plan all the houses."

This must have been put in her head by Mrs. Ponderlit.

"Mrs. Odeer," I responded, severely, "do you mean to say that females could plan houses."

I here turned upon her a look expressive of what a modern writer terms the "Conquering Male." It reduced her. And yet, am I sure that she totally abandoned the pernicious Idea?

How next to impossible it is to preserve in its pristine purity that sacred ignorance which is so essential a trait in the female character! Even at my own table, even from my own carefully selected family paper, was exploded on me one of those baneful, uncomfortable Ideas, that will finally subvert all existing institutions. "Just think," said my second daughter, Anna, pouring out my sherry (I am strictly temperate in my family, but a man, of course, needs a little something), "here is a young woman earning $10000 herself! And in such a grand way—a marble portrait of our President."

There was an unfeminine eagerness in her voice that called for instant rebuke.

"Girl!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say that *you* want to go out and earn your living? To herd with artists, and doctresses, and bloomers, and strong-minded females?"

"I should like to earn $10,000," she answered, wistfully.

"Do I not feed and clothe you?" I asked, in amazement. "Do I not even sometimes furnish you with pocket-money, when you can show me that you need it for a proper purpose?"

"I should like to know how it feels to earn it," was her absurd reply.

This was alarming; but worse was yet to come. That evening, stepping from my smoking-room—I should say study—suddenly into the parlor, I beheld a sight that raised the hair on my head. My eldest daughter, Mary, sitting directly opposite to, and gazing straight into the face of that person whom I had justly suspected of being literary. And these were the ridiculous, if not positively offensive, words he said:

"What new world do you see? Your eyes are open so wide. You look as I can imagine we shall all look at the first call on resurrection morning."

Now, mark the wildness of my daughter's reply:

"That is it; it *is* a resurrection. And you have called me."

Bewilderment choked my utterance. I turned unobserved, and left them staring in each other's faces.

After this, it was clear that something must be done. If the atmosphere of ——— Street had become as dangerously surcharged with Ideas as a modern lecture-room, it became my duty to move. To move, and at once. But where? I decided on New York. As my family is too well brought up to impede any motions of mine by inquiry or criticism, I was soon established at an inexpensive but perfectly quiet and comfortable hotel in that city.

Having settled my females at their plain but healthful dinner, I sallied forth to see a little of life. I had scarce reached Broadway ere I met an old-time acquaintance—one with whom I had been, in my youth, a little gay. At sight of him a sense of festive freedom revived within me.

"We will go to Delmonico's!" I cried, in a burst of enthusiasm. "We will honor old times. We will dine, we will drink; we will end with a roaring night!"

"Soft, my boy!" said my friend. "We shall not dine at Delmonico's. Delmonico dines to-day the ladies and gentlemen of the press."

I smiled. "You mean the gentlemen of the press."

"The gentlemen *and* the ladies. Gentlemen inviting lady, gentleman foots the farewell letter. Lady inviting gentleman, *vice versa*. Much fun, little wine, no spittoons. Gentleman offers sentiment, lady responds; and earth shudders not in her orbit. *Vivent les femmes!*"

Here was another blow: New York was clearly no refuge from the Ideas. I relinquished my festive intention; and, having seen my females suitably launched in an enlivening conversation with a lady of domestic tendencies, whom, with the aid of our hosts, I had selected for their acquaintance, I finished the evening quietly with my friend at the opera burlesque.

Returning, I unbosomed myself to the friend. "I leave this infected place, I ended, to-morrow. I will find some quiet city, which the vulgar spirit of agitation and clamor has not yet reached; some spot where women are seldom seen and never heard (except in ballet or opera), and where my females may still preserve that sacred ignorance which—"

"Stay!" said my friend, "did you give the name of that place?"

"It is many years since I was in Boston. Why do you sigh?"

"I was wondering," he answered, "whether your daughters might not be wanting to join the Women's Club; it is sustained by some of the very first women of Boston."

"A club of females! Yet, no, it cannot be; the first men in Boston would not allow. But do you allude to eccentric geniuses who write for a living, or people of real substance?"

"Oh, very much so," he replied, ambiguously. "And then the suffrage people! At the last election 100 female teachers of Boston asked for the ballot."

"Say no more," I answered. "I have a wealthy and valued relative in Springfield, Mass.; Mr. ———."

"An excellent man; I knew him in this city. But changed, sir; gone over to the rabble. I saw his wife's name in the memorial to the Massachusetts Legislature against the appropriation of any money for educational institutions which exclude women."

"So wealthy, so near a relative, and he is gone! Ah! now I bethink me of a little town in New Hampshire, named Concord; pretty place. I once stopped there."

"So did I, last December. Equal Rights Convention; president, Mrs. A. White: six clergymen, representing four denomination, all preaching female suffrage. Ah! I guess it won't do."

"Certainly not. My mind reverts to Washington. Of course, our patrician, conservative capital is the place to preserve that sacred.—Why do you groan?"

"I was thinking that the social leaders in Washington are apt to be our representatives and their families."

"Naturally."

"And when I think of such men as Brown, Anthony, Julian, Pomeroy, Wilson, Wade, and heaven knows how many others, all publicly preaching the ballot for women—"

Staggered, but not overthrown, I quickly answered: "Then am I resolved to betake me to the virgin West. Chicago, for instance."

"Never! A chronic earthquake; nothing stands there two days."

"Then will I venture into the wilds of Iowa. Why do you start?"

"I was thinking your daughter might want to enter the Iowa University; charter requires the same terms of admission for women and men."

"Disgusting! Yet there is Kansas. Why do you grin?"

"Did I? Oh, pardon. But I must read you an advertisement I clipped the other day from the Lawrence *Tribune:*

"*To whom it may Concern:* I hereby give notice that the sale of spirituous liquors to my husband is contrary to my wishes; and I shall prosecute, according to law, any person disregarding this notice."

CATERINE HAYES.

"Then," said I, firmly, "nothing is left me but to turn to the South. In Richmond, I have heard, there still remain some of the oldest families of our erring brethren. Surely, in that good old feudal atmosphere I may hope to preserve that—"

"Ah! I suppose you will write before making your final arrangements.

I understand the postal department is much improved under the superintendence of the new postmistress."

My courage began to falter. "John," I cried, "be merciful! Tell me, is there not a place called Jersey, disconnected from this rattling railroad-train of States, and reposing peacefully by the seaside? And cannot I certainly there preserve"—

"In Vineland, New Jersey," said John, in a hollow voice, "189 women went to the polls at the last election, and claimed the right to the ballot."

For a moment I sank; but my indomitable spirit soon restored me.

"My means are sufficient; why not take a bold step, and leave this headlong democracy forever? To England, then, to monarchy and moderation. There, at least, I shall have a chance to—"

"Hold!" cried John; "don't you know that in these atrocities Great Britain leads America? Suffrage associations in all the principal cities; women's club in London; girls attending Cambridge; meetings held constantly by noble and distinguished ladies, aided in and out of Parliament by such men as Kingsley, Mill, Gladstone, Sir John Coleridge, Lord Houghton, Sir Charles Dilke, M. P., Marquis Townshend—"

"Cease!" I exclaimed, disdainfully. "There are other parts of the globe, I hope. What do you say to gentle, careless Italy?"

"I say that Italy is awaking. The common people—gondoliers who never thought to learn anything but a song—are begging for education. And several academies and learned societies have decided to open their doors to women."

"Is it so? Alas! my beautiful Italy! Well, there is France."

"France has its widely-circulating *Journal des Femmes;* France has its female lecturers; France has translated Mill's 'Subjection of Women.' France, Sweden, Holland, Austria, Moravia—all give the franchise to a portion of their women. Berlin has her Victoria Lyceum, under the direction of the crown princess; St. Petersburg her university, under imperial patronage; Prussia her woman's educational movement."

My courage was oozing; still I faintly murmured: "The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!"

"In Greece," echoed John, "Queen Olga accompanies her husband to all the cabinet meetings."

"Heavens and earth! The world approaches its dissolution! But I *will* escape! I will preserve my rights, if I have to secure them in a Turkish harem!"

"The *Zeraki* of Stamboul," droned John, in a voice of inhuman disregard of my feelings, "issues a regular edition, on fine-tinted paper, for the benefit of the ladies of the harem. And wherever a newspaper enters, sooner or later 'that sacred,' you know, must die."

It was the last straw that broke me. Tortured, despairing, I shouted: "Speak no more! I know of one place yet unscathed by improvement. No one shall convince me that progress has found its way to Botany Bay."

"Do you mean to say," cried John, "that you will bury your family in Australia?"

"Farewell!" I responded. "I go!"

"Yet, stay!" he entreated. "Oh, stay; let me tell you something."

I was deaf to remonstrance. What right had he to pity my family? I ought to know, I hope, what is best for my females.

I must shorten my story. I started, I journeyed, I set foot on that land that was to free me from all my perplexities. It was the British Australian colony of Victoria.

Horror of horrors! What was the first thing I saw? Not a few reckless ostracised females, separating themselves from the herd of their shrinking sex to squall and argue for what they might never get; but all the women, with an utterly shameless, matter-of-course indifference, walking to the polls!

Mr. Editor, as I am a living sufferer, every woman in this hideous colony has a good a right to vote as I!

My aims are defeated. My spirit is broken. My females have irrevocably lost their sacred ignorance, and with it their confiding reliance on me. If I return, my daughter Martha will learn a trade; my Anna will become a roving artist; my Mary will marry the literary person, and write articles for his paper, with her name to them. If I remain, my wife may become a dignitary in the place, elected by heavy majorities over my head. Tell me, is there yet a Gilead? Speak, kind Editor, and soon.

Yours distractedly,

SIMON ODEER.

Truth and Honor with Children.

"I HATE lies!" said my sister one day.

"Perfectly proper, Nell," said I. "'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, too."

"Well, I really can see no excuse for a lie."

"Can't you? I can. Unwarranted curiosity about one's private affairs, for instance. You must surely recall the time that prying Miss Staples asked you if you were engaged, before a soul knew of your engagement outside of our family. Do you remember what you said?"

My sister blushed. "Yes,—I—lied."

"You did, Nell; and it was a justifiable act, too."

"I'm not sure of that. I think, if such an instance should occur now, I would escape with neither confession nor lies."

"Possibly."

"I always did try to speak the truth," continued Nell. "But I believe I dislike lies much more since I have children. I do so hate to have them untruthful."

I laughed, recalling some of little Frank's latest prevarications. "Did you have such a siege of it with Doris?" I asked.

"Doris had her time, but the motive in her case was a different one. Frank is ingenious and originates a lie to gain some end, principally for the pleasure of his stomach. Doris is tempted by fear, or, rather, shame, because of some naughty thing she wishes to hide."

"Do you mean that she still does it?" I asked in surprise, not having noticed anything of the kind in the five-year-old.

"Yes, occasionally; but I can generally get her to be perfectly truthful by not making too much of the offence she is trying to conceal, She understands now that I can endure the knowledge of any sin if she is straightforward in confessing it. It surprises me, however, that it should take so long to teach my children to be truthful."

"Perhaps you are reaping the harvest of your lie to Miss Staples!"

"Don't," said Nell, shivering. "But, really, I have tried so constantly never to be severe with Doris when she tells me of wrong-doing that I can't understand why I must still handle her so carefully. Often I must coax the truth from her, but I never consciously let her go without getting her to tell me it all."

"Both the children have good imaginations," I said.

"Yes; but they rarely are untruthful from the impulse of that alone. A few times they have told me of events that I knew had not occurred; and I have said at the end, 'That's a make-believe story, isn't it?" And they admitted it frankly enough."

"Then, too, don't you think children sometimes dream things that seem to them true?"

"Undoubtedly; we must make allowance for that."

"Well," I said, "Doris and Frank trust you implicitly, Nell; and that will certainly make your task easier."

"Yes," said my sister, looking pleased. "I think they do trust me, and they ought to. I have never consciously told either child the whitest kind of a lie. How could I expect them to be truthful, if they ever heard me say what was not true? As it is, I believe when they are older they will grow to love truth as much as I do. We often talk about fairies and brownies, and they understand these are creatures of fancy. And, perhaps as something more of a reality, we have looked upon Santa Claus. For I want my children to have all the fun that others do, and I half believe in the jolly old man myself. But last Christmas Eve Doris said, as I undressed her, 'Is Santa Claus real or believing, mamma?" And what could I do? Was I to tell my child a first lie merely to give her a little more fun?"

"I know well enough what you did," I replied.

"Of course I said, 'It's only believing, Doris, like the brownies.' 'Who gives us the presents, mamma?' Doris asked. 'Oh, papa and mamma, and friends,' I answered. 'But I want you to get just as much fun out of it as if it were true. So, when you wake up to-morrow and find your stocking full, I hope you'll say, just as if it were true: 'Goody, goody! Santa Claus has been here, and filled our stockings?' 'I will, I will,' said Doris, laughing gleefully. And so she did."

That night, as the children were eating their supper in the nursery, their mother and I sitting in an adjoining room, Frank called out:

"Mamma, Doris jus' took anuvver spoonful of jam."

"I didn't," said Doris.

"There it is!" said Nell, getting up. Presently I heard her in the nursery, asking cheerfully:

"Most through supper, children?"

Then the voices rippled on, evidently discussing the indifferent subjects. With some curiosity, I arose, and looked in through the nursery door. Nell stood beside the little table, one hand gently stroking Doris' head.

"Would you like some more jam, Doris?"

"No, mamma."

"She took—" began Frank.

"You needn't tell me," said his mother. "Doris will, I am sure. Don't say anything that isn't true, darling; it will make me feel so badly. Did you take some jam?"

"Yes, a little."

"Did you have all you wanted? Wouldn't you like some more?"

Then Nell kissed her, saying, "I'm so glad you told me the truth," and immediately began talking of other things.

My sister's comment on the matter, later, was this:

"Of course, the principal thing is to get them to be truthful. Jam is entirely unimportant compared with truth."

When, later, we went down to tea, we saw Doris's doll on a chair in the dining-room. Don't let me forget," said Nell. "I promised to put Rosie in the playhouse before I went to bed." Neither of us thought of the doll again during the evening.

That night I awoke from my sleep at the sound of careful footsteps in the hall. I feared one of the children might be ill, and looked out. At that moment my sister was about to enter the nursery.

"Any one sick?" I asked.

"No," said Nell, in a whisper. "I forgot this," holding up the doll.

"What time is it?"

"About half-past two."

At breakfast Nell told me how she had waked suddenly in the night with the thought of the doll. "I wouldn't lightly break my word to the children. Where an older person might understand an omission for good reasons, a child would lose confidence in you. Children are very sharp observers, and very critical. Once I hastily threatened to punish Doris if she did a certain wrong thing again. Not long after she repeated the offence; and, as I hated to punish her, I looked about for an honorable escape from doing it. She had hurt Frank. I said, if she would tell Frank she was sorry, and try very hard to be good to him in the future, I would excuse her that time. She did what I asked, and all seemed happily settled; but, some time after, when I found occasion to tell the children how carefully one should keep his promises, Doris remarked, 'You broke your word once, didn't you, mamma?' And I learned, by a few questions that the little midget had given me a black mark because of my leniency to her that day. That taught me a lesson; and I have been more careful since to promise less, but to keep my word absolutely unless circumstances beyond my control make that course impossible. In such a case (which rarely happens), I explain the matter fully to the children."

One afternoon, as Nell and I started off on a walk with the little ones, Frank said he had forgotten his whistle. "If you want it, go and get it," said his mother

"Will you wait for me?"

"Yes; I'll wait right here."

So the little fellow ran back to the house. I have seen children look behind to see if an agreement were kept, but it did not occur to Frank to feel any doubt. It was a sunny spot where we stood, and I suggested that we should cross the street and wait under a tree.

"You go with Doris," said Nell, "but I will stay here. Frank is so little that he might think I had failed to keep my promise if I budged from the spot."

Then, humorously, she drew a circle about her in the gravel. We did not wait long for Frank. I said to him: "You see mamma kept her word and waited for you."

"Course she did!" said Frank. "I would be 'shamed of her if her did't!"

I carefully watched my sister through the remainder of my visit, and I never heard the slightest prevarication from her, although, now that my mind had been especially directed to the subject of truth-telling and the exact keeping of promises, I noted with horror the prevalence in other families of the apparent belief that no responsibility is to be attached to lies or breaches of honor with little ones.

I heard mothers say: "If you do that again, you can have no candy to-day." And the box of candy would be brought by the delinquent and partaken of before my very eyes.

"Where is my baby sister?" said a little tot, one day, to his mother. "I don't know," said she. "Perhaps God has taken her away. You know you struck her." And the little sister was at the time enjoying her customary carriage-ride in the care of the nurse-girl.

"Does it taste bad?" said Doris, drawing back as her mother was about to give her a spoonful of medicine.

"I don't like it," said her mother, "but perhaps you will not mind it. When I have to take it, I swallow it as quickly as I can."

"No matter how desirable the end may seem," my sister often said, "no lies!"

Nell and I looked down from a window upon the children, one day, as they played with little neighbors, and we heard Tommy, who lives next door, and is a year older than Doris, say:

"Let's come and ask your mother; she won't fool us." And it seemed to me that out of the mouth of babes Nell's praise was perfected.—[*Christian Register*.

The Dashing Private Secretary.

JOHN PENDLETON.

I WAS rather gratified, on sauntering into my club, in Piccadilly, to find myself buttonholed by one of the party organizers, with the request that I should go down to Lancashire, without delay, and put in a good word for Col. Spriggs, who was a loyal member, but a little irascible and no orator.

The next morning, with my leather bag crammed with political literature (which included the handbook for candidates) I was on my way to Spriggs' place.

After several attempts to break through the taciturnity of my fellow passengers, I got into conversation with a stolid agriculturist. Thinking I had gained his confidence, I gave him a leaflet which indicated the measures our party had brought forward. He produced his spectacles leisurely, wiped them with a red (white spotted) handkerchief, perused the leaflet, and read for a quarter of an hour. His face, meanwhile, was unmoved as if cut in grindstone.

"That's a rare bit of gammon," he said quietly, handing back the paper. "It won't go down here, with wheat at 20 shillings a quarter."

Nor could I get another word out of him. Throughout my journey I found the same disinclination to talk.

I was quite disheartened as the groom (who had awaited my arrival at Deepborough) drove me to his master's house. I felt that my eloquence would be of no avail against the stony strength of local connections, that my most impassioned words would be hurled against their granite minds in vain.

Col. Spriggs gave me a hearty welcome in the hall apologizing with a whimsical glance at his gouty foot, for his absence at the station. He was a tall, broad shouldered, ruddy man, apparently about 60.

"I have given instructions for early dinner," he said, limping and wheezing before me to the door of my room. "You have traveled a long distance--neither soldier nor politician can work on an empty stomach."

The dinner was excellent in appointment, but to my surprise, it was not served in the dining room. It was placed on a round table in the colonel's study.

The study had the appearance of a candidate's committee room. The

long tables beneath the windows were heaped with election literature, and with vividly colored cards, bearing my host's portrait, and the words, "Vote for the colonel. Good trade and prosperity."

I was admiring one of these florid pictures, and wondering how the odor of printing ink would blend with the flavor of soup, when I heard the rustle of a woman's dress, and a voice like a man's saying, "I have sent out the circulars and arranged the meetings, sir."

"O, here's my secretary," remarked Spriggs. "Let me introduce you. Miss Flint—Mr. Whitworth."

I bowed. So did the lady.

"You'd better dine with us, Dorothy," said the colonel. "The gentleman has come down from headquarters to help me. You can tell him what you have done, and what you think of my prospects."

The woman impressed me. The colonel was tall, but she was at least three inches taller, and was of a spare and sinewy frame. Attired in a gray tweed habit fastened with a belt at the waist, she looked Amazonian. Her gray eyes were keen and penetrating, and her mouth rather large, but thin lipped, and firmly set.

She had two fine qualities. She could work and she could organize. During dinner she revealed the fact, invaluable in a private secretary, that she was a political cyclopaedia. She was familiar with the questions on which the election would turn, where Spriggs might look for stanch support, and where the doubtful voters lurked. She was, to quote the colonel's description, "worth her weight in gold."

"Where did you find your paragon—I mean your Dorothy?" I asked the colonel, in the smoke room, that evening.

"I did not seek her—she fell over me—nearly crushed me at the station," he replied, indulging in his peculiar laugh again, and struggling with a cloud of inhaled cigar smoke.

"You're joking," I remarked.

"It was no joke," he said, with renewed laughter and a volcanic cough. "It was painful. She strode against a luggage barrow, overthrew me, and knocked me breathless. When she recovered her handbag, she observed in a voice that was heard above the noise of traffic: 'I've no patience with men. They're so stupid.'"

"A pleasant introduction," I hazarded.

"Yes, very," he went on. "The joke came afterward. When I got home, she was sitting grimly in the hall, with a letter in one hand, a bundle of testimonials in the other, and her handbag sandwiched between her feet, lest the house dog should nibble it. She had arrived in reply to my advertisement for a private secretary. I had a notion that she was a smart woman; I thought it was only just that inasmuch as she had knocked me down, she

ought to do her best to put me on my legs in the constituency again. I engaged her, and I have not regretted my bargain."

"Is it wise?" I ventured to ask, with the distrust of human nature that inevitably springs from a legal training.

"Wise, man! It's a victory. No agent has a chance against her. She works night and day. The woman's worried my opponent to death. She originates perplexing questions, and persuades mild looking electors to heckle him at his meetings. The man's at his wits' end. She's worked the election at less cost and with greater efficiency than I have ever known at any previous contest."

"You don't mean to say that you have given her a free hand to finance it?"

"Certainly—why not?"

"O, nothing, you know best." I remarked, taking the brass candlestick off the landing table, wishing the colonel "good night" and going meditatively to bed.

Sometimes I addressed three meetings a day, catching the mill hands in the dinner hour, the farmers at market and the quarrymen at night. I was more successful as an orator than I expected.

He depended upon me so thoroughly that he telegraphed from a friend's house in the northern circuit of his constituency asking me to work through the southern portion of the division during the last two days of the contest.

On looking at the time table I found the only available train left Deepborough at 5 o'clock. I rang for the butler and told him to order the dog-cart for 4 o'clock.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

"Deepboro station," I replied.

"Very sorry, sir," he said, returning to the study after a few minutes' absence. "James (the coachman) tells me the dog-cart's out. Miss Flint thought you were away with the squire at Tupton Bridge, and has driven to the station."

"O, it doesn't matter. If pressed for time I can ride 'Boxer'"

Several letters needed attention before I could get to the station. The study tables were strewn with papers, directories and voting lists; but the lady secretary's desk, in accordance with Miss Flint's methodical custom, was neat and clean.

I seated myself at it. The desk bore only a white blotting pad, marked with pencil sketches and fragments of writing. I vaguely wondered why Dorothy, now every moment was so precious, should go jaunting off in the dog-cart.

My gaze wandered to the right hand corner of the blotting pad. It is one of my accomplishments that I can, like any printer, read type or handwriting upside down, and as I lazily, then eagerly deciphered the topsy-

turvy caligraphy on the blotting paper I gave a low whistle of surprise. There was no doubt about it. I took the top sheet off the blotting pad, turned it over, and held it to the light. Dorothy had given another proof of her resources.

In five minutes "Boxer" was saddled, and I was on his back. The roadster covered the three miles with a sweeping stride, and there was not a fleck of foam on his bit when he carried me over the smooth stones of Deepboro market place.

I drew rein at the piazza that kept the afternoon sun out of the old-fashioned banking house of Messrs. Hurdforth, Rutt & Co.

"Is the manager within?" I asked, trying to speak calmly.

"No, sir; I'm in charge for the remainder of the day," replied the clerk.

"You have had one of Col. Spriggs' checks presented this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Did you pay it?"

"Oh, yes; fortunately it was market day, or I could not have met it."

"Unfortunately you mean. Because it is a forgery!"

"Never!" exclaimed the middle aged gentleman, disturbed from his official quietude, and speaking with dry lips and a tremor of frame.

He thrust his hand into the drawer and spread the cheque before me for inspection. It looked genuine enough.

"It's all right, sir. I could swear to the colonel's signature anywhere," said the clerk.

"Nonsense," I retorted. "The signature has no flourish. The 's' is altogether different, and the 'g's' are not the colonel's. I'm sure I'm right." I continued. "The check is dated to-day. The colonel could not possibly have written it. He is at Tupton Bridge miles away."

"My God, I'm ruined!" groaned the clerk, great drops of sweat breaking out and gleaming on his forehead as if in mockery of his trouble.

"Not quite," I blurted out. "You paid the money to a masculine kind of woman?"

"Yes,—sir, you have accurately described her. She came in the colonel's dog-cart, and was certainly imperious."

"Get a police officer and follow me to the station."

The train ran into the station as I pulled up on the gravel. Spriggs' groom was there with the dog-cart. In reply to my swift inquiry he said Miss Flint was going away—to hunt up doubtful voters. I hurried upon the platform, and saw to my annoyance that the train was on the move. I leaped into the guard's van, telling the railway servant just enough of my errand to make him raise his eyebrows in amazement.

We had a crawl of nine miles to Heather Cliffe, the first stopping place. There, only four passengers alighted—a hawker, a farmer, the village con-

stable and a gentleman. The latter, who carried a portmanteau, was very tall and straight. He wore navy blue trousers, a gray checked traveling cape and cap to match. His hair was jet black, so was his moustache, and it seemed to have quite a sardonic curl, contrasting strangely with the pallor of his face.

The train restarted. As the guard's van rattled slowly past the distinguished looking stranger I gave him a searching glance. Our eyes met. He started, flushed and turned sharply away. I sprang from the van, and shouted to the constable, "Arrest this person!"

The officer, though surprised, and a little bewildered, obeyed my sharp command, placing his big hand on the gentleman's arm, and detaining him.

The station master a stout, pompous individual, bustled up, and aggressively asked, "What is the charge?"

"Forgery!" was my laconic reply. "Take the prisoner into the waiting room," I said to the constable. He did so. I followed, with the station master at my heels.

"Now, sir, where is your warrant?" asked the officer.

"I have no warrant," I said, shortly.

"What proof have you that the man has committed forgery?"

"He is not a man—he's a woman! A man does not usually wear a lady's kid-topped boots."

In an instant their eyes focussed on the prisoner's feet. They were undoubtedly encased in a pair of fashionable boots—broad sevens it is true—but still lady's.

"I should not attempt to escape if I were you," I said, standing with my back to the door. "Perhaps you will remove your wig and moustache. You have no further use for them, and they must be uncomfortable."

With a dogged, hunted movement the prisoner ungloved. The hands revealed were a woman's. They touched the moustache and the false thing was flung irritably to the ground. They removed the traveling cap and wig and disclosed Miss Flint's brown hair.

*** *** ***

Miss Flint was a sharp woman, but even a sharp woman is liable to forget something. She was careful to get into a compartment alone and to adopt a clever disguise, but it was a pity for her own sake, though not for the sake of justice, that she omitted to change her boots! No doubt in the monotony of penal servitude this lapse of mind caused her some self-reproach.

The colonel's faith in dashing lady secretaries was rudely shaken, but he won his election.

As for myself I have no reason to regret the part I took in the detection and capture of a notorious woman whose talents had always inclined to crime, for my own success sprung from her conviction, and I am not only a Q. C., but a member of parliament.—[*Pearson's Weekly.*

THE WORLD.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The world is well lost when the world is wrong,
  No matter how men deride you
For if you are patient, and firm and strong,
You will find in time (though the time be long)
  That the world wheels 'round beside you.

If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought track
  For awhile it will scourge and score you:
Then, coming abreast with skilful tack,
It will clasp your hand and slap your back
  And vow it was there before you.

The world means well though it wander and stray
  From the straight, short cut to duty:
So go ahead in that path, I say,
For after awhile it will come your way,
  Bringing its pleasures and beauty.

Ellen Ramsay's Groove.

LILLIE C. FLINT.

"I'VE heard mother say that if any one only could get into the right groove, he would be happier," said Ellen Ramsay.

"I suppose she meant by that that a person was more contented if he were doing the work that he was fitted for, and not what he disliked," answered her sister, as she sat at the foot of the bed.

It was a pleasant day in the last of March, and the place was a little house in California. Ellen and Rhoda Ramsay had been left two years before, at the death of their widowed mother, to the care of their grandfather. The grandfather had a little spot of ground which he cultivated, and which gave them their living, mostly by means of the small fruits that he raised, and in this the girls were a great help.

They picked the berries, arranged them in baskets, and made it easier for the old man to take them to market in the little village five miles away. But it seemed necessary to do something to add to their income, and Ellen had studied until she was able to get a third grade certificate, and now she was going to Humboldt to teach for six months.

The room which the girls occupied was a long narrow one, with a large window on one side and a smaller one at the end. The sun came in at the large window in the morning and filled the room with brightness. The windows had no curtains and the furniture was poor and shabby; there was little attempt at ornamentation. Rhoda had made paper flowers in pink and green that gave a spot of color on the walls, and Ellen had placed over the old bureau a branch of ash with its pale yellow keys, and against the wall had hung bunches of oak leaves with their innumerable shades of brown.

The girls had but little time for "fixing up" their room. They made their own dresses, took care of the house, helped in the garden, and so had little leisure for anything else. "I hope that you'll try to read what you can while I'm away," said Ellen, "and if you could get a certificate, too, we could both teach. You would like that."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Rhoda, without much animation. "Teaching is the easiest thing that a woman can do to earn money if she has to make her own living, but it's going to be an awful hard thing for me to do it.

You see, Ellen, that I never cared for books as you do, and I wouldn't study a bit if it were not for the sake of earning money some time."

"Rhoda," said Ellen, after thinking a minute, "I have always wanted to write, and I believe that I could if I only had the time. I'm going to try Saturdays when I get to school. Mr. Rexford, the editor of the *Call*, said that he wished I would write about the resources of the country there, and I'm sure that I could do that."

"Ellen," said Rhoda, "did Mr. Rexford say anything to you about that machine that you fixed to wash dishes?"

"No, why?"

"Well, he told me that you might make something out of it if you tried, for he said that it was very ingenious. But you would have to get it patented, and that would cost seventy-five dollars.

"I shall get thirty dollars a month and board," said Ellen slowly; "that will give me one hundred and eighty dollars, but I wanted to give most of it to grandfather, and then I ought to have a year at a normal school if I am going to teach."

"If I could go to a normal school I would be willing to try something," said Rhoda, "but just to try to study here with you gone, I shall never do anything."

"Perhaps we may find some other way to earn money," said Ellen. "You shall go to school just as much as I do, and after a while we may both be able to teach."

After Ellen reached her destination, which was in one of the then rather obscure parts of the state, the first Saturday was spent in writing to Mr. Rexford about the localty, in a simple letter. The return mail brought her a note from him saying that as this was a family letter she might like to make it into a newspaper article giving the same information. Ellen began, telling how much lumber and what kind, how many cows and sheep to the acre, how much butter and wheat were produced, and after a while sent it to Mr. Rexford. Promptly came a letter containing fifteen dollars, and it also asked for more matter, and Ellen had the satisfaction of earning that year one hundred dollars, with which she felt that she could do as she liked.

When she reached home again after the term was over, she consulted with Mr. Rexford, and the hundred dollars was spent in getting a patent for the dish-washer. But it was not a success and with one exception nothing came of it. A man in San Francisco wrote to her asking if she would take three thousand dollars for her interest on the Pacific Coast, and Ellen immediately telegraphed that she would, but by the time her message reached the man, he had changed his mind, and so nothing came of Ellen's patent.

The grandfather died and upon Ellen came the burden of deciding what should be done. She wanted Rhoda to have the best time in life that she

could get for her, for she had been in a sense a second mother to her, and she decided that Rhoda must go to a normal school and be educated so that she could do her best in life.

Under these conditions it was necessary to have an immediate income, and the only thing which would bring that in at once was sewing. So with her sister she moved to the town in which a normal school was located, and while her sister went to school she sewed for the money that gave them their support.

She was discouraged about writing. She liked it and it had been much pleasure to her. If she could have fitted into that groove she wonld have been content, but she had made up her mind that her work at present was to fit her sister into a groove that would be easy and all her energies were bent toward this. All the writing that she could get time to do were her sister's essays, for she wrote them all, and she heard with pride the remark that Rhoda delivered "them just splendid," it never occurring to her that the talent lay in the writing instead of the reading.

In four years Ellen had her sister fitted for her groove, and had the satisfaction of knowing that she was content with her work. There was an older sister who had married long before, and now her daughter, Minerva, seeing the success of the teacher aunt, also wanted to attend school. As there was no money Ellen went to work to fit her for the place she coveted.

She sewed steadily, making, in addition to her other work, the pretty dresses for her niece so that she could go as the others did and have the good times that had not fallen to Ellen's lot.

Her sewing was from house to house, and no one knew the humiliation that the poor, proud woman felt as she went, as she said, like a servant and sometimes not treated so well. But at last Ellen was taken sick, and as she lay with the fever, she one day heard Rhoda talking with the elder sister. "It seems strange that Ellen with all her dressmaking has never saved any money," she said, and the elder sister agreed in wondering whatever Ellen could have done with it not to have any when she came to be sick.

Ellen turned over on the pillow so that no one should see that she was crying, and thought to herself, "Well, Rhoda is happier than if she had to go from house to house to earn her living."

Ellen recovered slowly, and there seeming to be nothing else but the sewing, she went back to it again. But one day she received a letter from a firm in Pittsburg, asking her of a patent that they heard that she was not using. It was the dish-washer. Would she sell it? She consulted a lawyer, the arrangements were made, the firm giving her the sum of five thousand dollars down, and a small royalty on each machine.

She could hardly believe it. Now she could do what she had a mind to. She was too old to fit herself for a teacher; she had spent the better

part of her life in fitting others into their grooves. But no w there was no more going out to earn her living in the peripatetic way that she had always disliked. She could settle down into a groove of her own.—[*A True Republic.*

"I go where the shadows deepen and the end
seems far off yet—
God keep thee safe from the sharing of this
woeful late regret!
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever thy
life befall,
The crosses we make for ourselves, alas! are
the heaviest ones of all."

A WELCOME TO THE 79TH ANNIVERSARY OF MY NATAL DAY.

ALICE A. HOLMES.

[*For Talks and Tales.*]

Oh, kind Pegasus bid me soar
  And mount upon thy brightest wing,
That gaily to my natal day
  I may a joyous welcome sing.

Yes, though beyond threescore and ten
  Nine golden years have circled past,
And with the tenth, bright visions dawn
  And scenes enchanting round me cast.

The aches and ills of years increased,
  May mar the joys that to me flow,
  Yet love and friendship, warm and true,
Will cheer me with their sunny glow.

And still the young, the bright, the fair,
  Sweet chaplets for me fondly twine,
Though sorrows deep their shadows cast;
  I'm glad a ripe old age is mine.

For life is still with charms replete,
  And oft along its winding way
I gather flowers that cheer the heart
  And will not wither nor decay.

Thrice welcome then, my natal day,
  While time upon his faithful wings,
Thy sweet return with joy serene,
  Will calm and peaceful halos bring.

Feb. 9th, 1900.

A Famous Song.

ALL the world over, there is probably no song of parting that is so frequently sung at Christian assemblages as the famous benediction hymn, "God be with you till we meet again." It was written by Professor Jeremiah Eames Rankin expressly to furnish the Master's followers with a Christian good-bye. It is sung everywhere around the globe; whatever the latitude, the climate, the complexion, the language, the parting greeting of believers is the same—"God be with you till we meet again." It is not given to every man to see in his own life-time such honor and recognition paid to the product of his pen as Dr. Rankin has received for this hymn. The great camp-meeting assemblies, the world-embracing Woman's Temperance Union, as well as the Societies of Christian Endeavor, have put upon it their approval. It has been translated into all languages, and it is embraced among the numbers of all the late foreign hymn-books. It is, perhaps, as likely to live as the word "good-bye," of which it is but the Christian unfolding.

The first verse of this hymn, then the only one written, was sent to W. G. Tomer, a New Jersey singing-master, to be set to music. Mr. Tomer sent back the music as it now stands, with this exception, that J. W. Bischoff, the organist of Dr. Rankin's congregation and the associate editor of the volume of Gospel melodies in which the hymn first appeared, made certain rhythmical changes and improvements in the arrangement of the chorus. This is Dr. Rankin's remembrance of the facts. He has made special efforts to recall the whole history of the musical part, so happy and so important to the success of the hymn. The music for the hymn has been written for the piano, and also for the organ, with attractive variations, while the words have been beautifully illustrated by Miss Helen F. Strong.

Dr. Rankin has written many other hymns, among them "Long Live America," and "Great Mother over the Sea;" indeed, scarcely a Sunday goes by without the use of some of his compositions in the Howard University chapel. His hymns have been arranged to music by such composers as J. W. Bischoff, W. H. Pontius, O. H. Evans, Rev. Dr. Lorenz, Rev. Dr. Mallary, Rev. S. Morrison, Thoro Harris, and others.

Dr. Rankin is President of Howard University, Washington, D. C. He

was born in Thornton, N. H., where his father, Rev. Andrew Rankin was Home Missionary Pastor of the Congregational Churches in both Campton and Thornton. His parentage on his father's side was Scotch. James Rankin and Margaret Witherspoone, both from Paisley, two of the early settlers of Littleton, N. H., being the first representatives in this country. They were of an enterprising and sturdy race, giving their decided impress; both in church and in civil affairs, to their period. Repeatedly did James Rankin and his sons, General David Rankin and Captain Andrew Rankin, represent that town and the adjoining towns in the State Legislature while Melinda, the daughter of David, distinguished herself by planting the first Protestant schools for girls in Texas and Mexico, and several of the sisters taught and settled in the West. Dr. Rankin's mother was Lois Eames, daughter of Colonel Jeremiah Eames, whose father was one of the first settlers of Northumberland, N. H. His great grandfather on his mother's side, was Col. William Williams, who was commended to Congress by Ethan Allen, and who commanded a regiment at the Battle of Bennington, and whose praise is spoken by General Stark, in his report. Colonel Williams married Zilpah Wilder, a deseendant of Nicholas Wilder, Esq., of Sulham House, near Reading, Berkshire, England, whose heirs still own the estate given him by Henery VII., for military srvices at Bosworth Field (1485), and five of whose posterity have been rectors of Sulham Church, the present rector being Rev. Henry B. Wilder, D. D. There is an armorial motto which would seem to imply that the valor of the family had been displayed in the taking of walled towns; *Virtuti Moxnia Cedant.* Colonel Williams had seen service in the French and Indian wars, was a member of the Colonial Legislature and secured charters for several Vermont towns, and finally removed to one of the eastern townships of (then) Lower Canada. Dr. Rankin graduated at Middlebury College in 1848, and in 1854 at Andover Theological Seminary. His pastorates have been in Potsdam, N. Y., St. Albans, Vt., Lowell, Mass., Boston, Mass., Washington, D. C., and Orange, N. J. His longest pastorate was in Washington City, where he remained fifteen years, where his audience-room was crowded to the doors, and where his church led in revivals, temperance, human rights, and all practical reforms; and he had among his hearers not less than two score of some of the most distinguished men then in the public service, among whom were Luke Poland, Henry Wilson, James G. Blaine and W. A. Buckingham. Dr. Rankin delivered the memorial address in the Senate Chamber on the death of Vice-President Wilson, and assisted as one of the chaplains when President Garfield was buried from the Capitol. Of his ministry in Washington, Prof. Austin Phelps, of Andover, said it was "the coronation of all his Andover instructors." Among these instructors were Professors E. A. Park, W. G. T. Shedd, and Prof. Phelps himself.

In 1889, Dr. Rankin was unanimously elected President of Howard University, having previously served there as Professor of Pastoral Theology, and as a trustee. During his administration, the number of students has advanced more than fifty per cent., four new buildings have been erected, and several new departments have been established. Every month Dr. Rankin publishes *The Howard Standard*, printed by the students, each number of which contains a sermon of his, especially suited to the wants of young people, delivered in the Andrew Rankin Memorial Chapel, a chapel erected in the memory of his brother, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. He has to-day in press a volume of sermons entitled *Elective Affinity, and Other Sermons for Young Men and Young Women.* Of his sermons Prof. Park, Joseph Cook, LL. D., and Prof. Austin Phelps have all spoken or written in the most appreciative and admiring terms. His literary style is simple, epigrammatic, sententious, and direct.

Dr. Rankin teaches daily in Howard University, conducts the mid-day worship there, and exercises a strict but kindly oversight over all departments. The pupils at present number some 700, and are of many nationalities. The institution is partly supported by the Government, and tuition in most of its departments is free. Among its original founders was Gen. O. O. Howard, whose name it bears, and who, with ex-Commissioner Eaton and President Gallaudet, and other distinguished men, is also a trustee. The late Frederick Douglass and B. K. Bruce were also among Dr. Rankin's parishioners and members of the same corporation.

Dr. Rankin's work has not all been in the pulpit, nor in educational circles. He has published a volume of German translations, and has been a regular contributor to the religious press. He has written Scotch poetry, which George Macdonald, the distinguished Scottish author, has pronounced remarkable. One of his poems, "The Babie,"

"Nae shoe to hide her tiny taes,"

has been introduced into Bryant's *Cyclopedia of Poetry*, where it is wrongly attributed to Hugh Miller. Most of these poems are of a domestic character and all are characterized by purity, pathos, and rhythmic beauty.—[*The Christian Herald.*

Sketches, from Our Exchanges.

HOME OF AMERICAN DIAMONDS.

The dissemination of information regarding the lake diamonds through the region of the moraine should serve the two-fold purpose of encouraging the search for buried stones and of discovering diamonds in the little collections of "lucky stones" and local curios which accumulate on the clock shelves of country farmhouses. When it is considered that three of the largest diamonds thus far found in the region remained for periods of seven, eight and sixteen years respectively in the hands of the farming population, it can hardly be doubted that many other diamonds have been found and preserved as local curiosities without their real nature being discovered.

If diamonds should be discovered in the moraines of eastern Ohio, of western New York, considerable light would thereby be thrown upon the problem of locating the ancestral home. More important than this, however, is the mapping of the Canadian wilderness to the southeastward and eastward of James bay, in order to determine the direction of ice movement within the region, so that the tracking of the stones already found may be carried nearer their home. The director of the geological survey of Canada is giving attention to this matter, and has also suggested that a study be made of the material found in association with the diamonds in the moraine so that if possible its source may be discovered.

With the discovery of new localities of these emigrant stones and the collection of data regarding the movement of the ice over Canadian territory, it will perhaps be possible the more accurately and definitely to circumscribe their home country, and as its boundaries are drawn closer and closer, to pay this popular jewel a visit in its ancestral home, there to learn what we so much desire to know regarding its genesis and its life history.

THE MONTHS.

All of our months were named by the Romans a great many years ago. One of the months looks back on the old year and it looks ahead to the young or new year, so it was named for a god whom the Romans worshipped. He was represented as having two faces, looking in opposite directions. One of them was old and the other was young. His name was Janus. Another month was named for the God of War. May was named for Mala, a god-

dess who was the mother of the good Mercury, and June was named for Jupiter's wife, June. While most months alternate with 30 and 31 days, July and August came together with 31 days. That is because these months were named for two emperors, Julius and Augustus Caesar. It would not have done to give one a longer month than the other received, so both were given 31 days.

In early times the Romans had only ten months, with names that meant first month, second month, and so on. Four of those names are used now, for instance: December really means "tenth month," although it is now the twelfth month. A man named Numa added the two months of January and February, shortening the others in order to do so.

It is said that February is a name taken from a Latin word that means to purify, because during that month they held what they called a feast of purification, and that April is from a word that means to open, because at that season the buds begin to open.

LAFAYETTE DOLLARS.

Congress decided to take a somewhat indirect way of helping the project to erect a monument to Lafayette in Paris, as a gift of the American people. Instead of paying a sum of money to the monument commissioners, Congress voted $25,000 to buy silver bullion, which will be coined into "Lafayette dollars," and these will be turned over to the commission.

Silver is now so low that $25,000 will buy enough to make fifty thousand dollarcoins of the standard weight and fineness, besides paying the incidental expenses of designing and coining. These dollars—thus limited in number to fifty thousand—the commissioners believe, will be quickly taken up by coin-collectors at $2 each. This is the price it is proposed to charge for them. So what costs the government $25,000, may yield $100,000 for the monument. It will yield certainly more than $50,000.

Engravers are already at work on designs for these coins. They will probably bear, on one side, a likeness of Lafayette. For the other side, a number of subjects have been proposed. It has been suggested that a quotation from some address of Lafayette's inscribed upon the coin would be highly appropriate.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

The *New York World* recently said of Helen Keller, "There is probably no other woman in history who from a childhood so sad and hopeless has made for herself such a career of beauty, love and usefulness as Helen Keller.

"She was not born blind, but lost sight and hearing when eighteen months old. She had never learned to speak and so remained practically dumb, with no sign of the brilliant mind that lay dormant within her.

"Her countenance was expressionless and her temper fierce. She resisted authority with teeth and nails and enforced her own wishes with screams and struggling. She took delight in annoying others.

"The evil disposition eventually led to her rescue. One day she discovered the use of a key and used it to lock her mother into the pantry.

"When she felt the jar occasioned by the prisoner pounding on the door the unfortunate child squatted in the hallway and screamed and laughed with demoniacal glee. It was this revelation of a seemingly evil spirit which convinced her parents that she must be taught.

"With the first dawnings of intelligence the child's disposition changed. As new thoughts entered her brain she became docile, affectionate and charming; to-day there is perhaps no other woman who is nearer to perfect goodness than Helen Keller.

"Her preceptress has been laboring with her for weeks, trying to associate certain hand pressures in her mind with certain objects, and watching for one sign of understanding.

"The child was pumping at the well when at last the light came. The water had just gushed from the spout when Helen suddenly stood still. She thrust her hands into the water, then with an inarticulate cry grasped her teacher's hand and with trembling eagerness gave the pressures signifying 'water.'

"Miss Sullivan, the teacher, siezed her in her arms and kissed and hugged her over and over again. Then the child broke away, pressed her hand to the earth and then thrust it into Miss Sullivan's hand to learn the word for it.

"All that afternoon she worked away, learning the names of familiar objects around her. Then she tore her doll to bits and presented legs, arms and even eyes to learn what they were called.

Since then her education has been steadily progressive. She has become not only a scholar, but an athlete and a social favorite.

'On the shore of Lake Wollomonopoag, near Wrentham, Mass., there is a heavy skiff. The oarswoman who propels it is Miss Keller. She needs a stearsman, but pulls a low, steady stroke and makes the boat move at a rate which many men would be unable to equal.

"Wrestling is one of her amusements. She is willing to try a fall with any young girl in the neighborhood, and so far has rarely been defeated.

"After two or three summers' practice she has acquired a good swimming stroke, and when properly paced can do 100 yards without serious effort.

"This spring she procured a tandem bicycle and has ridden twenty-eight miles at a stretch. She is fond of this sport, although the roads are a trifle heavy and the country very hilly. But all her riding is not done on a bicycle. She has learned to sit on a horse, and under careful supervision rides fearlessly.

"She plays cards well, and has an enviable record at draughts. Chess is one of her favorite recreations, but good chess players are so rarely met that she has few opportunities of becoming expert.

"Miss Keller has around her everything calculated to make her life happy. Her summer home is built on the steep bank of the lake. Around it is a forest of tall thin pines. Above is the road and far below is the water, with shining capes and shady bays visible in the distance. The house is plain and brown. It has the furniture that a house in the woods should have.

There are cottages to one side and cottages to the other side in the woods. There are children in most of them and Miss Keller is their idol. They come from far and wide to sit on her knee and hear her tell stories. The tales of Perseus, Hercules, Jason, the Blue-haired Ogre, and the Prince and the Swallow are current literature among the childrenof Lake Wollomonopoag.

"Miss Keller is the sunshine of the place. Her face never loses its expression of serene happiness and her langh is always joyous. She is always glad to talk and always glad to be alone with her thoughts. If in her deafness she interrupts some speaker a touch never fails to silence her and no shade of annoyance crosses her face. If she is left alone she does not complain; she has her own thoughts and her own books written in raised characters, which she can read and learn.

"There are many pretty and peculiar facts in her life that are not widely known. She is able to speak so that any person may understand her partially, and her friends understand her perfectly. She accomplished this by feeling the mouth and throat of her teacher and imitating their motions, and in this way also she learned to understand the speech of others merely by feeling their lips and throat.

"She eats heartily, but her sense of taste is so acute that many tastes agreeable to most palates are offensive to hers. She tastes things, in fact-that others do not notice.

"She likes to learn new slang expressions, but rarely repeats them in conversation. Recently she said 'Play ball !' during a game of chess and everybody laughed.

"She loves writing letters, and her command of English is wonderful.

"She is an advanced liberal in politics, yet Miss Sullivan is a Conservative.

Altogether she is a very charming person, and if predictions do not fail, is likely to make a figure in the world yet."

The Educational Outlook gives us the following pen picture of another gifted deaf-mute.

"A wise beneficence has saved to the world of thought and beauty another young girl whose nature is no less gentle and refined than that of Helen Keller. Linnie Haguewood was born in Iowa almost twenty years ago, and till her fourteenth year the child was almost helpless, physically, mentally, and morally. She could scarcely walk and knew only about 300 words. Her one accomplishment was to use her long, shapely fingers in knitting, sewing, and crocheting.

"Her awakening began at the Vinton, Iowa, school for the blind, but slight advance was made till Miss Dora Donald became her constant companion. Miss Donald had been a teacher in the school, and her uninterrupted services were secured through the affectionate interest of the citizens of Vinton. Her first concern was to strengthen the child's weak body. Slowly the blind girl gained control of her muscles and limbs till she could stand on her feet. To-day she can follow a number of complicated gymnastic exercises and is healthy and strong. Her marked skill with the oars was gained in a single afternoon, in spite of the natural timidity of the blind.

"It was more difficult to rouse her to mental activity. The deadening

influence of the long years of silence are not yet utterly shaken off. The girl had and still has a struggle to conquer the desire to yield to the old feeling of helplessness and indifference, but she is brave. 'I must try,' she says again and again, and there is inexpressible pathos in her face when she speaks of this old helpless feeling as her 'tempter.'

"Linnie Haguewood resembles her better known prototype only in disposition. She is practical and mechanical, and possesses no trace of the imaginative temperament which brings to Helen Keller such keen intellectual enjoyment. Her acute senses have made her proficient in sewing and precocious in many other directions. Her delicate fingers, placed within her teacher's mouth, have learned accurately the position of the lips, tongue, and teeth when emitting the sounds of the vowels, consonants and diphthongs. She is now able to recite directly in her classes without the aid of an interpreter.

"Miss Donald thus summarizes her method: 'I find it better for both of us to have regular hours for hard work, and hours when we do not come in contact at all. We were growing so much like one mind that I feared Linnie would lose her own individality and become my second self. I do not want that, for Linnie has a strong character. I want it to follow out its own plan. Now, I advise how her time shall be spent outside the class-room, help her when she comes for help, and show her where she might have done better, but let her feel that she is living according to the impulse within her and not as I would have her live.'

"Her pupil was introduced to the teachers of the Northampton school for the deaf at the last commencement exercises and made a strong impression on all present. With a delicacy of perception almost marvelous she distinguished different tunes by their vibrations. Another trait is her way of holding a 'court of inquiry' on all information she receives. If the new facts appeal to her as useful she tucks them away in her brain for future reference, if not, she methodically proceeds to forget them. This tendency has been checked by her wise instructor. Her progress from this stage in her mental growth will be even more rapid, for her body is now obedient to control and her mind is increasingly receptive."

Letter from Robert P. Gray, a former pupil of the Industrial Home for the Blind, who finished his course of instruction last year.

Mr. Gray was a young man without sufficient means that would enable him to pay for a course of instruction at our Institution. He applied for admission and we replied that under the circumstances if he could obtain the assistance of friends to pay the cost to the Institution of his board, he should have his board, tuition, laundry work and room free. Two professors

of Tufts college at Boston, interested themselves in Mr. Gray's case and through their efforts a sufficient amount was raised to meet this requirement.

He staid with us about seven months, which owing to his aptitude was sufficient time for him to acquire the trade of broom-making. Returning to South Brooksville, Maine, he set up for himself and we now quote from a letter just received from him by our Superintendent.

MY DEAR MR. NORTH:

I will answer your very welcome letter after so long a time since I received it. I am making brooms. Can make twelve a day. I make all sizes from children's, up to a large barn broom.

My machinery and supplies came the 9th of December. I commenced work Monday morning the 11th inst., made one broom that afternoon and sold it that evening.

I had no trouble working the machinery, had forgotten nothing. My shop is across the street from my home. It is 16 by 20, and 10 feet high. I have plenty of room. I am well.

Very respectfully yours,

ROBERT P. GRAY.

We also publish a letter from W. D. Smith, from Maine, a former pupil of the Institution.

Mr. Smith was present at an entertainment given by young blind people from the Industrial Home, and subsequently applied to us to be admitted as a pupil to that Institution.

He is a middle aged man with a family. He had been blind ten years, when he applied to the Perkins Institution for the Blind at South Boston, only to be told that being over eighteen years of age he could not be admitted.

Mr. Smith after stating in his application that he was strong, active and willing to work, concluded his letter as follows: "Hoping that the only ray of hope that remains, may not be crushed out by your reply,

I am your obedient servant,

W. D. SMITH.

Mr. Smith was unable to pay anything either for board or tuition and we were consequently obliged to rely upon such aid as the Institution might obtain from people who could be interested in its work to meet the expense.

He was one of the brightest blind men we have ever had in the Institution and acquired the trade of broom making in less than half the time required by our most apt pupils.

The following is a letter which an instructor at the Industrial Home received from him a few months after he had returned home.

MY DEAR MR. HONDLOW:

"Five months have passed since I left Wethersfield Avenue and not one week has passed that I did not at some time think of the promise so faithfully made that I should write and let you know how I was getting along, and cannot blame you if you have long since come to the conclusion, that the little Scotchman never intended to write at all. But after all I am convinced if you knew my circumstances you would be charitable enough to excuse the delay. I was without a dollar, requiring a workshop, machinery and broom supplies, and the worst of the jig was, the people did not think I had been long enough away to decently look over the Institution, instead of learning a business that was intended to support my family, but nevertheless I got what I required and started to make brooms last month. I have got small orders from most of the merchants and they have promised me all their trade when they sell the stock on hand. They all like my brooms and I have just received an order for twenty-five dozen from the paper company here, and if they suit I will get the trade. It is the second largest paper company in the country and use a pile of brooms and they pay a good price for them.

* * * * * * * *

Hoping this may reach you in good season, I am yours very truly,"

W. D. SMITH,
P. O. Box, 120.

Aug. 23, 1898.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Little Brown Penny.

A little brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand,
A little brown penny—a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny—a generous thought,
A little less candy, just for one day,
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,
To the need of the heathen far away.

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings;
It carried the message by Jesus sent,
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light
Wherever the prayer and the message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When the darkness fled like wavering mists
From the beautiful dawn of the Gospel day.

And who can tell of the blessings that came
To the little child when Christ looked down;
Or how the penny, worn and old,
In heaven will be a golden crown?

—*Christian Observer.*

BROWN-TAIL AND PRICKLES.

MR. and Mrs. Rat had gone house-hunting, and Brown-tail was left at home alone. The larder was empty, so he started on a voyage of discovery.

"If I could only get an egg!" he thought.

He ran along his tunnel, but at a turning suddenly drew back for something pricked him sharply on the nose.

"Dear me!" he said, "what can that be?" He licked his nose and listened. Then he heard little paws busily at work, burrowing.

"It must be some of our family." he said. "There are no others that can burrow," And he went on again carefully. Again his nose was pricked so badly that he could not help crying out.

"Is there anyone there?" said a small voice, and a funny little dark head appeared at the end of the tunnel.

"Yes," said Brown-tail. "I was trying to find my way to the hen-roost."

"Ah!" said Prickles, "that's the place I'm bound for. I heard the hens cackling and I know I shall have a feast."

"I'm awfully hungry," said Brown-tail, feeling rather sulky.

"Wait a bit; there will be enough for you and me, too; only you had better not come too close."

"Was it you who pricked my nose?" said Brown-tail.

"Yes," answered the hedgehog. "I'm very sorry. I can't help it. I'm made that way."

Brown-tail sat down and waited, licking his lips now and then and thinking how funny it must be to stick prickles into your friends if they come too close.

At last Prickles reached the roost. A board was pushed aside, and he got in, after calling to Brown-tail to follow.

They had a fine feast, and Brown-tail slipped away; but Prickles, being tired with his hard work, curled up in a nest and went to sleep.

A few days later, as Brown-tail was running round the garden in the early morning, he heard a queer noise.

He was a brave little fellow, so he crept softly up to see what it was.

"Is that you, Brown-tail?" And a black nose and two little bright eyes appeared over the edge of a large box.

"What is it?" said Brown-tail.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Prickles. "I went to sleep in the hen-roost, and the master came and dragged me out and gave me to the children here."

"Don't they treat you well?" said Brown-tail. "You should prick them."

"They are kind as kind can be, but I don't like being shut up. If I could only get out a little while sometimes I shouldn't mind."

So Brown-tail began to nibble, and every night, as soon as it was dark he came back and nibbled, until he had made a hole big enough for Prickles to get out.

"Thank you so much," said Prickles, as he scrambled through.

"One good turn deserves another," said Brown-tail, "Good-bye." And away he ran.—*Cassell's Little Folks.*

WHAT JIM DID.

A sultry summer day is apt to shrivel our generous impulses into selfishness. It is sometimes rather difficult to think of other people's comfort or convenience when the mercury is registering "ninety in the shade," but when unselfishness is really seen under such circumstances it is as refreshing as a cool spring in the desert. "Kind hearts are more than coronets," wrote Tennyson; and Jim Regan, the newsboy, has proved himself worthy of our utmost respect and admiration.

A little newsboy in the street was moving along, not alert and bustling like the ideal newsboy; on the contrary, he moved along as if each step he took was painful to him. Meeting an acquaintance, he stopped to exchange greetings under the friendly shade of an awning.

"What's the matter, Jack? You get along 'bout as fast as a snail."

"So would you, Jim Regan, if your feet were full of blisters walking on

the hot sidewalks. Every time I put my foot down it's like to set me a-crying," the other answered.

Jim looked down at the bare feet in question, and glanced at his own, encased in a pair of shoes which had certainly seen duty, but which still afforded protection from the heat of the dazzling pavements. Quick as a flash he dropped down on a step, and the next moment was holding out his shoes to Jack.

"Here, you can wear them till tomorrow. My feet ain't blistered. Take 'em, Jack; it's all right."

And away he went, crying, "Three o'clock edition of the Post!" at the top of his voice, seemingly unconscious that he had just performed a praiseworthy deed.—*Selected.*

EVERY BOY SHOULD LEARN

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to his mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat his mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in his service.

To be as helpful to his sisters as he expects his sisters to be to him.

To be kind as well as brave, and just as well as generous.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home as well as abroad.—*Church Standard.*

ALL the essentials of a "sympathetic strike" are to be found in this little common-place story, told by *Homes and Our Homeless:*

"Here, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't."

"Why not? You've got them. I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard to the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling; hand me a paper; I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, 'cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furdest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"'Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. You see, it's a good run on 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around likely like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I do see. So you have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now, He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and he went on his way downtown, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.

"Pray where have the little bluebells gone
That lately bloomed in the wood?"
"Why, the little fairies have each taken one
And put it on for a hood."

—*Selected.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Teacher—"Johnny, you may define the first person."

Johnny—"Adam."

———o———

It takes brains to become an expert agriculturist, but any fool can sow wild oats.

———o———

"Why must an auctioneer necessarily be sour faced?"

"Because he always looks for-bidding."

———o———

Mr. Oldboy—"Johnny, every man must start at the foot."

Johnny—"Well, pa, have I got to be a bootblack?"

———o———

He—"Do you really think kissing is wicked?"

New Woman—"It is worse than wicked. It is insanitary."

———o———

"Dicky, don't let sister cry for your candy; give her some right away."

"No, ma; I've joined pa's non-treating club."

———o———

"You asked me to bring you some pin money this morning," said the young husband.

"Yes," she replied, with an air of expectancy.

"Well," said he, "I thought I might as well save you a trip down town, so I brought you a paper of pins instead."

When a woman marries a man to reform him she soon wishes she had left the job to the police.

———o———

Landlady—"How do you like your eggs?"

New Boarder—"Fresh, please."

———o———

She—"Tell me, when you were in the army were you cool in the hour of danger?"

He—"Cool? I actually shivered."

———o———

She—"Do you believe that man sprang from the ape?"

He—"No; but I believe all women spring from the mouse."

———o———

"I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you. Have you a smart lawyer?"

George—"You bet I have. He owns the property now."

———o———

"I think Brush will succeed, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! He has the soul of an artist and the perseverance of a book agent!"

———o———

At the last elections in Scotland, a rate-payer, after voting, continued to hang about the polling-booth. He was heard to say that he wished he had not voted so early. Questioned why, he replied. "Oh, because in the morning I was Mr. M'Naughton, but noo I'm only John."

Snoggs—"Was it not disgraceful the way Smiggs snored in church to-day?"

Stuggs—"I should think it was. Why, he woke us all."

———o———

"Young Doctor—"Congratulate me, old man. I'm just preparing to visit my first patient."

Young Lawyer—"Good. I'll go with you. Perhaps he hasn't made his will."

———o———

That Chicago has a famine in servants is a result of the girls seeking other occupations. They think there are better ways of rising in the world than lighting the range with kerosene.

———o———

"Will some one please tell me what is the difference between auburn hair and red hair?"

"It's auburn when it belongs to the lady of the house and red when it's the hired girl's."

———o———

Ella—"When I refused Fred he said I had sent him to his death."

Stella—But he has since proposed to me, and I have accepted him."

Ella—"Then he meant a living death."

———o———

"That tramp just going away was telling me a most heart-breaking story."

"How much did you give him?"

"Nothing. It was a story to break one's heart, all right, but breaking a five-dollar bill is different."

Miss Engaged—"I must tell you, Harold, I do not like smoking."

Harold Sigaret—"I'm glad you don't my love! I don't approve of it for women, either."

———o———

"Do you suppose they play golf in heaven?" she asked.

"Oh, impossible!" he replied. "Just think of the language the game calls forth!"

———o———

A newly imported German tenor on Easter morning electrified a "heavily mortgaged congregation" by singing over and over again, "He will raise ze debt; he will raise ze debt; in ze twinkling of an eye."

———o———

Jack—"I never see you with Miss Gotrox any more."

Tom—"No, I don't like her father; he's a regular old pirate."

Jack—"A pirate! Why, how's that?"

Tom—"Well, I know from experience that he's a freebooter."

———o———

"Of all the delegates that I met at that Christian Endeavor Convention," said Dr. Hill, "I liked him best who on being, asked what his business was said, 'I'm a cheer-up-odist.'"

———o———

"What is Mr. Dennis doing now, Larry?" was asked of a Connemara gossoon.

"He's drivin' the mail-coach, sir."

"Himself?"

"No, zorr. He's got an antidote."

SELECTED MATTER.

Now.

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

If you have a word of praise,
In these busy, heedless days,
Of some striving, helpless one,
For the good that he has done,
Do not wait
Until too late,
Till the weary hands at rest,
Folded on a silent breast,
Leave your praises unexpressed,
Say it now.

If some earnest struggling soul,
Falters e'er it reach the goal,
Lacking the encouragement,
That you surely might have sent,
Do not wait
Until too late,
Open both your lips and heart,
Comfort, courage, strength impart,
Bid his gloomy doubts depart,
Do it now.

If you know that by your side
Others walk with hope denied,
Do not keep your sympathy
In your bosom silently,
Do not wait,
Until too late,
Their sad hearts to soothe and cheer,
Let your pity reach their ear,
They may not be always near,
Give it now,

If you love them, tell them so,
E'er the treacherous moments go;
Do not keep affection hid,
Till above the coffin lid:
Do not wait
Until too late,
Till the hearts that would have stirred
Gladly to your spoken word,
Silent are, with love unheard,
Tell it now.

—*Young People's Paper.*

IT has been discovered by a celebrated oriental traveler, Jacque De Morgan where the tomb of Queen Esther and Mordecai are located. On the site of Susa, the ancient capital of Persia, he came upon the remains of the temple, erected not many years after the death of Xerxes; an inscription on the wall of this temple stated, that it was erected in memory of Esther and Mordecai, both of whom lay at Exbantana. This place is now called Hamadan, a half ruined building here which has long been worshiped as the burial place of the Queen and her uncle. Within the tomb are two very ancient coffins of hard black wood, one of them bearing an inscription purporting to be in Esther's own words, and it is now established that this is her burial place. She lived 521 years before Christ.

IN 1870 there was 1 female architect in the United States, now there are 5,009; 412 painters, and sculptors, now 16,000; 109 literary and scien-

tific writers, now 3,161: 67 pastors, now 1,522; 34 dentists, now 417; 5 lawyers, now 471; 527 physicians and surgeons, now 6,882; 100 directors of theatres, now 943; no accountants, now 43,071; 7 stenographers and typewriters, now 50,633. In this way is woman showing her ability in many different callings and thereby commanding that respect that follows achievement. Then, too, in these various pursuits into which she has actively entered she has carried an influence porportioned to the respect to which she has shown herself entitled. And this same principle will ever hold true. So, in whatever phase of life, new to her, she may hereafter play a part, that part will tend to the upbuilding and advancement of civilization, in proportion as respect for her as a true woman increases.

"WHAT is this?" exclaimed a compositor who was expecting to be promoted to proofreadership shortly. "'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks!' Impossible! He means, of course, 'Sermons in books, and stones in the running brooks.'" And a new reading of Shakerpeare appeared next morning. A sporting compositor thought "Cricket on the Hearth" must be a slip of the pen. He made it "Cricket on the Heath." A writer on angling had the joy of seeing his sentence, "The young salmon are beginning to run," printed "The young salmon are beginning to swim," another thoughtful compositor having been at work. Happier was the transformation of this sentence, "Bring me my toga" into "Bring me my togs."

A NAP after dinner is worth two hours of sleep in the morning to mother. Mothers, more than most people, wear out if they are not repaired, and it is the duty of the family to see that repairs go on before the dear tenement falters. So many people paint the house and have the homes cleaned and repapered and the furniture retouched, who never think of repairing the mother. Think of it, to let a mother wear out for want of a little repair. Why, she is costly, and rare, and altogether good to have around, isn't she?

BY means of a valuable toughening process, recently discovered, glass may now be molded into lengths and used as railway sleepers. Glass rails are also produced by this same toughening process. It is therefore, possible to have a complete railway. The glass rails are turned out in size and shapes similar to those of the ordinary steel rails. They are far tougher, and resist the action of the elements more successfully than steel.

ACCORDING to information just received, the Christian Endeavor World's Convention next year, at which some 40,000 delegates are expected to be present will take the form of a huge camp-meeting, instead of being held in a number of halls in various parts of London.

In Germany the number of girl graduates is increasing in a remarkable fashion. Three years ago the ten great schools had on their books 177 female students. At the end of 1897 the total had risen to 347, and whereas in the previous year the girl students were mainly concentrated in Berlin, every university except Munster contributed to the roll of female graduates. At the beginning of this year the total had again increased to 400.

The veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania has an ambulance which was built especially for transporting dogs and small animals. It is the only one of its kind in the world. The picture of an imposing St. Bernard adorns each side of the exterior, and to guard against contagious diseases the interior is covered with removable antiseptic pads. Dr. John W. Adams drew the plans for the ambulance.

The annual report of the Labor Department in Great Britain on strikes and lockouts gives the following official statistics: In 1898, 230,000 men lost 10,000,000 working days, and attained the object for which they fought in a bare twenty-one per cent. of the conflicts. In the last five years over 60,000,000 working days have thus been lost, representing probably a net sacrifice of some £18,000,000 or £20,000,000 in wages alone.

Do not engage in argument. Do not interrupt another when speaking. Do not find fault, though you may gently criticise. Do not talk of your private, personal and family matters. Do not appear to notice inaccuracies of speech in others. Do not always commence a conversation by allusion to the weather. Do not when narrating an incident, continually say, "you see" "you know," etc.

Alcohol is physiologically and psychologically not the friend but the enemy of man; undermining his bodily structure, diminishing his health, impairing his muscular activity and capacity, and shortening life. The tendency of alcohol is to be a body destroyer and a brain beguiler.

An idea of the amount of editorial work involved in the publication of a magazine is gained by the knowledge that the regular staff of editors of *The Ladies' Home Journal* numbers twenty-six men and women. These do not include the scores of special contributors.

The prime minister of the province of Manitoba says that as the Canadian Parliament is hindered by Quebec from enacting general prohibition, he will support a law allowing each province to enact total prohibition—which his province desires.

Weigh your own faults with the scales of justice, but when you consider the short-comings of your neighbor, borrow the balances of charity.

More than 200 municipalities in England, Scotland, and Ireland now own the municipal gas-works.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE once said to a friend: "Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time," and added: "Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have."

THE emblem of the French empire was a golden bee, chosen for the reason that more than one hundred of those busy little creatures were found in the tomb of Childeric, king of the Franks, when it was opened in 1653.

ALCOHOL poisons the nerves and diminishes their sensibility. Humanity can not adapt itself to such poisons. It will set its use aside or degenerate. We will not degenerate but become higher and better.

KAISER Wilhelm's Russian Barsoi hound travels in a third-class railroad carriage with an attendant, ten tickets being bought for him, as he will not go in a baggage car, and objects to strangers.

THE Haytian Government is very considerate of the comfort of soldiers. Every picket is supplied with a chair.

SOME men avoid a disagreeable task by persuading themselves that its accomplishment is an impossibility.

THE forests of South Dakota are being destroyed by large black bugs which go in swarms and nothing can be done to exterminate them. The trees are dying by the hundreds.

OVER a thousand pledges against drink and gambling have been taken at the Manchester (England) Central Hall Saturday night concerts during the past season.

THE United States has 70,000,000 population, Europe has 380,000,000. But the United States postoffice handles about as much mail matter as all Europe put together.

YOU are a soul possessing a body and *not* a body possessing a soul—which is to dominate? Shall the potter mould the clay or the clay, the potter? The latter is slavery.

WORRY is forethought gone to seed. Worry is discounting possible future sorrows so that the individual may secure present misery.

AFFECTATION is the confession of inferiority. It is an unnecessary proclamation that the individual is not living the life he pretends to live.

CHINESE women, who twenty years ago were locked up in harems, may now be seen bicycling through the towns.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

TRANSVAAL.—The feeling in England against Mr. Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, has been very strong since the recent British losses in the Transvaal. England it is said, was forced into this war by Mr. Chamberlain, and he will probably be forced to retire from the ministry when Parliament reassembles. The British public was amazed at the condition of affairs that the war in South Africa has disclosed. The enormous sums annually raised for the support of the army has led England to believe that she possessed the finest and best prepared army in the world, and it has been a severe blow to British pride to find that she is little prepared for the war with the Boers. The heavy rains and floods throughout the country have checked General Buller's advance to the relief of Ladysmith, and it is rumored that the Boers intend to take advantage of this. The official bulletin of the British success at Ladysmith, was received January 8. There had been incessant fighting for nearly two days, but there is no decided result as the Boers are still surrounding Ladysmith and the British still shut up within. The condition is very critical and the British are prepared for non-success. The news of January 24th reports that the British have crossed the Tugela River and are advancing towards Ladysmith. From all accounts at that time, it appears that the Boers did not attempt to prevent the troops from crossing the river but fortified themselves in strong places for an unyielding fight. February 2, England is again plunged into despair over the appalling news from the front. There are two reports of the disaster, one from the War Office, which is thought to be concealing something of the truth, and another which professes to be the Boer story. The War Office version states that the British secured the position on Spion Kop, a very high hill, almost a mountain, but were unable to hold it and were forced to retreat across the Tugela River; the Boer side states that they saw the British assaulting Spion Kop, and immediately sent troops to reinforce the garrison, but finding it in the possession of the English they set to work to retake the hill. The fighting was terrific, fifteen hundred of the British being killed before they were driven from their trenches and forced to retreat. After this defeat no further news was received until February 8th, although rumors of fighting were numerous. On that

date, word was received that a combined attack was being made, in the course of which General Buller had taken a plateau north of the Tugela, known as Krantz Klof. During the action, a sortie was made from the garrison at Ladysmith, but with no definite results. General Buller was soon obliged to abandon Vaal Krantz, as it is commonly known, owing to the artillery strength of the Boers. The British forces were saved from walking into a terrible trap only by the fine work of a war balloon which discovered the extraordinary artillery strength developed by the Boers on the crest of Doorn Klof. Lord Roberts arrived at Modder River February 9th, and with his arrival a more general plan of action will be carried out. It is now conceded by all, that Buller's fight was a sham, to cover Robert's larger operations in the Free State, to force Cronje to raise the siege of Kimberly. It is reported that the Boers are assuming the offensive. On February 14th, came the appalling news that the British had been obliged to retreat from Colesburg. They now hold no position west of Remsburg, and even that is insecure.

PHILIPPINES.—News from the Philippines states that several minor engagements have taken place throughout the island, and a number of insurgents have been killed. The fighting has, however, been of a desultory character and has not been productive of any particular results for either side. It has been announced that the President will soon issue a proclamation to the Filipinos giving a free pardon to all who have taken up arms against the United States, but declaring all those who continue to make war after the proclamation is published, to be brigands and outlaws. The proclamation will declare the insurrection to be at an end, and will give the soldiers of the Filipinos who are still in arms sixty days in which to lay down their weapons and surrender to the United States. The President's reason for doing this is General Otis's assurance that no organized rebellion exists, that while there is still scattered fighting by bands of natives, there is no general movement under a recognized leader. The only opposition to Americans now existing in Luzon is south of Manila, the north being entirely pacified. The American flag has been raised on the islands of Tatanes and Colagan and native governors have been appointed over them.

CONGRESS.—The Nicaragua Canal Bill has been an important question in Congress during the past month. Senator Morgan, who is very much interested in the matter, has made his report to the Senate. He favors it and thinks it a matter of vital importance for the future welfare of this country. The expense of the long perilous journey of the Oregon from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, during our war with Spain, has convinced our legislators that a short cut is necessary. Senator Morgan's idea

is that the canal should be made free to all nations, but that Congress should have the controlling power. In the house, Mr. Hepburn's Canal Bill, which differs from the other has been very favorably received. Mr. Hepburn wishes America to have full control of the work and power to fortify it. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty makes the Hepburn bill impossible, but claims are being made that the treaty has become null and void, and until that is decided and an understanding can be reached with Great Britain, the matter cannot proceed. The committee appointed to investigate the Roberts matter, decided to exclude him from the House and handed in their decision to Congress on Saturday, January twentieth.

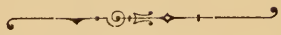
SCIENCE.—Remarkable progress has lately been made in northern Italy in the establishment of stations for the protection against injury from hail storms. These stations are located half a mile apart and provided with a small cannon, placed vertically and surmounted by a six-foot conical trumpet which carries the concussion of a two and one-half pound charge of black powder to the threatening cloud, and prevents the formation of hail. The idea originated with Moritz Stiger of Styria, and he has been experimenting with this method for three years. It has been reported that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company has been incorporated in New York with a capital of ten million dollars, to introduce and work Mr. Marconi's patents in America. Twenty sets of the Marconi apparatus will be placed on our warships. The first charge for each set will be $500, and the company will receive an annual rental of $500. An article in a late European paper a short time ago, spoke of a new use for electricity. A theatrical manager sought the aid of an electrician who originated the idea of building for the theatre an arrangement consisting of movable paddles covered with leather which could be flapped together and reproduce the sound of handclapping. The apparatus was distributed in various parts of the house and at the right time, the operator started it by pushing a button behind the scenes.

EDUCATION.—At the thirteenth annual meeting of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland held in Trenton, it was unanimously agreed after considerable discussion by some of our leading representatives of colleges and preparatory schools to establish a joint College Admission Examination Board. This board is to consist of men from colleges and preparatory schools, and it is empowered to hold in June of each year, a series of college admission examinations with uniform tests in each subject and issue certificates which will be accepted in place of their one separate admission examinations. The college and preparatory sections of the Illinois State Teachers' Association have adopted similar measures at their holiday

meeting. It is to be hoped that the other associations in this country will follow in their footsteps, and then one board will suffice for the whole country. From valuable statistics recently published by an agricultural paper, comes the fact that about thirty to forty per cent. of college and university students are from farmers' families. Announcement has been made of a valuable gift to Yale by Mr. Morris Steinert. This gift consists of his entire collection of musical instruments and compositions, the former representing the evolution of the clavichord to the modern piano. "Because Yale is a great university and is doing a great work for the art of music," is his reason for bestowing them on this college. From a source not published, comes another gift to Yale for the establishment of a school of forestry. This gift is to be utilized in connection with the residence bestowed by the late Professor Marsh for a school of botany. President Eliot of Harvard University has extended an invitation to one thousand Cuban teachers to attend the Harvard Summer School for teachers next summer free of charge. It is believed that the transports may be used to bring them to this country. After six weeks at the summer school, it is proposed to take them on a tour of inspection all over the United States. Railroad officials are expected to convey them gratuitously and the municipal authorities where they visit are to entertain them. This, it is expected, will advance education in Cuba.

KENTUCKY TROUBLES.—The recent elections in Kentucky have produced a condition of affairs bordering upon anarchy. Both the Republican and Democratic parties undoubtedly used fraud in their endeavor to elect their candidate governor. Taylor, the Republican candidate, was elected. Goebel, the Democrat candidate, immediately contested the election. A committee of eleven from each house was chosen by lot to try the contests. The Democrats obtained a large majority from each house, a fact which was viewed with suspicion. This committee, of course, voted to unseat Taylor and declared Goebel governor. Taylor refused to accept this decision, and excitement ran high. Writs were served on Taylor, but he refused to obey them and called the State militia to his aid. The climax was reached when Goebel was shot. The assasin was never captured. He was of course an ardent Republican, but hurt his cause far more than he helped it by such a lawless deed. Governor Taylor then declaring that the capital was in a state of insurrection, used the State militia to prevent the legislature meeting there and ordered it to meet in London, the very centre of Republicanism. An appeal to the President met with no response. Many Democratic members of the legislature left Frankfort fearing arrest. From later accounts they have returned and meetings of the legislature are to be resumed. Taylor is in office, but Beckham, Goebel's successor, still claims the governorship.

Glimpses of New Books.



No one who has listened to the wonderful music of Ole Bull, Remenyi, Urso, Wilhelmy, Ysaye and others whom the reader can recall, will question the statement madeby Henry C. Lahee in his introduction to "Famous Violinists" that, "There is no instrument of music made by the hands of man that holds such a powerful sway over the emotions of every living thing capable of hearing, as the violin."

Mr. Lahee has traced the evolution of the violin from its earliest appearance in the fifteenth century, and his book is a condensed history of violin-making and violin-playing from that time to the present. He gives comprehensive sketches of the famous violinists from Corelli (1653) to Kneisel and Marteau.

Paganini, he characterises as the most extraordinary and the most renowned violinist of the nineteenth century, in spite of his eccentricity. He had a style of his own and played his own compositions, which were remarkable for novelty in ideas and richness of harmony, most successfully. He was accustomed to play on a single string and the effect was marvelous. Paganini received his instruction from the best of masters while Ole Bull who came before the public at a later date, was practically self taught although he studied regularly for a time with Paulsen and later with Lundholm. Ole Bull's technical proficiency was almost phenomenal. Perhaps one source of his popularity was his occasional rendition of popular airs, a fact which has been commented upon both favorably and adversely—but Ole Bull's playing was never other than poetical and true whatever the theme. He, like his predecessor confined himself largely to his own compositions.

One chapter of the book is devoted to "Women as Violinists." A chronological table of famous violinists is a feature of the book which is published by L. C. Page & Co., in the Music Lovers' Series.

To the literature which calls attention to the condition of the negro, has been recently added a book by Booker T. Washington. No one is better qualified to answer his question, "The Future of the American Negro" than himself. His life has been devoted to his race. He has founded the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School in Alabama, one of the most progressive schools for negroes in existence, and he has worked early and late for its success.

Mr. Washington believes that his race will become self-supporting, and industrious. He thinks the census of 1900 will show nearly ten million negroes in this country.

He believes the negro will be developed through industrial training, accompanied by academic and religious training. He says that so far the education of the negro has been a failure, because it has been carried out on intellectual lines unfitted to the conditions of a people eighty per cent. of whom live in agricultural districts and who must depend upon agriculture for a living.

He attributes the failure of the negro in self-government (as in Hayti) to the fact that the negroes lack systematic technical training. Mr. Washington thinks that the difference between the condition of whites and blacks is due more to difference of opportunity than to difference in ability. He touches on the negro's position in politics and altogether gives us a practical, readable book and one that cannot fail to call intelligent attention to the future of the colored race.

———

WE learned in our primers that the little busy bee improved each shining hour and gathered honey all the long day and I presume most children thought as the writer did, that somewhere honey grew all made, and it was the work of the bees to collect it.

Later we learned that bees are busy and that they are wonderful little creatures displaying an intelligence that is marvelous. It would seem as if bees had always been, the earliest writers refer to them and fascinating records of bees are found in the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt. Our age considers the bee as a symbol of industry, in the early ages bees appeared as symbolic of kingly power.

One of the most interesting books ever written about bees is "The Honey-Makers", by Margaret Warner Morley in which she gives the curious customs and beliefs about bees, their products, honey and wax, in both mediæval and modern times. Published by A. C. McClurg and Company.

———

THE war in South Africa has called out a number of books of more or less interest. One of the later ones is "Briton and Boer." This book is made up of articles reprinted from the North American Review and is the opinion of men who have studied the question, each from his own field of vision. Necessarily the views expressed are radically different. The articles favoring England's position are not over strong—while those advocating the action of the Boers, appeal to the love of independence and fair play which is an inherent part of humanity (when humanity isn't financially interested.) This war is calling attention to Olive Schreiner and her works and "Trooper Peter Halket" and "The Story of an African Farm" are having an increased sale. Mrs. Schreiner's sympathies are with the Boers in this contest.

Much of her life has been passed among them, and with her keen capacity for observation, her judgment of the situation must have weight.

IN a little over a year, 400,000 copies of "David Harum" were issued; "Richard Carvel" in seven months reached 300,000, and "Janice Meredith" in three months reached 200,000 copies, a remarkable record. Via Crucis was published in October and in January has reached 53,000. Thirteen thousand copies of "The Man with a Hoe and Other Poems" have been sold since last June.

ACCORDING to *The Bookman*, the five books which have sold best in the order of demand for December and January are:

Janice Meredith, Ford.

Richard Carvel, Churchill.

When Knighthood was in Flower, Caskoden.

David Harum, Westcott,

Via Crucis, Crawford.

PROFESSOR COULTON has recently issued "Plant Structures" a companion book to his "Plant Relations." The two books will prove of marked value to the botanical student as well as to the teacher of the science. D. Appleton & Co., are the publishers.

AN interesting recent book gives to the world who cares to know, the daily life of Tolstoy.

MR. SIENKIEWICZ will follow "Quo Vadis" with "The Knights of the Cross," the first part of which has already been published as a serial in Poland. The second part is being written.

THE publishers of Mr. Booth Tarkington's book, "The Gentleman from Indiana" report that the book has been selling at the rate of five hundred copies a day.

ACCORDING to rumor, Kipling values his autograph at ten shillings, donating the money to any charity designated by the person requesting his written name.

JOSIAH Flynt's "Tramping with Tramps" is already in it's third edition—"Josiah Flynt" is Frank Willard, a nephew of Frances E. Willard.

"MORE Colonial Homesteads" by Marion Harland follows her "Some Colonial Homesteads" as a second volume.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER, has just revised his "Principals of Biology." Mr. Spencer is eighty years old.

A NEW English writer, whose work is attracting attention, is Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S new novel "The Orange Girl" is being dramatized.

MARIE CORELLI is to publish a new novel in the Spring.

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TALKS AND TALES.

A MAGAZINE

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WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron.

A VIEW AT SILVERNAILS, NEW YORK.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, CONN., APRIL, 1900. NO. 7.

ELSIE MC ELROY SLATER.

THE trip from the far Southwest to the North and East—Washington is north to one on the southern border 2,100 miles to the southwest—reveals something of the infinite variety of our broad country. The skies, the land, the hights, the plants, the little crowds of human beings hanging around the railway stations are different each day of the trip.

Outside of El Paso, away from what is called the "fertile" valley of the Rio Grande, the train journeys across hundreds of miles of undeniable desert; not an entirely unpleasant experience, notwithstanding that the air is hot, the dust and grit whirls up into the window with the rush of the train, and the wide gray stretches of sand glare in the sun. There are marvelous skies with fantastic clouds riding high in the heavens, far-away blue mountains, and certain interesting phases of life in the small towns as one sees them while the engine drinks from the big tanks.

Old yuccas—"Spanish bayonets" rather, their stiff, pointed, green leaves and tall flowering stalks raised three or four feet from the ground on big brown trunks are the chief floral grace of these stations—taking the place of the scarlet geraniums which brighten the stations of the Eastern railroads. Besides, usually there is a great bed of black cinders, whereon is pictured with shining white slopes a brave locomotive or a track leading into the setting sun. This representation, spread beneath the eyes of the traveler as he gazes about him is almost the only testimony of any art in this region. These pictures picked out in white on the black—not much, but more than nothing.

Lounging about the stations are men in brown, dusty clothes, men with sunburned hair and mustaches and cheeks, with dusty brown hats and dusty

shoes. Mexicans lounge about the walls in the shade of the station, their dark faces further shadowed by mantillas or sombreros.

Occasional cottonwoods are the only trees. The architecture of the station, and of the few houses and the store or two of the town is usually of the simplest type—resembling dry-goods store boxes. Every town is like all the others though in having a radiantly ornamental courthouse. There will be a few square, unpainted, porchless, unadorned, ungabled houses, an equally box-like store, or maybe two, and on some crest or hill the courthouse. The courthouse is invariably in striking contrast to the scene it overlooks; being a towered, ornamental, dazzlingly-painted structure, with elaborately-corniced doors and windows. They are actually florid in contrast with the barrenness roundabout.

After the desert come the green lowlands of eastern Texas, with glimpses of gardens glowing with color, and the next day one is in the swamps of Louisiana, traveling through marshes so wet and unending that one wonders that a railway ever thought to traverse them. It seems as though boats were the proper vehicle for the region.

Here the farmers have as much trouble getting rid of superfluous water as the farmers of the day before had in getting enough to scantily supply their thirsty fields. The day before the ditches had all been on top of the land, that the precious drink might be carefully spread over the fields when necessary; now all the ditches are below the level of the fields to help the hard-worked farmer get rid of some of the pesky water.

Suddenly one finds trees, moss, ferns, sedges, grasses, innumerable water plants crowding each other, fighting for room to grow, and sometimes growing past all grace, so heavy and thick. From the extreme scantiness of vegetation we had come to where it was rank and fairly unpleasantly profuse. One wanted the force to tip the earth just a little bit and let some of these redundant waters flow to the thirsty plains—but then the picturesqueness would depart.

From New Orleans until we reached Mobile, all along the ditches and little waterways we saw the masses of water hyacinth in blossom. It has a stalk of lovely, delicate lavender blossoms springing from the shining dark-green leaves massed in the water; but it has grown to be as much of a pest to the Southern planter as the poetical daisy is to the thrifty Northern farmer.

Several years ago a planter imported from Europe a pretty little water hyacinth to grace the waters of the pleasure grounds of his plantation. The flower was much admired, but in the favorable waters of the South it soon spread far and wide, until, with its thick tangles of root and stems, it blocked the ditches and waterways, and became a general nuisance. In these years men fight it and devise means to get rid of it, beautiful as it is.

As we came up through Alabama and North Carolina—through ordinary

country, where the trees stand high and dry and wave their green branches on the mountain tops; where the little streams make a pleasant sound and do no harm—my fellow-traveler, who had not been away from El Paso for ten years or so, would exclaim: "There's a mullein; and see that dodder. There's a sycamore tree. I declare, I'd forgotten there were sycamore trees. That's a blackberry bramble. Those daisies look natural. There's a lot of plaintain down that path, and that's a burdock near the big maple. There are some locusts. That lot of trees over there seems to be mostly oak. That's mustard to the right, but I don't remember that white flower beyond. Seems to me its tansy; or yarrow. No, it ain't. I remember, now; it's wild carrot."

Almost unconsciously his eye noted, his memory identified, and his tongue spoke the names of those plants. He had not given them any though in his absence—probably had only vaguely noticed that his ways in the Southwest were not among them—but as quickly as he saw the plants and trees memories of them, as of old neighbors, when he was a Virginian, flashed back into his thoughts. The fields and woods and roadsides of his boyhood had not been really forgotten in the busy rush and stampede of life in El Paso's early years; they were all back in his memory somewhere, and trooped forth with his first moments in the land of his birth.

North Carolina, as usual, came in for criticism—the conductor scolded at all North Carolinians as we passed mile after mile of spindling corn, unweeded, with the underbrush of the forest crowding into the limits of the field, with fences all broken, houses unpainted, bottom-lands wasted, and soil worn to death.

Washington seemed set in a beech forest, so many of those beautiful trees did we see. The poplars and "China" trees of El Paso are fair, and have certain loveablenesses of their very own, such as the gentle motion of the lightly-swung leaves of the one and the springtime fragrance and violet color of the flowers of the other. Nevertheless, to eyes that have learned to recognize perfection in trees, in the oak and beech, all lesser kinds must suffer in comparison with the true aristocrats of the forest.

The beech, especially, with its fine gray bark clothing it like the habit of some demure nun, with its straight, slim branches, with its exquisitely-pointed and silken leaves, makes a cottonwood seem clumsy, coarse, awkward, and uncouth. The French, it is said, love the cottonwood, and some claim that it is the tree that Corot loved best to paint because of a certain softness; but the true tree lover knows that the beech is the tree of delight. —[*National Tribune.*

Aunt Faith's Bequeathment.

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"IT'S a bequeathment," Aunt Faith wrote, "I'm going to send it to you before I die. Don't slip it away in a corner, dear—read it through."

Rachel Ainsworthy glanced down at the worn little book in her lap, whimsically. It was thumbed and faded and forlorn; and it looked for all the world like one of Aunt Faith's "heathen" trying to put on airs in blue and gold. The girl touched it gingerly with the tips of her fingers.

"It looks microby," she murmured, "and it smells—it truly does—like a boiled dinner. Ugh!"

She stood up, and let it slide slowly to the floor, and then, with her toe-she "persuaded" it along the soft rug to the closet door.

"There!" she said aloud, with a little laugh, " I didn't slip it into a corner. I left it right in the middle of the closet. How funny Aunt Faith is! How much like her it was to 'bequeath' me that dingy, out-at-elbows little book! I knew it had something to do with her heathen the minute I 'sot' my eyes on it, as Philip says. I suppose it's one she lent round to them."

"Lent round to whom?" a gay voice cried, at the door.

"The heathen, Joyce Anthony. I was talking to myself out loud."

"And I was eavesdropping," Joyce cried, slipping into a chair, with a flurry of dainty skirts. "Now go on—talk to yourself some more. Whose heathen, and where?"

"Aunt Faith's and I suppose they're right here in our midst."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the visitor, gathering up her draperies in mock alarm. Rachel laughed.

"Oh, they're not under the bed, my dear, or in the clos—yes, I don't know but they are in the closet!"

"Worse and worse," groaned Joyce.

"I've a good mind to look and see," went on Rachel's laughing voice; "but I'm going to put my gloves on before I touch them."

She tossed over the contents of her bureau-drawer, and found a pair of kid gloves. Her face was full of quiet fun as she drew them on.

"Poor Aunt Faith! There, now I'll investigate. I'm proof against microbes"

And the little book, in its faded finery of blue and gold, was picked up

again, and brought out into the sunlight of the beautiful room. The two girls bent over it together.

"It's my latest legacy—'bequeathment,' Aunt Faith calls it," explained Rachel. "Doesn't it smell of onions, Joyce?"

"Some," admitted Joyce, daintily sniffing. "Why, it's a birthday-book, as sure as I live; and do look at the writing in it, Ray! Look at this place—printing, and as up-hilly and down daley as the Chilkoot Pass!"

"Yes, even Philip can print better than that," Rachel said, thoughtfully. She was making a rapid mental computatiion of the dates opposite the queer, straggling name. Forty-nine years old! Then she noticed the name itself.

"Why, that's Biddy O'Brien—O'Biddy, Philip calls her. She's our washer-woman."

"Dear me!" murmured Joyce. "What a funny birthday-book! That's probably where the cabbage and onion flavor comes from."

"Yes—one of the places. I suspect there are plenty more to follow. Turn over a leaf, my dear. 'Timothy B. Hickett;' he's the old man that saws wood. 'The See-saw Man,' Philip calls him. Philip is acquainted with all Aunt Faith's heathen. He's quite intimate with the See-saw Man."

The dingy pages turned slowly. On nearly every one appeared, in queer, crooked characters, the name of somebody who washed or sawed or handled spade and hoe.

"Looks as if they had it in the other hand while they were writing—the hoe, you know," Joyce said, a little scornfully. The pages were soiled and rumpled. There were no names of nice folks, the girl was thinking—just work-folks, regular heathen, as Ray had said. Ray's Aunt Faith was a perfect crank, for a nice person. Oh, yes, she was "nice folks," of course, but she certainly had queer friends.

There was one name traced in neat, clear, old-fashioned letters—Hester Ann Peabody's name. The dates opposite made her sixty-eight years old.

"That's Miss Hitty at the Home," Rachel said. "She's a charity boarder, but she used to be rich. Somebody got her to sign some notes, or something. Aunt Faith thinks a good deal of Miss Hitty."

Joyce Anthony tossed aside the little legacy-book after a few minutes.

"Oh, let's talk about nice folks," she said, lightly. "Tell me about your summer. That's interesting. I want to know where you're going."

"I'm going to—stay here," Rachel Ainsworthy said, promptly.

"Why, you don't mean it, really, Ray?"

"Yes, I do. Philip has to stay to take the treatment at the Sanitarium, so we're all going to stay. You don't suppose we want to go summering without Philip, do you?"

"No-o," Joyce admitted. "They're all perfectly devoted to that little cripple. I never saw anything like it!" she mused, later, on her way home.

"Dear little Philip!" said Rachel. "I guess the world will stop, 'never to go again,' when we desert him!"

She sat a long while in her dainty room, thinking over things. One of the things was Aunt Faith's legacy. It still lay where Joyce had tossed it, on the table. Somehow its weather-beaten little face appealed to her.

"Dear Aunt Faith!" the girl thought. "Nobody else in the created world would ever think of having a birthday-book for the coal man and the washerwoman and the charity boarders at the Home!"

Rachel was smiling, but there were tender little lines in her bright face, meeting and joining paths with the whimsical ones. It was the look that specially belonged to her thoughts of Aunt Faith.

"Now, I wonder what she meant by 'bequeathing' it to me? She meant something—Aunt Faith always does. And she told me to read it through.

Rachel caught up the book, and opened at the first page, turning the next and the next, as she read them swiftly. It did not take long. Many of them were quite empty of the queer, hard-working names. One of the dates caught her attention especially.

"Why, that's to-morrow!" she cried. "O'Biddy's birthday comes to-morrow. It seems so queer, I didn't know such folks ever had birthdays! They don't seem ever to have been born at all, but just to be there, washing clothes and floors and things all the time. Poor O'Biddy, I'm afraid she'll not have many birthday presents. What would they be if she did have them? Let's see; a new scrub-brush, some soap, and a bag of clothespins—"

Rachel's face was grave, but her eyes danced with fun.

Her own birthday had been but a few weeks before, and she had a sudden little remembrance of her dainty gifts—the seventeen white rose-buds, one for each year, the tiny chatelaine watch, and the bonbons. And to-morrow would be O'Biddy's birthday.

"Forty-nine roses, one for each year. I wonder if O'Biddy ever saw forty-nine roses?"

"Ray—Ray!" called Philip's clear, little voice, outside the door. The taps of his little crutches sounded along the hall, coming nearer. Rachel sprang to open the door.

"It's a party call," the little voice announced, ceremoniously. "'Cause you had a party up here yesterday, you know,—you an' I. The next day after, you go an' make party calls."

"Of course you do!" cried Ray, lifting him crutches and all, and setting him down in the biggest, softest chair.

"There! How's that for a chair to make a party call in, Philip? Now we'll talk. Guess who I was thinking about when you came?"

"Me," answered Philip, sedately.

"O'Biddy—that's who! It's her birthday to-morrow."

"Oh, is it? What are you going to give her for a birthday present, Ray?"

Philip's eyes were regarding his sister's face gravely. There was nothing startling to him about the question—it was other folks whom Philip's questions startled. This time it was Ray.

"I—I hadn't thought of that. I wonder if that was what Aunt Faith meant!" she cried, softly. Had it taken wise little Philip to find it out?

"Philip," she said, suddenly, "you and I will give O'Biddy a birthday."

"Like folks?" asked Philip, his pale little face flushed with interest.

"Yes, like folks, dear."

"Will there be roses in it, Ray? O'Biddy would like roses."

"Yes—oh, yes, roses. We'll carry them to her together, you and I."

And the next day they went together—in the early evening, because Philip said that O'Biddy would be out washing till then.

They found her at home in her bit of a neat shanty. She must have been washing at home, for the room was full of a sudsy, steamy smell, and the whole little yard was strung with lines of wet linen.

"An' is it yesilf, Miss Rachel, an' the little bye?" she cried, cordially. "I'll jist be drivin' the children out, so there'll be room for yez to come in. Childer, childer, out wid yez, ivery wan! Don't you be seein' the leddy an' little bye is waitin' for a chance to get in? Arrah, out wid yez!"

A little scurry of children, and then Rachel and Philip went in. Philip held out a cluster of sweet, moist roses.

"They're for you, O'Biddy, because it's your birthday, you know. You wrote your name in Aunt Faith's book, an' we found it out just in time. Wasn't that lucky? They're La France roses."

He was putting them into the big, reddened fingers—they closed around the wet stems mechanically. But O'Biddy did not speak. She gazed from the roses to the little pale face of the crippled boy, and then back again. Her eyes were big with astonishment. All at once she broke into a low sobbing wail, and recked herself to and fro.

"Oh, don't you like them?" Philip cried, in distress. "They smell so sweet! We—we thought you'd like them better than—than soap an' things"—

"Loike them, is it?" the poor woman cried, and through her tears her face shone radiant. "It's roight out av heaven they've dhropped! An' to think they dhropped into *my* hand! To think they're mine." She was holding them against her breast. "I niver had a birthday prisent before—nor nayther a rose," she added quietly. "An' shure an' I can't be findin' worruds to thank yez"—

"Oh, don't, please don't!" cried Rachel. Her own eyes were wet. She laid the few other gifts they had brought on the table, and she and Philip

stole away. The "childer" out in the yard hurried in, and Rachel caught a glimpse of them smelling the beautiful roses by turns.

"She never had a birthday before," Rachel's thoughts were running, "and she's forty-nine years old. And she never had a rose before!"

That night she opened Aunt Faith's book again. She was wondering whose birthday came next.

"Miss Hitty's," she said, aloud. "Her's comes next. I wonder if she ever had a birthday—why, of course, heaps of them, when she was rich! And so," she added, slowly, "she must miss them more now. She must miss the roses"—

Rachel Ainsworth's eyes shone. A little quiver crept rouud her mouth.

"We will give Miss Hitty a birthday, Philip and I," she cried. "It comes in three weeks, but we will go and see her first to get acquainted. It would embarrass Miss Hitty to take the roses first."

And so, one afternoon, they called on Miss Hitty at the Home. She met them with quiet, old-fashioned courtesy. Her lonely old face lighted up with keen delight.

"You don't know how good it seems to have somebody call on me, my dears!" she cried softly. "I have been so lonesome since Miss Faith went away. I used to have a great many friends." She let her eyes dwell for a minute on the tiny bunch of violets at Rachel's belt.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, as the girl made a motion to take them out. "Just let me look at them, that's all. I don't see flowers very often. I am very fond of them. Do you know, I hope the mansions He has gone to prepare will be covered over with climbing roses, and there will be little blue violets in the yards. I like to think so."

Philip smiled brightly.

"Oh, yes'm," he said. "So do I hope so. An' I guess there will be, sure—don't you?"

Rachel hurried to change the subject. It hurt her to have Philip talk about heaven. It seemed such a little distance away from him.

The call was a very pleasant one, and the beginning of many more. In their midst came the birthday call and the roses.

The long, hot summer wore away. The working people worked on bravely through it, and the others went away to the sea or the cool mountains—all but those who stayed with little Philip.

After Miss Hitty's birthday came the "See-saw Man's," in Aunt Faith's little book. The See-saw Man's was in July. He was working for Mr. Ainsworthy then, and the birthday call was in the back yard. Philip arranged everything.

"You see, it's your birthday, Mr. Hickett," he said, gravely, "and so you mustn't work this afternoon. You see, you put your name in Aunt

Faith's birthday-book, and that is how we knew it. July is such a nice time for a birthday—don't you think so? We've got a birthday party all ready in the summer-house, where it's cool. You can sit right there and rest. You can go to sleep just as well as not." And he led the way to the shady little summer-house.

The old man followed in astonished silence. The thought of rest was too delightful to believe. His rugged old face was shiny with perspiration, and his lean old frame tottered with weariness.

"You—you mustn't worry," began Philip, a little anxiously—it was such a delicate subject. "You'll have just the same money for resting you know, folks don't work on their birthdays, but their—their salaries go right on just the same."

Rest and coolness—and the "salary" going right on! It was hardly to be credited—but the See-saw Man was acquainted with Philip, so he knew it must be so.

In the little arbor Rachel had set out cooling drinks of shrub and a great vase of gay flowers. She had brought out cushions, too, for one of the benches. To old Timothy Hickett the shady place was like a little cozy corner of heaven. He entered it on tiptoe, as if it were holy ground. And there they left him to spend his first "birthday" and take the first rest in his long, hard, dreary life, alone.

Aunt Faith came home in mid-August. In Rachel's room the first afternoon they had one of their "communings together," as Rachel liked to call them. Philip was there, too.

"Well, dearie, how did you like it?" Aunt Faith asked.

"The bequeathment, Auntie? Why, first I put on gloves to touch it, then I laughed at it, and then"—

"And then, dearie?"

But Rachel did not finish.

"Tell me, Philip," said Aunt Faith. "And then—what did she do?"

"She 'dopted it, Auntie—went round makin' the birthdays in it, you know. That's what Ray did."

"Oh, no, Philip, not half of them—yet," cried Rachel, a glow settling over her cheeks and neck. "And, Auntie, it was Philip himself who began t—so, there!"

"It isn't so much who began it, dears," laughed Aunt Faith, "as who's going to finish it." She waited, looking at them out of her clear gray eyes for the answer.

"Ray is," little Philip said, softly.

"Philip is," said Rachel.—*Wellspring*.

The Chief of Police.

JAY BENSON HAMILTON, D. D.

"THE first Methodist parson's wife in this town became the chief of police. Would you like to hear how it came about?"

My host in a Western city had been discussing the woman question. We had attended the Methodist Annual Conference then in session in the place, and had listened with great interest to the debate upon the admission of women to the General Conference. The Conference was about equally divided, and the discussion was stirring and vigorous. My host was strongly in favor of the admission of women, while his wife was earnestly opposed to it. After dinner my host jokingly said as he looked at his wife:

"My good wife is afraid it will degrade a woman to elect her to a Methodist General Conference, but you cannot convince her that it degraded the parson's little girl-wife to make her chief of police. I was a young man, and lived here when the first Methodist sermon was preached in one of our saloons. The saloon was turned into a chapel, and quite a vigorous society was organized in a few months.

"The town was filled with excitement one day by the word flying from mouth to mouth: 'A woman came to town to-day!'

"It was a great event. There were but six women in the place, and they were a hard lot. To have the female population increased to seven, and the latest comer to be a modest, pretty young girl, as she was said to be, excited an interested remark from every man who heard it. The former proprietor of the saloon which had been turned into the Methodist church entered a saloon when the matter was under discussion. He was greeted, as every one had been who came in, with the remark:

" 'Say, did you know another woman came to town to-day?'

"One-eyed Jack, as he was familiarly known, instead of being surprised, said, rather carelessly:

" 'I was introduced to her an hour ago.'

"A roar of laughter from the incredulous crowd made the stolid face a trifle redder than usual, and the single eye gleam with a fiercer light. Striking the bar with his huge clinched fist, until the bottles and glasses leaped and clattered, he repeated his remark with a terrible oath:

" 'I was introduced to her an hour ago, as I have already said once. She is the parson's wife. She is one of the nicest and prettiest little women you

ever saw. She treated me as politely as if I had been the Prince of Wales. I'll stand treat to the crowd that will drink to the parson's wife. The fellow that refuses to drink, or ever speaks disrespectfully of the only decent woman in town, had better select his weapon before he speaks, for he will have to fight me at sight.'

"There was little need of Jack's threat. The parson so completely won the rough element of the town by his genial tact and fearless bearing that every man would count it an honor to fight to the death for him at the drop of a hat. To know that the bold, powerful man, whom they so greatly admired, had a young and beautiful wife, stirred to the heart's core every man who had a spark of manhood remaining.

"The rude shanty which was the temporary parsonage was on the main street, and within a few doors of three of the worst saloons in the place. The day the parson's wife arrived and moved into her new home, a street-fight occurred in front of one of the saloons, and ended at the door of the parsonage. One of the fighters, a worthless and villainous ruffian, fell against the parsonage door, bleeding from a dozen terrific gashes. The parson's wife had been a witness of the whole affray. As the last vicious thrust of a huge bowie-knife ended the fight, with a cry of terror she sprang to the door to prevent, if possible, what she fully believed was murder. As she opened the door, the huge form of the desperado fell into the hall-way at her feet. His face was white, his eyes were staring, and his blood was streaming from a severed artery in ghastly spurts. She stepped over the body of the wounded man, and cried to the standers-by:

" 'Run for the doctor, the man is dying.'

"When the doctor arrived, he found the parson's wife had checked the flow of the blood as skillfully as any surgeon could have done. She was white as marble, but as cool as ice. Her little hands were bathed in blood, but she had saved the cur's life. The doctor examined her surgery, and said:

" 'Madam, I could not have done so well myself. I presume you are the parson's wife. Permit me to say,' as he lifted his hat and made a formabow, 'the parson is to be congratulated, and so is this villainous ruffian. A few seconds more would have ended his worthless life. I doubt, madam, whether it was worth staining your white hands to save it.'

" 'His soul is worth a thousand worlds like this,' she replied, quietly.

" 'I presume you are right, but I fear his soul, if he has one, will never be saved. He might as well die at one time as another, so far as saving his soul is concerned. But, madam, if you desire to continue your mercy and save this man's life, you will have to play the part of a nurse as well as that of a surgeon. He cannot be moved for a day or two. I am sorry that such an experience should mark your first day in our place.'

"Thus two more of our citizens had been introduced to the parson's wife the first day she arrived. A few days' nursing brought the injured man around all right so he could be moved. He was flush with money, and offered a princely sum for the care he had received. The little woman refused the money with the air of a queen. She advised him to send his money to his friends at home. She said as he was about to go:

"'If you wish to repay me for my trifling service, give your heart to Jesus, who died to save you,'

"She saved him, I think. He never tasted a drop of liquor after his parting from her. As soon as he had fully recovered he left town. We heard that he had gone home, and had settled down to a decent life.

"Before the parson's wife had been in town a week, another fight occurred in front of the parsonage. A hundred men were looking on with delight as two enraged men were beating, biting, and gouging each other like savage beasts. A woman's voice, clear and strong, with a ring of scorn and disgust thrilling every word into fire, startled the mob. The parson's wife stood in her open door:

"'And you call yourselves men, shame on you! What a manly thing, indeed, it is to stand by and encourage these beasts to abuse each other like that. Shame on you! shame!'

"Before a word could be spoken, she walked deliberately into the crowd and, seizing the man who had the advantage of his antagonist and was savagely pounding him, she dashed him aside with a vigor that amazed the mob. Standing between the panting, bleeding combatants, she spoke with a cutting sternness that made them both flinch and drop their eyes abashed. Her presence and words had surprised them into sobriety. One of the men, who had been very seriously injured, began to sway unsteadily, and then suddenly fell insensible at her feet. Looking the other steadily in the face, she said:

"'Are you a man or a beast? Did you have a woman for a mother? Oh, how could you so far forget your manhood as to shame even a brute with your cruelty?"

"The man, startled and cowed, slunk away into the crowd without a word. The parson's wife turned to minister to the man at her feet. She found him as helpless as a log, and very dangerously hurt. She spoke in such tones of command that none thought of refusing to obey:

"'Pick him up, and carry him into the parsonage?

"Upon the same bed from which the other injured man had just arisen, this one was laid. He was carefully and tenderly nursed back to life and strength. The day he left he kissed the little woman's hand and cried like a child. She made him kneel down with her while she prayed for him. He went out of the house with a new light in his eye. He went straight to the

saloon where he knew he would find the man who had beaten him. The crowd made a ring for another fight as soon as they saw him enter. He quickly said:

"'Boys, I have been nursed back to life by an angel, who prayed to God five minutes ago to help me live a better life. She brought me back to my innocent boyhood days, when I knelt at my mother's knee. My mother died with her hand on my head, praying to God to keep me from sin and help me meet her in heaven. When the parson's wife put her hand on my head and prayed for me, she used almost the very words my mother uttered with her dying breath. My heart went all to pieces. Boys, I have done with all this wickedness.'

"Turning to the man who had so cruelly abused him, he said:

"'Tom, old chum, I want to ask your pardon before all the boys. I was in the wrong. I began the fight without any cause. I deserved more than I received. You know, old fellow, my lifelong friend, if I had not been crazy drunk I would not have struck you. I have always loved you like a brother. Give me your hand, Tom, and say you forgive me. I'm going home to begin a new life.'

"The two men clasped hands for an instant, as the tears poured down their bearded cheeks like rain. They were boyhood playmates from the same neighborhood in the East. They left the saloon together, and went home the same day.

"The parsonage was named the hospital the first week the parson's wife came to town. These two incidents did more to preserve the peace than a dozen policemen could have done. The moment two men began to bandy words which threatened to end in blows, some bystander would shout:

"'Boys, here's another fellow who has engaged a cot at the hospital!'

"The good natured jeer was taken up by the crowd, and others would reply:

"'Run and tell the parson's wife to send her stretcher for her next patient!'

"The fight was off at once. Street brawls almost wholly ceased. Even the rude, boisterous, profane, and obscene language which, before the parson's wife came, polluted the very air in every part of the town, was almost completely banished. The plucky little woman had the habit of appearing unexpectedly wherever a crowd of men had gathered. She accepted with a sweet smile and a gracious bow the deference of the rough, coarse men, who always said as she approached:

"'Hats off, boys, the parson's wife!'

"She came to us like an angel to a mob of demons. We had forgotten God; we had lost our manhood; we had almost lost our respect for the womanhood of our mothers and sisters. This little woman, scarcely more

than a girl in size or years, was as fearless as if she felt that she was surrounded by a legion of angels. She rebuked sin with words that stung and burned like living fire. The sinner could not get angry. He knew that if he were to get sick or be injured, the first person to minister to him would be the little woman. Many a poor wretch was taken to her best room, and as tenderly nursed as if he had been of royal blood. She was as skilful in dressing a wound as the best-trained surgeon. She knew more about medicine than any doctor in town. She was never excelled as a nurse. No disease had any terrors for her. You can imagine that it did not take long for her to become the idol of such God-forsaken ruffians as we were. In one month she had but one title. It was bestowed upon her by a unanimous vote. Everybody called her 'the chief of police.'"—[*N. Y. Independent.*

"A wonderful thing is a seed
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

"Plant blessings and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow."

Old Mr. Hudson's Bible.

MARY EIMLY HULL.

"THE fact is my son George gave it to me," Mr. Hudson was explaining to an old neighbor, Caleb Sawyer, who had come in to chat for a few minutes. "George is in New York, you know. He's a lawyer, and I guess he must be doing pretty well, for Letty says—she just got back yesterday—that he lives in a fine, big house; and they keep three hired girls, besides a man to drive and look after the horses. Oh! George is smart!"

The old man rubbed his hands and smiled in evident satisfaction. George was his only son, and Letty, who kept house for him, was the orphaned child of his only daughter.

Mr. Sawyer wiped his gold-bowed glasses on his faded silk handkerchief, adjusted them carefully, and began to examine the present—a large Bible—very critically. He was a small, weazen-faced old man of an extremely pessimistic temperament, quite the reverse of cheery Grandpa Hudson.

"The print is clear," he said, after a survey through Genesis.

"Yes. George knew my eyes were getting dim," Mr. Hudson said, "so he sent me one with good large print. I can almost read it without my glasses."

"But it seems to me the binding ain't overstrong," the neighbor continued. "Looks as if it might come to pieces."

"I guess it will last me," the old man answered, quietly, "though I should like to leave it to Letty when I'm gone. I keep a newspaper around it most of the time."

"Is that your son's writing?" Mr. Sawyer asked, as he turned to the first fly-leaf and gazed with wonder on the elaborate flourishes which he finally deciphered to mean, "Presented to Josiah Hudson by his son George."

"Oh, no," Mr. Hudson replied, hurriedly, "and I don't mind telling you—don't let it go any further—but that's the only thing about the book I don't quite like. I wish George had written that himself, for I don't see much of George's writing," he continued, pathetically, "and it would be nice to have some where I could see it every day."

He stopped for a moment, and then added, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "But Letty says it's fashionable to have names written that way, and George's folks are real fashionable."

As Letty sat in the sitting-room that afternoon, sewing, she noticed that

her grandfather was busy at his desk. He was evidently writing a letter, and the undertaking was arduous, for he bit his pen, used up several sheets of paper, and succeeded in getting much ink on his fingers before the unaccustomed task was done.

Letty usually wrote his letters for him, and she wondered why she had not been asked to write this one; but she asked no questions.

From that day for nearly two weeks Mr. Hudson went about with an air of mystery. He mended the few broken places in the fence, whitewashed the chicken-house, and was very solicitous as to the condition of the late fall garden. Every evening he might be seen walking to or from the town.

"It's only half a mile," he replied to Letty's protests, when this daily walk had been kept up for a fortnight, "and I need exercise. I don't get near enough to do here. The kindling to split and the cow to milk! Why, they're only play!" and he started toward town again at a nimble gait.

"Anything for me to-day, Mr. Jones?" he asked, as he walked into the postoffice, trying to speak as if it were a matter of no importance.

"Why, yes," the postmaster replied, slowly, "there is a letter for you around here somewhere. Hank Golder was just in, and we were curious to know who it could be from. You don't get letters very often, you know."

But the old man took his letter, ignored the hint, and went out without giving any information.

"Think he might have been more sociable!" muttered the postmaster—he was storekeeper as well—as he began weighing out sugar for a customer. "A body likes to know what's going on!"

It was not until after supper that Mr. Hudson found time to read his letter. To be sure, he had gazed at it all the way home, studied the postmark, and wondered if it was "yes" or "no" but he would not open it till he had plenty of time. Then he read it several times before he mastered the whole.

"I guess we'll get up early in the morning," he said to Letty, as she came out to empty the dish-water.

"Why, grandpa?" she asked, in surprise. "Is there anything special to-morrow?"

"We're going to have company," the old man answered, complacently.

"Company?" the girl echoed. "Why, who?"

"I could tell," he answered, "but you'd rather be surprised, would you not?"

"Of course, if you'd like it that way, grandfather—only I should like to know how many are coming, and just when," Letty answered, pleasantly. She knew his weakness for surprises.

"One, with an appetite for two, about six o'clock to-morrow evening." Mr. Hudson went to shut the gate without offering any farther explanation.

At the appointed time the next evening the kitchen fire was burning brightly, and the kettle was sending up a cloud of steam. The room was filled with the odor of frying chicken. The biscuit were in the edge of the oven, covered with a white cloth, and Letty was so busy creaming the potatoes that she forgot to wonder who, after all, was coming, when the door opened and her grandfather and Uncle George walked in.

"I told you she'd be surprised!" the old man said to his son, misinterpreting the look of astonishment on the girl's face.

"I hope Letty enjoyed her stay in the city," George Hudson remarked to his father, as he sat on the porch after supper, while Letty did up the dishes.

"Yes, she had a good time," the old man answered, "but I guess she must have got rather confused with the noise and everything, for she clean forgot all about a new dress she had been planning all summer to buy. She picked berries to get the money. You see, Hal Markham's sister's going to be married pretty soon—I guess Hal likes Letty pretty well," he added, with a sly wink—"and Letty was to stand up with her, but she forgot all about the dress." He laughed heartily at his granddaughter's lapse of memory, "Funny how forgetful some people are!" he resumed after a while. "Why ——" The old man stopped suddenly and stared at his son in amazement.

'What is it, father?" the son asked, with anxiety.

"I declare!" he exclaimed. "Talking about fogetfulness made me remember. Why, George, I forgot to thank you for my present! Here I've been using it every day, and haven't said a word to you about it! Of course, when Letty went away," he continued, while the look of perplexity on the son's face deepened. "I didn't know what you'd send me, but I knew it would be something nice.

"I said to Letty, 'Letty' what do you think George will send me?' She couldn't guess, and neither could I, but I said I hoped it would be a Bible with nice large print; and when she got home, this is what she brought me! Why, where is it?" he exclaimed, with concern. "I always keep it right here. Letty must have put it away," and he started in quest of the missing book.

"But father, I don't understand. What is this about my giving you a Bible?"

The old man stopped for a moment, gazed at his son with a quizzical look, and laughed loud and long. "You thought Letty wouldn't tell who sent it, didn't you? Oh, you like secrets as well as your father!" Still chuckling, he went into the house.

One look at her uncle's face as he hurried into the kitchen, and Letty knew that he had found out.

"I know I'm wicked to deceive him so," she stammered, while the tears

began to gather, "but, Uncle George, I couldn't help it! He wanted the Bible so much, and counted on your sending him one. I had to get it! I couldn't disappoint him!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked, severely. "I didn't know he wanted one!"

But he did not wait for an answer. He suddenly remembered how little he had seen of Letty while she was on her visit. He had been busy on an important case, and had hardly noticed her. He recollected with a pang of remorse that he had scarcely even asked after his father, much less thought of a gift for him, until he had received the letter asking him to come back to the old farm for a few days. His wife and children were at the seacoast, business was dull, and he had come—come empty-handed.

"Another Bible?" asked Mr. Sawyer, in surprise, as he came in a week after George's departure.

"Yes, George took that one back. I guess he hadn't examined it very closely before, and he said the binding was poor, just as you thought, and he sent me this." He displayed a beautiful Bible in an adjustable holder. "It's real comfortable and handy," he continued, "and George wrote my name in it himself." He showed the strong, business-like writing with a pardonable pride.

"I told him I'd rather have his writing, if it wasn't quite so fancy—though he is going to write once a week now, so it doesn't matter so much," he added. "He sent Letty some things, too—some dresses and hats—and last night I got a letter from his wife. She wants Letty and me to come to the city for the holidays. I haven't been to New York since George went there, ten years ago, and I want to see the town ever so much. And then they're going to have a Christmas tree," he added, with childlike enthusiasm, "and I am to be Santa Claus!"—[*Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. Mason's New Leaf.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"TAKE a chair and sit down, Nellie, while I wrap up the silk waists. Mrs. Mason dropped wearily into a tempting rocker. Visiting her old schoolmate, the dressmaker, was about the only luxury the busy housewife allowed herself. It was like a breath of summer to be with some one who could speak of her happy girlhood days.

"I wish you'd stay and have a bite with me," urged Miss Hadley. "I'm going to make an oyster stew, and I have some cream puffs and oranges in the house."

"Oh, I can't trust Lizzie to get supper, and the girls will need help in dressing for the party, and pa is going to the watch-meeting," sighed Mrs. Mason.

She was one of those tired women who sigh automatically. She looked longingly around the invitingly room, with its blooming plants in the window. The sewing machine had been pushed back, and the little table, with a new magazine and the shaded lamp, was drawn in front of the glowing base-burner. Open doors showed a pretty little bedroom and a neat kitchen, which was dining-room as well, with a tea-kettle singing on the shining bit of a stove. There was that exquisite sense of order so restful to one who is wearied by continually picking up after others.

"I came across this to-day," said Miss Hadley, bringing out a photograph of two pretty, blooming girls, leaning over a railing.

"Did I ever look like that?" said Mrs. Mason, tears springing to her eyes as she gazed at the thin, faded woman reflected in her friend's old fashioned mirror. "You have held your own, but I haven't, Kate."

"Nellie, you are just the one to resolve to-night to be more patient and unselfish the coming year, and, if possible, drive a few more nails in your coffin. Now I want to ask you to turn over a new kind of a leaf. 'Be good to yourself,' as the colored people say."

"But the duties of a wife and mother—" began that personage.

"Are first to be her best self," interrupted her friend. "Are you contented as it is, Nellie?"

"Mrs. Mason colored. She had been secretly envying this cozy little home, large enough to give one the housekeeper's enjoyment without the

weariness of a large establishment. The quiet where one could read or think undisturbed seemed almost heaven to the tired woman.

"Nellie," said her friend, divining her thoughts, "your mistake is in trying to be an angel, where a strong, determined, happy woman is needed. Some worthy has said, 'Come to thine own aid;' and the Bible says, 'Hold fast, that no man take thy crown,' and yours is your own sweet womanhood. Why should you deprive your family of the pleasure of taking care of you and showing their gratitude?"

Mrs. Mason was used to her friends's plain speaking, but this time it sank deep into her heart. When she reached her own home she felt for a moment that the boisterous welcome of the children compensated for the work and care they constantly occasioned. Mr. Mason came in, and his wife turned a patient, smiling face towards him.

"Ma, can't you watch the gas more closely? It was fifty cents more this month. What, girls, did you get your new waists made out? Your grandmother used to do all the sewing, and did not have some one to do her work either. Ma, I brought oysters. Can't you cook them? We like your soup better than Lizzie's."

Mrs. Mason was glad to put down the two heavy children who were sitting on her lap and escape to the kitchen before she was tempted to remind him that his mother had not as much as seen a waist such as his daughters considered necessary. "Yes," she thought, with a smile, as she watched the soup, "there will be a new leaf turned over that will make a new book for some of us."

Mrs. Mason ate her supyer in a thoughtful mood, hardly noticing her husband's remarks about Tommy. Mr. Mason was a devoted father, and one way in which he expressed his affection was by having his wife put in half of her time pouring out medicine for the children. It was always some kind of a tea or plaster, or a day from school, for the children, and the good man never dreamed that he might as well have risked the children without constant nursing as taken the chances in his wife of heart failure from exhaustion. Tommy was slightly affected with a cold in his head, so the fond father began:

"Ma, you must soak Tommy's feet, and tie up his throat, and make him some onion syrup, and put a poultice on his chest. You've let him take cold"—not noticing how much healthier his offspring seemed than his wife.

"I wonder if it is my fault that he always thinks of the children first?" Mrs. Mason thought, as she cut the cake her own hands had made, because it was a special kind her husband enjoyed.

That evening the girls noticed that their mother did not wait on them as much as usual, though she looked with pride on her sweet blossoms of sixteen and eighteen as they left for a happy evening. Mr. Mason went down

town before watch meeting, Tommy and Katie were bundled into bed without ceremony or medical treatment, and Mrs. Mason sat down before the fire to think about the coming year.

. . . . . .

"Are you sick, Ma? Lizzie won't have breakfast ready," was Mrs. Mason's greeting from her husband as she awoke on New Year's morning.

"Tell Mary to dress the children, and Carrie to help Lizzie," was the answer that sent her husband to the front.

Imagine the surprise of the family when the mother came in, as they sat down to breakfast, in her company wrapper, with a bright smile on her face.

"Is your headache better? We didn't mean to get up for breakfast," said Carrie.

Mrs. Mason smiled a little roguishly as she answered: "I may not always be up after this, so I shall depend on you to help Lizzie, and on Mary to dress the children."

Mr. Mason looked at his wife to see if she were out of her mind, but she looked very much composed.

"There's a concert to-night I want to attend, John," she said, sweetly, after sitting by the fire so long that the girls decided, if the house were cleaned up, they would have to do it.

"But the money"—began the husband.

"Oh, I have it from the meat money," was the smiling reply. "I need music just now more than meat."

"Take her, Pa,"' cried Mary. "She always gives the tickets to the rest of us."

"Lizzie, you'll have to arrange to look after the children an hour each afternoon, for I shall lie down then," Mrs. Mason said to her maid, the next day.

"I can't be bothered with young uns," was the answer.

"Very well," was said in such a firm tone that the young girl relented.

They all noticed that the mother occasionally read in the daytime—a thing Mr. Mason had not been brought up to in his New England home, but which was common enough in Mrs. Mason's early days.

The fourth day Mr. Mason could not contain himself: "I can't see but you are looking better than usual, Ma, though you don't act as if you were well. I had thought to send up the doctor to-day. Is it a tonic you need?"

"Not exactly," was the reply. "I'm going down town to-day. Shall I get what I need?"

"Of course, Ma," he answered, tenderly, thinking it was some new patent medicine dear to the heart of woman. "I'll tell the clerk to give you what money you want, as I shall be out."

Imagine his surprise to find his wife had drawn *seventy* dollars. If he

had not been in "good and regular standing" he might have uttered some strong words. As it was, he spoke in a tone of voice that would have frightened a sneak thief: "Ma, what could you mean by taking seventy dollars?"

"That was enough for to-day," she said calmly, "though it will take more when the making of my dress is paid for. I got my cloak at a bargain, and a new dress, and a bonnet and shoes. You said to get what I needed. Haven't I earned that much, dear?"

"Of course, Ma," he said, softening. "But you never cared before for looking well."

"But I *do* care," she cried, "and I must take care of myself since there is no one in the world who loves me enough to do it;" then, not being a very "new woman," she put her head down, and sobbed aloud. Those tears led to a long talk that put matters on a different footing with the husband and wife, and this much of the conversation came to the girls as they went through the hall: "I can't help thinking, dear, you are to blame for the girls being so selfish and lazy." But the father got this back, for later he overheard this interesting remark: "It's Ma's sweet disposition that has made Pa so selfish and neglectful. Think of Ma dismissing Lizzie and getting a girl who can cook! I am going to turn over a new leaf myself. I wonder Ma has not sunk under such work and care."

Of course the new leaf got crumpled sometimes. The children clamored for their devoted slave, and the girls grumbled because they had to take their part in the household care, and the father sometimes insinuated he would be bankrupted because of the expensive girl; but the little woman trusted God to keep her at her best, and every one rejoiced in the bright, happy mother who was the inspiration of the home.

The next New Year's eve, when Mrs. Mason was in her friend's little home, she pitied her loneliness, and said: "I wish you would marry, Kate."

"I wouldn't object if I had such a good husband as your John," was the laughing answer. "Being good to yourself has helped even him, has it not?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Mason, "I have learned that we cannot love our neighbors *as* ourselves unless we first love ourselves in a wise way."—[*Zion's Herald.*

By Force of Character.

MARGARET MERKEL.

ON the eve of his marriage to a young woman resident in a distant city, Mr. Fred Mount said to his young men friends, "My wife and I will entertain often in our home. Cornelia is social, you will admire her and vote her a charming and companionable woman."

The people of Clyde approved of Mrs. Fred Mount, the mistress of the handsome Mount home. She was cordial, friendly and companionable. The Mounts did entertain often in a simple, enjoyable fashion. No elaborate receptions were given or formal customs observed.

In a club room a trio of Mr. Mount's men acquaintances were talking of the young wife two months after the wedding.

"Mrs. Mount is charming and yet I do not like to meet her if I am not in my very best trim. I dare not even speak of tobacco or beer in her presence," an attorney said to a bank clerk.

"Do you know that I blushed for shame yesterday," the clerk said half laughing. "After hours I met Fred and Mrs. Mount on the street en route to an entertainment. They invited me to accompany them. I flung away my cigar saying, 'The odor of tobacco is offensive to many ladies.' I expected she would reply, 'Not at all. I do not mind the odor of a good cigar.' Instead, she said gravely, 'If I have a headache it makes me quite ill, but out in the open air one can avoid inhaling it.' I could not but admire her courage in giving me to understand that tobacco is offensive to her."

"My offense against her," chimed in the third of the group, "is being caught coming out of a saloon in company with Gibbs. I turned away that I need not meet the question in her searching eyes. Gibbs was boisterous and his reputation isn't good; though in business circles he is considered a good man."

"Mrs. Mount is not an aggressive reformer. yet one cannot be in her presence ten minutes and not learn that her standard of character is high. Fred meekly echoes his charming wife's opinions. She expects a man to live honestly and uprightly."

"Fred isn't a meek man," said the attorney, "but he has done well to fall in with her motto, 'a white life for two.' He has told me that much."

The banker took up the thread of testimony. "My sister Kate was call-

ing at the Mounts last week. Dell Copeland was there, and some one said that Molly Paul had returned to her heart-broken mother. Every one knows that Dell is ready to accept Ned Brant for his money, ignoring his bad reputation, and that Molly Paul was a good, honest girl until Ned enticed her to the city under promise of marriage. Dell said spitefully, 'I hope every pure woman in Clyde will give Molly Paul to understand that she has sinned beyond forbearance.'

"'I thought the poor young girl might find help and friends who will go to her aid in this hour of need,' Mrs. Mount said.

"'What! We Clyde girls speak to Molly Paul?' Dell cried, angry at the suggestion. 'She should be ostracised, made to feel the shame her conduct has brought her!'

"'And Mr. ——, Mr. ——'

"'Brant,' sister Kate suggested.

"'Society will surely ostracise Mr. Brant. You say they were not married,'

"'Molly's uncle was advised in time to rescue Molly from Ned's clutches,' Kate put in.

"Mrs. Willard's famous words, 'A white life for two,' are like John Brown's soul, they go marching on. Every day in the future society will demand this pure living, a white life for two.

"Sister Kate tells me that Mrs. Mount says her say so gracefully one cannot feel offended, yet she is frank and means just what she says."

"A charming personality is a precious possession," the attorney said, looking grave. "A man or woman can *look* 'quit your meanness' in a way that makes you greatly desire to. Why will not charming women in great numbers take up the words of Miss Frances Willard, 'A white life for two,' and speed the time when men and women will measure up to their high standard?"—*Union Signal.*

A Story of Silver Spoons.

The following story by Mrs. M. J. Coggeshall, occasionally finds its way into print and is good enough to keep pushing along:

"To-day, when we women have not outgrown the pretty fad of collecting souvenir spoons, the great variety and beauty of which were unknown to our grandmothers, allow me to recall the story or a great aunt of ours who also loved spoons, but whose plain cupboard drawer contained no sets of dainty after-dinner coffees like those from which we love to sip as we sit in our clubs and talk of culture.

This aunt when a young woman, was a teacher in a country school until she had saved enough money to indulge her great desire for a set of silver spoons. She was married soon after to the young man of her choice. Six years passed by, years of hard work and economy for both; happy years, though no children had come to bless their union, when by a sudden illness the husband was taken away. The day after the funeral the grieved wife was surprised by the entrance to her home of the two brothers of her husband, bringing with them the village lawyer. They told her they had come to set a value upon their brother's property, in order that she might know what part of it was hers.

She held her peace as they set down the worth of each article of furniture in the little home, until they finally came to the box of spoons.

Then she spoke and said, 'These are mine. I bought them with my own money before I was married.' 'Yes, ma'am,' said the lawyer, 'but you know, ma'am, that after a lady is married everything belongs in law to her husband.' So all the little property was divided, the brothers taking half, and she took the spoons with the rest at the price that had been set upon them. But it obliged her to give up the home, and she with her few effects went into rented rooms and began life anew. Occasionally teaching a school and always sewing when possible, she supported herself very comfortably for about three years, when a life-long friend of her husband, an excellent man, offered her his hand in marriage.

She liked him well, and her friends told her it was the best thing to do, and she thought with pleasure of again being mistress of a home. So they were married.

In a few years the husband's health declined, and for many months she

gave him most tender and unceasing care. She had a few times spoken to him about making a will, but as it seemed an unpleasant subject she had ceased to mention it. Finally the end came. There had come to attend the funeral his nearest relative, a nephew from New England, whom she had never seen before. In a day or two he brought two men to the cottage to appraise the property, and again was there a price set upon the well-pre erved spoons. On the evening of that day, as she was preparing supper, the nephew entered the kitchen and said, 'Aunt Liza, I am disposed to be very easy with you; the worth of all of uncle's property has been carefully estimated, and I will allow you to include in your half of it any article of furniture you may choose.' And again she paid the price of her first darling purchase of silverware. But there was not enough left after the half was taken for her to keep the house and lot, so they went into the hands of strangers, and with her cat, Aunt Liza again went into cozy, but hired rooms. She was a pattern of thrift and tidiness, as a smart widower of the neighborhood was well aware, and in less than a year he made a call upon the comely matron. He was wise enough to make his first visit short, but lingered a moment in the door and suggested that in the near future they become better acquainted.

She answered, 'I am living here very comfortably and I think, Mr. Johnson, that it will not be worth while for you to call" and closing the door hastily she turned to her cat and said:

'No, Tommy, I have bought those spoons three times and I don't intend to risk them any more.'"

"Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things."

LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

ALICE A. HOLMES.

In the midnight, dark and gloomy,
  Fondly musing o'er the past,
When enchanting pleasures bound me
  To the scenes that could not last,

By my bedside, light and airy,
  Ling'ring footsteps seem to fall;
Forms familiar hover round me,
  Pleasing shadows grace the wall.

Then in accents soft and tender,
  Voices still to mem'ry dear,
Breathing tones of fond affection,
  Sweetly fall upon my ear.

Then methinks, my dearest mother,
  Dwelling now in realms of bliss,
Twines her loving arms around me,
  Greets me with a gentle kiss.

And my father long departed,
  Now his smiling face I see,
With his manner kind as ever,
  Fondly still caressing me.

And my brothers, loved and cherished,
  Though in exile now they roam,
Seem to join the broken circle
  Clasping once our happy home.

And my sisters, kind and gentle,
  Hail the wonders with delight,
While in vacant spaces rising,
  Absent friends appear in sight.

Thus, the midnight, dark and gloomy,
  Sheds for me its brightest rays;
While in fancy, almost real,
  Comes the "Light of other Days."

—*From "Lost Vision."*

Study of the Voice.

MARY E. SANFORD.

SINGING is an art, and to be studied as such should be divided into two distinct branches, the technical and æsthetic. A thorough knowledge of the technical branch is indispensable to the student who would have an adequate understanding of the anatomy and physiology of the most delicate and the most perfect of all musical instruments. A powerful voice, intellectual ability and a thorough knowledge of music, though desirable, are of themselves insufficient to perfect a singer. No one can hope to become a finished artist should the technical branch of study be neglected, or the æsthetic, which treats of the beautiful in art, prematurely introduced.

To acquire a complete control over the voice in singing is a task far more arduous and unremitting than the mastery of any musical instrument whatever. Manufactured instruments, being tangible and visible, appeal to the senses of touch and sight, thus aiding the student while practicing, whereas the vocal organs are intangible and invisible, and the changes which they undergo when engaged in the production of musical sound can be determined only by an inner consciousness on the part of the singer, combined with concentration and determination of mind and will. To these, the only safe guides in the production of correct musical sounds, the careful attention of every student should be especially directed.

The four essential attributes of musical sound are pitch, tymbre or quality, volume and duration. The power of the voice over these attributes varies in individuals, because of the shape, size, strength and the capacity for contraction and expansion of the organs constituting the vocal mechanism, which are the lungs, the muscles of respiration, chest, trachea, bronchi, the larynx, pharynx, and the various organs of the mouth.

The subject which should precede all others in singing is that of respiration, or the method of breathing artistically. Until the functions of the diaphragm and other respiratory muscles are understood and their mastery acquired, true progress in singing is hopeless and a perfect development of the vocal powers impossible.

There are two grand divisions of the human voice, male and female. Each division consists of three subdivisions or classes, those of the first

being bass, baritone and tenor; of the second, the contralto, mezzo-soprano and soprano. Each class is characterized by certain qualities peculiar to itself. The range of tones capable of being produced by a voice constitutes what is commonly called compass. In classifying untutored voices great care should be exercised in ascertaining and analyzing the natural capabilities of each, that the voice be not forced or its development impaired. The qualities which characterize a healthy voice are clearness, mellowness, resonance, while those characterizing an unhealthy voice are the nasal, guttural and muffled qualities. Most persons are by nature enabled to exercise a partial control over the voice in singing; and because of this many, far too many, ignore the importance of vocal culture. While the voice is ours to do with as we will, it is, like all our powers, God-given; it is a member of the house in which we live and should be trained with due care.

To the student striving to overcome obstacles in the pathway leading up the height of knowledge, whether in singing or in any other art, we would say:

"Patiently labor thou, with firm endeavor,
Ardently hoping on, lingering never,
So shall thy toil bring unfailing reward."

Foods of the Occident.

ELLA B. KENDRICK.

IF, in the beginning, the inhabitant of the Occident had been left to his own resources, while he could have had flesh, fish and fowl in abundance, it would have been necessary for him to have done without wheat, rice, barley and rye. His corned meat would have had no cabbage, his salad no lettuce, his boiled dinner no spinach, his toast no asparagus, his breakfast no coffee, his lunch no tea, his mince pies—neither apples nor spice. He would have missed radishes, turnips, carrots, parsnips, beets, and onions. Then think of his life without lemons, cherries, apples, peaches, melons, cucumbers, and olives. Without flaxseed poultices, mustard pastes, or castor oil! That inhabitant existed without sugar, grapes, hops, watermelon, and bananas. But he might have used capsicum for spice, quinine for seasoning and cocoa for drink. Our ancestor found pumpkins, pineapples and potatoes; he found currants and chestnuts; he found maize and mushrooms; and he found tomatoes and also tobacco, a find which might have been dispensed with to good advantage. This continent is the home of the Jerusalem artichoke, which did not come from Jerusalem and is not an artichoke, but a sunflower with an edible root. The kidney bean is indigenous in America making succotash one of the early possibilities.

And the delicious strawberry is America's own. When the new world gave to the old world corn, potatoes and our wild strawberries, it in some degree made reparation to that country for the introduction to it of tobacco. Another new world luxury is maple sugar. The Sugar Maple grows in great quantities in Canada and northern America, and we generally associate maple sugar with the northern New England states, but recently the statement has been published that many of the largest sugar camps of America are in the Western Reserve, Ohio. Upward of 7,000,000 pounds of maple sugar are annually produced in this country.

The family of grasses in the world is large. The most important members, having a food value, are wheat, rice, maize and sugar cane. From the standpoint of the botanist grasses, including our common cereals, are degenerates. They are degraded descendants of the lily. Evolution to

them has been a sacrifice of beauty of form and feature that, by that sacrifice they might acquire utility and practical value.

Wheat, barley, onions, cabbage, tea, peaches, apples, pears, quinces, watermelons, beans and rice are among the oldest known foods, all having been cultivated for more than four thousand years. Historians have gathered these facts from ancient Egyptian monuments and from old Chinese works, but in none of these ancient writings has there been found any allusion to maize, a fact which taken in connection with others well known to the student, proves maize to have been of western origin.

When Columbus came to this continent maize was a staple article of food among the inhabitants of the southern continent as well as among those of the northern part of the land. Ears or grains of corn have been found in the burial-mounds of the ancients, in the tombs of the Incas, and in the catacombs of Peru. We also find that corn was intimately associated with the religious rites of the ancients. Darwin found ears of corn buried in the soil of the shore of Peru, now eighty-five feet above sea level. The seeds of many wild plants can be easily dispersed and to this fact is due the continuance of many species and the introduction of them to new fields and stations. Some seeds are winged or tufted and so easily carried abroad by the wind, others have burrs which stick to the coats of animals and are dropped in new places, but maize has no such power.

Its seeds when ripened are hard to detach from the ear. This with certain other facts of interest and value to the botanist, causes the French scientist, De Candolle, to incline to the opinion that the saving to the world of this important food plant was accidental.

However that may be, there is now no question of its stability; in 1898 there were in the United States alone, over 77,000,000 of acres of land devoted to its culture. Potatoes, both white and sweet, were cultivated on this continent centuries before Columbus made his discoveries; this product forms a very considerable portion of the world's food to-day. We in America devote about 3,000,000 of acres to the potato.

To the minor cereals including oats, barley, rye and buckwheat, we give 30,700,000 acres of land. Wheat is possibly the most important food product of the world, as Sir William Crookes claims that the number of bread eaters at present is 516,500,000. This cereal came originally from Persia and is of great antiquity. It was cultivated by the Chinese 2700 B. C. and considered by them as a direct gift from Heaven. It is now cultivated in nearly every country of the globe. The entire wheat crop of '98 was two billion bushels. There are other vegetables and fruits which are growing to-day on both continents whose origin is obscure and the limits of this article make it necessary to pass them as we wish to give a few facts to our meat eaters. The "oldest inhabitant" did without beef, pork, and mutton,

but he had the excellent flesh of the bison, incorrectly called the buffalo, the only species of the ox family indigenous in America.

The caribou is a native of this continent as is the elk, known locally as the moose and the largest animal of the deer family now existing. The deer is a western native also. The common domesticated duck, descended from the mallard, belongs here, as does the turkey. That hypothetical ancestor of ours had plenty of good things to eat if he did miss some of our modern luxuries.

Presumably the waters were as full of fish as they now are and the small boy left his woodpile and the larger boy his ordinary work of fighting his neighbor, and went a-fishing.

They raked oysters in those days, —or secured them in some way—and dug clams as we know that the Indians of North America made the shell of the round clam into wampam which served them for money.

Fortunately for us the supply of fish was not exhausted and we still have plenty as the waters of the United States alone, furnish more than a billion and a half pounds of fish, crustaceans, etc., annually.

"Through want of a thing does its worth redouble!
Through hunger's pangs does the feast content,
And only the heart that has harbored trouble
Can fully rejoice when joy is sent."

Sketches, from Our Exchanges.

COAL OR DIAMONDS.

There is a lump of coal on the sidewalk, a waif and stray from somebody's winter supply. A black, commonplace unprepossessing lump it is too. Scientists tell us that it is a cousin to the diamond, and instinctively we feel sorry for this poor relation who would make only a poor showing in such brilliant society.

But as the days go by, each a little shorter than the last, and the cold winter settles in upon us, we may think more highly of that lump of coal. All diamonds among the crown-jewels of earth's royalty would not warm one pair of chilled fingers. Their flashing brilliancy may command our admiration, but when we want comfort we turn to that plain, plebeian second cousin, that black, commonplace lump of coal which will kindle when the flame touches it and send out light and grateful heat, and set the tea-kettle to singing, and make us forget that the air outside is full of stinging sleet.

There are some people who remind us irresistably of diamonds. Brilliant, sparkling, reflecting light instead of originating it, a little out of place in ordinary life but at their best in society, such people have admiration in plenty and a good many of us envy them beside and long to be like them.

SPEED OF CABLING.

One of the essential features of a submarine cable is the speed of signalling. In operating long cables very delicate instruments are required, and the currents arriving at the receiving end are very feeble in comparison with those employed in land-line signalling. The longer the cable, naturally, the feebler the impulses arriving at the receiving end. A short cable, a cable of under 1000 miles being generally considered a short cable, gives a speed of signalling amply sufficient for all purposes, with a conductor weighing about 100 pounds to the mile, surrounded by an insulating envelope of gutta-percha weighing about an equal amount. When we come to a cable of about twice this length it is found necessary, in order to get a practically unlimited speed, that is, a speed as high as the most expert operator can read at, to employ a core of 650 pounds of copper to the mile, insulated with 400 pounds of guttapercha to the mile. These are the proportions of copper and gutta-percha in the 1894 Anglo-American Atlantic cable for speed of working, and has been worked, by automatic transmission, at the rate of some 45 words a

minute. The type of cable proposed for the Vancouver-Fanning section of the British Pacific cable, as designed by Lord Kelvin, is to have a core of 552 pounds of copper and 368 pounds of guttapercha to the mile and is calculated to give a speed of 12 words per minute over a length of 3560 miles. It is not considered safe to adopt a very much heavier core than this, for the reason that the weight of the complete cable with a core that should weigh more than about half a ton to the nautical mile would be so great that picking it up for repairs from a depth of 3000 fathoms would be an extremely difficult and hazardous operation.

A CARRIER PIGEON'S RACE FOR LIFE.

The passengers on the ferryboat Piedmont, from Oakland, Cal., were treated to the spectacle of a speed test between a sea eagle and a carrier pigeon, in which the smaller bird won by saving its life. When the boat was opposite Goat Island, P. H. Schlotzhauer, a pigeon fancier of Alameda, released five birds. Among them was the famous five-year-old homer, Duke of Richmond, who has proved his right to a title of nobility in more than a score of long-distance flights. The pigeons rose in the air and circled several times. Four of them turned towards the east, but the fifth, which was the Duke of Richmond, was seen to flirt and drop towards the Piedmont. Then the passengers made out that the pigeon was being pursued by a large bird. The two birds were at an elevation of 1000 feet when the chase began, with the carrier a short distance in the lead. As by instinct he dropped straight for the place where his master had released him, and landing upon the ladies' deck of the Piedmont, fluttered through the cabin door. The sea eagle was so confident that it would strike its prey that it did not check its pursuit until within ten feet of the rail of the ferryboat. Then it wheeled suddenly, and hovering about the stern of the boat for a few moments, winged its way back towards Goat Island. Once inside the cabin, the frightened pigeon ran down the aisle until it came to a passenger reading a newspaper. As if sure of protection, it fluttered up to his side and perched on the arm of his seat. There it was caught by Schlotzhauer and safely caged.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

"Probably there is no more striking instance of what can be accomplished by grit and insistent and ambitious courage, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, that is set forth in the case of Charles J. Leary, who conducts a job-printing establishment in Fall River, Massachusetts. Deprived, as he is, of one of nature's most valued and necessary gifts—the sense of sight, yet he successfully carries on and conducts personally a printing establishment which is always busy, and which has the reputation of turning out work second to none of its class in the city. Mr. Leary entered the employ of Almy & Nilne, publishers of the *Daily News*, the oldest newspaper in Fall River, in April, 1864, at the age of thirteen years, and was in almost continuous service there until unfailing vision forced him to retire in March, 1897. He worked as an "all-round" man until 1879, when he was made foreman of the book and job department, and retained the position for eighteen years. His work in that office was of the finest description, and a good many specimens came in for honorable mention from the editor of *The Inland Printer*, of which Mr. Leary was and is a regular reader.

During his term of service in the *News* office he invented several time and labor saving appliances in presswork which he never took the precaution to patent, but which were used to advantage in the office where he was

employed, as well as by other members of the craft who had learned of their value. In March, 1897, acting under medical advice, he went to the infirmary in Boston, where he was advised to undergo an operation of a particularly critical nature as the last remaining chance of effecting a benefit. The operation took place on April 12, 1897, with the result that inflammation immediately followed. He remained five months in the infirmary altogether, hoping against hope, as it were, but the sight had gone forever, and he returned home. No pen can picture and no language describe the despair and anguish of heart and soul during those dark hours of trial and despondency. Mr. Leary, when he now talks of them, feels perplexed as to why he did not break down in spirit and in courage, and give up the unequal battle with the vicissitudes of a cruel fate. One day, while in one of his saddened and despairing moods, two of his friends sought to encourage him by reference to a hopeful future. They were Miss Hughes and Miss McHale, of Bristol, Rhode Island, the former a sister of his wife. They began to tell him of the almost marvelous work of blind people, done at a concert and entertainment some time before, at which they were present. The people referred to were inmates of the Connecticut Industrial Home for the Blind, which was under the management of F. E. Cleaveland, as president, a lawyer, blind himself, yet engaged in the regular practice of his profession. Mr. Leary, after hearing the encouraging reports of the kindly disposed young women, had a letter written to Mr. Cleaveland, the outcome of which was that the latter invited the Fall River printer to enter the department in the Home devoted to the "art preservative." Mr. Leary went to Connecticut with a friend, and with the intention of accepting the offer, but whether it was a sense of homesickness at the thought of being temporarily separated from the dear ones at home, or the Spartan-like courage which has since marked his career, that actuated him, he soon returned. He says that he had been there but a few hours when he got to thinking over his case, and arrived at the conclusion that if he could work at the good old trade in an institution, what was to hinder him from doing the same at home for the benefit of those dependent upon him, and where he might be able to accept and enjoy the comfort and companionship and affection they were so anxious to bestow upon him. With the assistance of kind friends, two of the city's leading business men—and few men have more friends in Fall River than Mr. Leary—he fitted out a small room in the A. J. Borden building and started in to earn a living. His outfit consisted of a one-eighth and of a one-fourth medium job press, with a good supply, etc., and he intended to do his work by foot power, but found, in the first week, that he could not get orders out and was forced to put in an electric motor. Here was where the kindness and loyalty of the business public were in evidence, for inside of one year he had to double the size of his room and add new stock.

At the end of two years he finds himself forced to take still larger quarters in the M. T. Hudner building on South Main street, where he has put in a half-medium jobber, and additional type and stock. His place is one of the neatest, best-arranged jobrooms in the city, and he keeps from four to six hands at work. As an instance of his energy and skill, it may be stated that he set up, spaced, locked up, and fed the press for the first work done in his shop, with his own hands, though not able to see a particle, it being a business card of his own establishment. Another example of the skill and proficiency of Mr. Leary may be found in the following fact. Not long ago he had a call from Superintendent Bates of the public schools, who asked him if he could do a job for him personally. Mr. Leary replied that he could, and Mr. Bates left the copy for a circular, of which he ordered quite a number. Mr. Leary set up the copy, having it read to him, took a stone proof and sent it to the office of Superintendent Bates for correction and revision. It came back without a single correction, and Superintendent Bates was so enthusiastic over the accuracy of the work that he took the occasion to show it to several of the teachers and pupils as an instance of what might be accomplished by courage, energy and persistency in the face of disadvantage and adversity.

Mr. Leary's long experience in a book and job room has made him so familiar with the stock used, that he is enabled to buy all his own materials. He can tell by touch many of the grades of paper, the weight of cardboard, and buys by sample. When business is rushing, he helps regularly in the selecting and setting up of display lines, discerning the faces of the larger of the job type by touch, making designs for fancy work and in many other ways. His work compares favorably with the best turned out in his home city and is superior to much of it."—[*The Inland Printer.*

"Possibly the most astonishing of all blind men is the French sculptor, Vidal, who is stone blind, but models wonderful statues of animals. How can he do this without seeing? Simply by touch. He lives surrounded by animals of all kinds, and is ever patting and caressing them. When he wants to model a horse, he begins by studying the legs. He stoops down by the animal, talking to it and patting it constantly, and says, 'Come, I must examine your legs. Don't you move. Now I must examine your chest. Come, my friend, be quiet, or I shall fail to catch your likeness.'

When he wanted to study a wild animal the task was more difficult. Vidal first studied the works of other sculptors, the skeletons of the animal, even stuffed specimens. One day, when he had decided that he wanted to model a lion, he felt that he must study a living model. He did not hesitate to face the danger, but entered a lion's cage, accompanied by the trainer.

He felt him, caressed him, studied him attentively and for a long time, and when he came away he modelled his 'Lion Roaring,' one of his masterpieces. Seen in his studio at work, it could hardly be believed that the sculptor was blind, were it not that at times he goes over his work by feeling it with those ten sensitive fingers that take the place of his eyes.

The blind man's fingers are his eyes. Put a stick half way in the water and it looks as if it were broken in two, but if you put your hand in the water you find that the stick is straight. Touch corrects vision."—[*The New York Herald.*

The Blind People of Washington, in the department assigned to them, by the Librarian of the Congressional Library, are favored by Miss Helen Hay, daughter of the Secretary of State, with some original poems. The following here reproduced, are selected from among those read by Miss Hay recently.

EVENING AT WASHINGTON.

The purple stretches of the evening sky
  Lean to the fair white city waiting here,
  Flecking with gold the marble's lifted tier.
Down the blue marsh, where crows to southward fly,
Flanked by dim ramparts where the tide dreams by.
  High from the city's heart a lifted spear
  In its straight splendor makes the heavens seem near.
Symbol of man-made force that shall not die.
  To the tall crest we gaze in self-command,
Assured the world's our own and we may dare
To raise our Babel thro' forbidden aisles
  And hold the skirt of knowledge in our hand,
Great in our moment, spurn the world's despair;
While heaven looks down through calm, unmeasured miles.

SONG.

Love is a broken lily,
  A pale and crownless rose,
With golden heart made chilly
  By traitor touch of snows.
So sleep, my heart, lie sleeping,
  Nor open weary eyes,
For waking is but weeping,
  And sleep is paradise.

Love is a cadence trailing,
  Where broken music falls,
A hapless shadow sailing
  Across deserted walls.
So still, my heart, lie sleeping
  Till love's hot sun be set,
For waking is but weeping;
  Asleep, sad eyes forget.

HELEN HAY.

Throughout my whole life, says a blind person in the Argosy, my blindness has had this remarkable feature in it: I always have before my eyes a brilliant light, so that the whole air around me seems, as it were, incandescent. I appear to be walking in light. In this light I can call up at will all sorts of beautiful colors, which I see mingled with the radiance and forming part of it. Thus my blindness has always been for me in a certain way brightness.

As I grew older there came to me other abnormal peculiarities which have been mercifully sent as compensations. I can always tell when others are looking at me and I can generally tell whether they are looking at me in kindness or the reverse. My sense of hearing is extremely sensitive and through it I can read character in the tones of the voices of men and women around me. I can also discern character accurately in the touch of the hand. I have certain instincts for which I have no exact name, which sometimes make me foresee future events. My senses of touch and smell are excessively delicate.

There is a grocery store connected with the Industrial Home at Hartford and the young woman, Charlotte M. Hinman, who has charge of the store is a bright capable blind girl—witty and keen. She renders good service as a grocery clerk and occasionally drops into rhyme. The editor recently captured the following:

MERCHANT SEEKS TRADE THROUGH RHYME.

Some things are remembered the better by rhyme,
So I will endeavor to fill out the time,
While waiting for trade, just to set down a few,
In hopes of assistance to me and to you.

We have kerosene oil and burners and wicks,
We have chimneys and washboards and pails and mopsticks,
And vinegar also and sugar as well,
With soap, bluing and clothespins and pearline to sell.

We have pork and molasses, lard, butter and bread,
With canned goods and cookies, and needles and thread,
Our tea and our coffee are well worth the try,
Brooms made on the place, which 'twould pay you to buy.

The children flock in, from afar and from near,
For candy and tops and good marbles, not dear,
And shaving-soap also, we offer for sale,
With cool, pleasant soda your health to regale.

And playing cards too, but aweary you'll be,
If I set it all down, so just drop in and see,
At Wethersfield Avenue, *Three Thirty Four*,
Where you're welcome to trade at the Pioneer Store.

CHARLOTT M. HINMAN.

Correspondence with the Executor of the estate of the late Ellen Berry, of Watertown, Mass., who bequeathed $1,000 to our Industrial Home for the Blind.

The Executor in a letter to Mr. Cleaveland dated February 8th, referring to the Testatrix says, "This (meaning the bequest,) is the accumulation of a little old lady who lived in one family for sixty-two years as their servant, below the medium stature, but kind, conservative and observing, as you will notice by her bequests."

We learn that Miss Berry became interested in our work, and in fact made the bequest as the result of the kindly interest and good offices of Mrs. Thomas P. Emerson, who was present at the concert given by our young blind people at Watertown, Mass., and who has since kept in touch with our work by reading TALKS AND TALES.

We earnestly trust that our friends everywhere, will remember us when their friends inquire of them as did Miss Berry of Mrs. Emerson, as to what disposition to make of their accumulations so that they will best serve the cause of humanity.

Mr. Cleaveland replying to the letter of Mr. Emerson, writes as follows:

MR. THOMAS P. EMERSON,
32 Arsenal Street,
Watertown, Mass.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your favor bearing date February 8th.

Both personally and in behalf of our Institution, I am deeply grateful to you and Mrs. Emerson for the kindly interest you have manifested in the welfare of the Blind.

I know of no work of philanthropy, in which greater results of benefits to humanity accrue than the work in which our Institution and Association are engaged. To take homeless and dependent blind women, rescue them from a fate which would consign them to the poorhouse and the companionship of tramps, dissolute women and vagabonds who have ruined their own lives by their own vice, and place them in comfortable Christian homes, furnish them employment by which they ultimately become independent and able to maintain themselves, is a work which alone appeals to every feeling of humanity we possess.

Adding to this the training of young blind men, some of them husbands and fathers, and giving them a start from which they are able to go on and maintain themselves and their families, to say nothing of the diligent and effective work for the children in our nursery and Kindergarten, and we shall be able to make the generous bequest of our friend and benefactor accomplish much for these people whose opportunities and chances in life have been so limited and the latent possibilities of whose lives have been so little understood.

Again expressing our gratitude and trusting that we may long be able to count you and Mrs. Emerson among our friends and supporters, I remain,

Most sincerely and respectively yours,

F. E. CLEAVELAND,

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Let Those Laugh who Win.

MARY W. MORRISON.

Beneath a tree
with spreading
boughs,
On margin
of a pool,
A bloat-
ed frog
croaked merrily,
Fanned by the breezes cool

His viz-a-viz a grasshopper,
Upon the other shore;
Whose famous leaps are chronicled
In books of childish lore.

Now both were hoppers of renown;
The one that was so thin
Sent a swift challenge to the frog,—
To jump,—and see who'd win.

A twinkle shone in froggie's eye;
He answered with a wink;
Then both shot upward in the air,
And then,—what do you think?

Why, froggie settled down again,
Beneath a toadstool gray;
Ready for other bits as sweet,
That chanced along his way.

For crafty was the heart that throbbed
Beneath that mottled coat;
He timed his leap so grasshopper
Jumped right down froggie's throat.

—*Stories True and Fancies New.*

NERO'S SAGACITY.

A GENTLEMAN and a visitor were riding in a carriage, one afternoon. They began to talk about the sagacity of animals. The gentleman said that his dog named Nero would go back and bring a forgotten thing, if he told him to do so.

The visitor doubted what he said about his dog. So, in order to prove what he said about his dog was true, he stopped the horse, got out of the carriage, and called his dog. He took a half-dollar from his pocket, made a mark upon it with his knife, showed it to his dog, and put it under a large stone by the side of the road.

Then he got into the carriage again, and drove on two or three miles, while the dog ran along in the road.

The gentleman stopped the horse again, called his dog, and by talking and signing told Nero to go back for the half-dollar. Nero seemed to understand what his master said to him, for he turned round and ran back towards the large stone, and they watched him until he was out of sight.

Then they rode on towards home. When Nero reached the large stone, he found that he could not push or roll it off of the half-dollar, so he began to bark, for he wanted somebody to help him.

A farmer working in a field heard him barking, and went to see what was the matter with him.

He raised up the stone, took the half-dollar, and put it into a pocket of his pantaloons for he did not see the mark on it. He did not suspect that the dog had been sent for it.

Nero followed the farmer, for he knew that he had the marked half-dollar in his pocket, and he wanted to get it.

In the evening he sneaked into his bed-room, and hid under the bed. He saw where the pantaloons were put, and when he heard the farmer snoring loudly, he came quietly from under the bed, took the pantaloons in his mouth, and jumped out of a window.

He ran along the road toward home.

After supper the gentleman and his friend waited for some time, and then went to bed, but before they fell asleep, Nero arrived and scratched on the door.

The gentleman got up, opened the door, and let in the dog. When they saw that he had brought a pair of pantaloons instead of the marked half-dollar, they were amazed. They examined the pockets, and found the marked half-dollar in one pocket, and a pocket-book full of money in the other one.

The next day the gentleman advertised the pantaloons and pocket-book.

The farmer to whom they belonged read the advertisement in a newspaper, and went to get them.

When he told them how he had looked for his pants, in the morning, but could not find them, the three men laughed heartily and said that there was no doubt about the sagacity of Nero.—*Our Little World.*

THE BLIND SPARROW.

ELLEN A. LUTZ.

There was a commotion in the apple-tree, where the sparrows had congregated in great numbers and with more than usual demonstration of interest in the first flight of a young sparrow family. They seemed greatly exalted, uttering strange notes of wonder or fear, as if something was out of the regular order.

Ruby forsook her play in the arbor to watch them, leaving her dolls to the mercy of Fido, who seems to think they are some new class of vermin, and shakes them viciously.

One of the young birds was standing on the edge of the nest, timidly fluttering its wings, while the others urged it to flight, both by precept and by example. When the poor thing finally ventured to use its wings, it fell down fluttering to the ground.

Ruby picked it up tenderly, and, trying to soothe its distress, she discovered that it had no eyes. The head was otherwise perfect, but, where the eyes should have been, it was curiously smooth, with no signs of even embryotic orbs of vision.

Here was a strange freak of nature, a curiosity, to be sure; but such a sad fate for the poor little sparrow to be blind! What chance could a blind bird have to make its way in the world?

Ruby placed it carefully in a basket, where the old birds brought food to it for several days, until it had gained strength and courage to try its wings in an upward flight.

Then there was a curious school of methods in our back yard. All the sparrow colony seemed interested in the blind bird, and evinced considerable wit or wisdom in their plans for teaching it how to reach the tree where so many of them made their home.

Relays of sparrows were perched upon a bush, the fence, the tree, all making plaintive calls which the blind bird answered. After many efforts, it succeeded in reaching the first group of its friends, who received it with great demonstrations of delight. Success brought courage, and in a few hours it had reached the tree, guided by the calls of its comrades.

The blind bird is full grown now, but dependent upon the neighborly offices of its friends, who fly down with it every day in the grass under the apple-tree, and the afflicted bird waits patiently, while they feed it with crums which we leave there, and a few bugs and worms by way of relish.

Ruby is very much interested in watching the group of sparrows, which she calls "The Friendly Association," and wonders if they will continue their kindly ministrations during the coming winter.—*Our Animal Friends.*

THE PUPPY AND THE MAIL.

Such a funny thing happened in New York city the other day. When the collector opened one of the big mail boxes he found the papers and packages all moving as though there was something alive under them. He put in his hand to take some of them out, and with a glad little yelp the cutest, little, bright-eyed puppy stuck his nose up through the papers and seemed so glad to see the man. The collector lifted him out and he wagged his tail with joy and looked up into his face as though he were thanking him for taking him out of that dark place.

The collector found a tag tied about the puppy's neck having a two-cent stamp and the direction of a western city on it. There is no provision for sending puppies by mail; the poor little thing might have been smothered among the papers in a closed mail bag, so the kind-hearted collector kept the puppy at the office where it has plenty to eat and drink and is petted by every one.

"The lazy little girl that shivers all day
In the sultry house at her listless play,
With a dreadful pain in her head,
She never, never knows how nice and warm
Is the rosy little girl, that, out in the storm,
Goes skipping about with her sled.'

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"He can't hoe his own row."

"No. He has been a rake all his life."

———o———

Gold is yellow, but there is a great difference between gold fever and yellow fever.

———o———

"Did that bottle of medicine do your uncle any good?"

"No; as soon as he read the wrapper he got three new diseases."

———o———

"I wish we had a horseless carriage," said the farmer's son."

"We have," replied the farmer, "and now that you speak of it, you might as well get it and bring a load of potatoes up to the house."

———o———

"They say that the late Vice-President Hobart started in life with but $2.50 in his pocket."

"Pooh, I started in life without even a pocket."

———o———

A little girl ran into a druggist's, and asked for a penny's worth of pills.

"Anti-bilous?" asked the druggist.

"No," said the child, "uncle's bilious!"

———o———

"A woman took her little boy into her lap and gave me his seat on the car to-day."

"Did you ask her to do it?"

"No; I merely told her that he had a remarkably fine head."

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin. His head prevents him from going too far."

———o———

Auntte—"Do you like Uncle Harry to give you a ride on his back?"

Tommy—"Oh, yes; but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday."

———o———

"Johnnie, I hope you are not beginning to swear."

"Oh, no, not till I am as big as papa!"

———o———

She—"Mr. D'Auber is wedded to his art,"

He—"Well, there's nothing mercenary about the union."

———o———

"It's hard," said the menagerie lion.

"What's hard?" asked the kangaroo.

"To be starved when I'm alive and stuffed when I'm dead."

———o———

Sister—"There! You have candy all over your new suit. What will mamma say?"

Little Brother—"Well, mamma won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get 'em spoiled."

———o———

"Did you ever notice the queer, rotary gesture Mr. Chilikoot always makes when his wife rings for the butler?"

"Yes; you see he used to be a motorman before he went to the Klondike."

"Did you say the man was shot in the woods, doctor?"

"No, I didn't; I said he was shot in the lumbar region."

———o———

"My wife had a good cry last night."

"What about?"

"She told me to guess what she had bought me for Christmas, and I guessed."

———o———

Young Doctor (exultantly)—"Well, I've been successful with my first patient."

Old Doctor—"Of what did you relieve him?"

Young Doctor—"Ten dollars."

———o———

Lady (sitting for portrait)—"And make my mouth small, will you—ever so small? I know it is large really, but make it quite tiny, will you?"

Artist (politely)—"Certainly, madam. If you prefer it, I will leave it out altogether."

———o———

"Now tell me," said the visitor to the penitentiary, "if you had your life to live over, don't you think you would choose a different road?"

"You bet I would," answered the prisoner. "I'd take the road through the woods, and they'd never catch me."

———o———

Teacher—"John, of what are your shoes made?"

Boy—"Of leather, sir."

Teacher—"Where does the leather come from?"

Boy—"From the hide of the ox."

Teacher—"What animal, then, supplies you with shoes and gives you meat to eat?"

Boy—"My father."

"Why do you say we are perfectly safe if we elope on a railroad train?"

"Because papa won't pursue us until he can get a pass."

———o———

"I shall not go out of that door, sir," said the irate subscriber, "until I have had an explanation."

"Oh, all right," responded the editor, "the window is just as handy."

———o———

Little Dick—"Uncle Richard, what is bric-a-brac?"

Uncle Richard—"Bric-a-brac is anything you knock over and break when you are feeling for matches in the dark."

———o———

Sister Jackson—"'Stead ob 'sperinsin' religion so of'n, Mose, yo mought spend some ob yo' time gettin' odd jobs ter help suppo't de family."

Mose—"What yo' spec, Tilda? We all on us has different talents' Yo' has yo's, and I has mine."

———o———

Citizen—"By the way, I have been told that the Klondike gold is not worth so much to the ounce as some other brands."

Returned Klondikers—"I couldn't say as to that. We never measured by less than a ton. I ain't no idea as to ounce values."

———o———

Willie—"Pa, will you buy me a pair of roller skates?"

Pa—"A pair of skates! What do you want to do with a pair of skates?"

Willie (disgusted)—"What do I want to do with 'em? Say, pa, you never used 'em for boxing gloves or oil stoves, did you, when you was a kid?"

SELECTED MATTER.

Why and Wherefore.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I know not whence I came,
  I know not whither I go,
But the fact stands clear that I am here
  In this world of pleasure and woe;
And out of the mist and murk
  Another truth shines plain—
It is in my power each day and hour
  To add to its joy or pain.

I know that the earth exists,
  It is none of my business why,
I cannot find out what its all about—
  I would only waste time to try;
My life is a brief, brief thing,
  I am here for a little space,
And while I stay, I would like, if I may,
  To brighten and better the place.
The trouble, I think, with us all
  Is the lack of a high conceit;
If each man thought he was sent to the spot
  To make it a little more sweet,
How soon we could gladden the world;
  How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked and each one worked
  To help his fellows along.

Cease wondering why you came;
  Stop looking for faults and flaws;
Rise up to-day in your pride and say:
  "I am part of the first great cause,
However full the world,
  There is room for an earnest man.
It has need of me or I wouldn't be—
  I am here to strengthen the plan."

FORTY, even fifty years ago there lived in Rome a group of very agreeable people—Story and the two Greenoughs and Crawford the sculptor, (father of the brilliant novelist of to-day;) Charlotte Cushman, (who divided her time between Rome and Newport,) and her friend Miss Stebbins the sculptress, to whose hands we owe the bronze fountain on the Mall in our Park; Rogers, then working at the bronze doors of our Capitol, and many other cultivated and agreeable people. Hawthorne passed a couple of winters among them, and the tone of that society is reflected in his "Marble Faun.". He took Story as a model for his "Kenyon," and was the first to note the exotic grace of an American girl in that strange setting. They formed as transcendental and unworldly a group as ever gathered about a "tea" table. Great things were expected of them and their influence, but they disappointed the world, and, with the exception of Hawthorne, are being fast forgotten.

THE history of a city directory is always an interesting topic, and in London and New York the bulk of such publications increases with leaps and bounds. In The Academy the origin of the London Post Office

Directory is described, or, as it is best known in the great metroplis of the world, as "Kelly's." Originally it was a kind of perquisite of the Inspector General of Letter Carriers, and the letter carriers who canvassed for the directory earned their commissions. Later the father of the present publisher took the directory on his own account when it was deemed valueless. Under his excellent management its success was assured. The oldest London directory is dated 1736. The Academy has put the last edition of Kelly's in the office scale and it weighs "eleven pounds one ounce."

CHARLES D. LANIER speaks of Thomas Hughes thus: "He had the eternal youth of a young heart. He had never grown old in his seventy-three years, and it required an effort to associate the thought of inertness with such a strong, breezy worker." Dr. Newman Hall, the well-known London divine, is another instance of youthful age. His habits of life have been simple, his spirit sweet and optimistic, and he has been an indefatigable worker. On the completion of his eightieth year, his sight and hearing were perfect, and he could walk ten miles without fatigue. He never used tobacco, and was a total abstainer for sixty years.

PATTI has an album of autographs, some of which are of great value. Among them are the following: "My dear Adeline, nothing is easier for me than to put a thought in your album; a thought which goes through my head, to cherish you as an adorable creature, to admire your ravishing talent, to be always your friend, —Paris, February 16, 1864. G. Rossini." "To his ravishing Dinorah ths greatful author presents his homage and the expression of his admiration.—Paris, April 8, 1864. Meyerbeer." "Oportet patti. Latinists translate this adage by: It is necessary to suffer. The monks by: Bring the pie. The friends of music by: Patti is necessary to us. H. Berlioz."

IT is now just forty years ago that Fitzgerald's now celebrated paraphrase of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam first appeared in England. It was published anonymously and is described by Bernard Quaritch, the well-known London publisher, as a "little, insignificant-looking brown paper covered pamphlet." This first edition included only seventy-five quatrains, and of the "little brown paper covered pamphlets" but 250 were printed. Of these Mr. Fitzgerald kept fifty and gave the remaining 200 to Mr. Quaritch, who sold a considerable number of them for 1 penny each—for the simple reason that he could get no more.

EUGENE FIELD'S earliest attempts at authorship were embodied in the Tribune Primer, published at Denver in 1882. Here are two humorous squibs from the "mental arithmetic" lesson: "If you have five cucumbers and eat three, what will you have left? Two. No; you are wrong. You will have more than that. You will have colic enough to double you up

in a bow knot for six hours. You may go to the foot of the class. "If a horse weighing 1600 pounds haul four tons of pig iron, how many seasons will a front gate painted blue carry a young woman on one side and a young man on the other?"

THE Berliner Signale publishes an announcement of an antiphone, an invention intended, as its name indicates, to prevent the functions of the auditory sense—against neighboring musicians too disagreeably loud. The antiphone, invented by a man named Plessner, is for sale by the optician Schiller, Luisen-Strasse at Berlin; it is composed of two little balls of gutta-percha, which by the help of a spring can be applied against the opening of the ear.

THE Russians tell a story of the late Czar Alexander III that upon the rare occasions when it was incumbent upon him to pay a call he would take a gold coin bearing his "image and superscription," and, twisting it between thumb and finger, leave it in lieu of a card—the only man in Russia who had strength for the feat.

THE Queen of Portugal, who is said to have taken up medicine as a fad, became so interested in it that she completed the course and took the degree of M. D. She is now the chief physician of her husband, herself and her children.

PRINCE KRAPOTKIN, the author of "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," is now living quietly in Bromley, a Kentish town. He seldom appears in public, but he can be seen every afternoon waiting for his daughter outside the Bromley High School. He is described as a typical Russian, subdued in manner, rather weather beaten and shriveled, with a bushy beard, and looking every inch a fighter.

THE salary of President McKinley is $131 per day; Admiral Dewey gets $37.50 per day; cabinet officers, the Vice President and the Speaker of the House, $22.22 per day; senators and congressmen 13.90 per day and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court $26 per day.

IN nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven, where, for a small fee, housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

AMBER is the ancient product of many generations of conifers, now extinct. It is found in alluvial soils and on the seashores.

IN some parts of South Africa where the Shrubby Sundew grows two feet high, it is used in houses as a fly catcher.

THERE is one country in the world, and probably only one, which gets along with a single policeman; that is Iceland.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

TRANSVAAL.—The first important British success was the relief of Kimberley, which had been besieged by the Boers for one hundred and twenty-three days. General French, acting under orders from Lord Roberts, advanced his force and reached the beleagured city on Feb 15. Cronje and his followers had retreated, and Lord Roberts, ascertaining that their goal was Blomfontein, immediately started in pursuit of him. Lord Roberts succeeded in intercepting the forces which Cronje expected in order to make a final stand, and at last surrounded him. Cronje was confined to one square mile but courageously withstood the fierce fire of the British for eight days. This stubborn resistance, it is claimed, was to enable the scattered bands of Boers to collect at Blomfontein. Finally on the night of February 26, a dashing advance by a Canadian regiment and some of the Engineers supported by the First Gordon Highlanders and the Second Shropshires succeeded in reaching a position only eighty yards from the enemies' trenches. The following morning General Cronje unconditionally surrendered. The captives have been sent to Cape Town on their way to St. Helena, the exile home of Napoleon. On the receipt of this news from Lord Roberts, London went wild with excitement. March 1, London was again the scene of great rejoicing by a dispatch from General Buller in which he informed the War Office of the entrance of General Dundonald with the Natal Carabineers and a composite regiment into Ladysmith and the relief of General White. General White's force was found to be in a wretched condition owing to diseases arising from the poisonous waters of the Klip River. Most of the Boers have retreated from Cape Colony to the Orange Free State, and are being compelled to withdraw from there, and it is now supposed that they will concentrate their forces in their own country. Word was received March 14 of the peaceful entrance of Lord Roberts into the capital (Blomfontein) of the Orange Free State and the cordiality displayed by the inhabitants to him and his followers. President Steyn with the majority of the fighting force had fled northward. Blomfontein will be used as a base of operation for the advance on Pretoria by the British. Lord Roberts has appointed Major-General Prettyman military governor of Blomfontein. President Kruger in a dispatch to a New York newspaper dated March

13, states that all forces are returning to their native soil, and that Joubert, Steyn, the burghers, himself and all others are united. The British, he claims, will never reach Pretoria. The siege of Pretoria will, it is believed, decide the fate of the war. This almost impregnable city will be the scene of the fiercest fighting of the war. It is said that President Kruger has expended over one million dollars and fifteen years' labor on its defenses. Surrounded by mountains, seven of which are capped by forts built and equipped with the latest devices known to warfare, roads leading to the city mined, and with a food supply sufficient for the population and the army for five years, it seems almost an impossibility to capture it. Ammunition in quantity to last two years, it is claimed, has been stored in the city. Another point in the Boer favor is the ample supply of water in case of a siege. The whole world now waits with interest Lord Robert's advance upon this strongly fortified and almost impassable city.

PHILIPPINES.—It has been announced that of the President's new Philippine Commission the following members have been appointed; Judge Taft as head of the Commission; Professor Dean C. Worcester, who served with great credit on the former Philippine commission; General Luke E. Wright, a Tennessee lawyer of ability; Henry C. Ide, a Vermont lawyer, who is best known as the Chief Justice of Samoa in the years 1891–2; and Professor Bernard Moses, who for fourteen years held the chair of History and Political economy in the University of California. The scope of the Commission is to be of the broadest; outside of military matters they will have full control, with the power to construct the machinery of government, to appoint minor officers and to imitate the system of local government by the natives as fast and as far as practicable. From the Philippines there has been little news of consequence within the last two or three weeks. The bubonic plague still exists in Manila; a dispatch dated February 17, states that fifty-one cases have been reported and there have been thirty-two deaths, the greater number being Chinamen. The Igorrotes have virtually announced the supremacy of the Americans in the islands. This is an encouraging sign of American advancement in the Philippines. They are the most powerful tribe in the islands, and are found mostly in the mountain districts of Bangued, Lepanto and Bontoco. They are a distinct race and slightly resemble the Chinese. They make a specialty of agriculture, and some of the finest tools and household articles found on the islands are the product of their nimble fingers. The first effort to subdue them was made in 1660, but it was not until 1829 that they finally submitted to Spanish supremacy. Under the wise and moderate American rule it is believed they will become a contented, prosperous and valuable people of the Philippine

Islands. The President believes that it will soon be possible to withdraw part of the military and naval forces in the Philippines and establish and maintain civil government as supreme.

CONGRESS.—The Puerto Rican tariff debate has been an interesting one. Both sides of the question were discussed with ardor. The argument for the proposed tariff was brought out by Mr. Dazell, also by Mr. Payne. The former argued against free trade for Puerto Rico on the ground that, if this were allowed, it would involve free trade for the Philippines. The latter said that it was found that free trade would not produce sufficient revenue for the expense of the government. The argument against the bill was ably presented by Mr. Richardson, the Democratic leader. Mr. Richardson argued that the bill violated the Constitution, which says that all duties should be uniform throughout the United States. If Puerto Rico is a part of the United States, it should have the rights guaranteed by the Constitution. The House passed the bill on February 28. When amended the bill provided for duties amounting to fifteen per cent of the Dingley tariffs. The bill was passed by a vote of 172 to 161. In the early part of March the Senate passed a bill for the government of Hawaii. The bill provides for a governor and other officials, legislature and courts, also for the election of a delegate to represent the islands in Congress. The bill seems to recognize the doctrine of popular government and to involve in the near future the admission of Hawaii as a state. An excellent bill which has been framed by leading librarians will probably die in the Committee room. It provides for the carriage of books and other printed matter at one cent a pound to and from libraries that have entire or partial tax support or tax exemption. The present rate is one cent for every two ounces. The new rate would enable the reader in small towns and in the country to draw books in city libraries for a small sum. The chief objection urged against the Library Bill is on the ground of expense. Members of both Senate and the House dare not favor a bill which would increase the present postal deficit.

EDUCATION.—At the annual conference of the Department of Superintendents of the National Education Association held in Chicago recently, there was a large representative attendance of leading educators. Dr. Butler's summarization of the expenditures made for school purposes is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Education so conceived and so shaped has made an irresistible appeal to every civilized nation. During the century, education has become definitely a State function, not as a dole, but as a duty. Consequently the public expenditure for education has become enormous. In the United States it amounts annually to $200,000,000 for the common schools alone or $2.67 per capita of

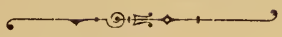
population, and it is quiet equal to the sum total of the expenditures of Great Britain, France, and Germany combined upon their powerful navies. Yale, according to President Hadley, desires to establish a school for the study of the theory and practice of colonial government. There is no such school in this country, and the funds for its endowment ought to be contributed immediately. It would be hard to suggest a more practicable service to the nation than the work of such a school. President Eliot's annual report, recently issued notes the fact that two-fifths of the students at Harvard are now securing the degree of A. B. in three years, without any lowering of the standards required, and that a scheme of retiring allowances for the teaching force of the University is being put into effect. Miss Sarah Porter, who recently died at her old home in Farmington, Conn., at the age of eighty-six years, bore a memorable part in the development of education for women in this country. After some preliminary experience in teaching in Springfield and Philadelphia, she opened the school at Farmington more than half a century ago, beginning on a small foundation. She relied on thoroughness and hard work for its success. Until she had passed her eightieth birthday she taught, and during that time her school became known as one of the best of its class in the United States. It marked in its earlier stages a distinct advance in educational methods and ideals for women.

SCIENCE.—The outlook for Peary's Polar expedition does not seem very bright, as great difficulty is experienced in finding a suitable steamer or crew. The "Windward" was sent back as being too slow and not adapted for Arctic exploration. It is to be hoped that a crew will be found and a suitable steamer purchased, as Mr. Peary's work is valuable. The Russians are preparing a map of France for the Paris Exposition. Each department is shown in colored jasper, while the sea is represented by lapis lazuli, the rivers by platinum, and the towns to the number of 106 are marked by precious stones. It rests on a marble slab about three feet square.

Postage stamps are to be issued in book-form. There will be three different sizes, containing respectively 24, 48 and 94 cents worth of stamps. This will do away with the trouble and inconvenience of stamps sticking together and will undoubtedly prove a good investment for the government.

A novelty has been invented recently in Germany in the shape of nails made of India rubber. They are particularly useful in chemical factories, dye houses, etc., and where a spark from a nail head when struck by a hammer might cause an explosion.

Glimpses of New Books.



No. 5 John Street ought to be a popular book. It is novel in conception and excellently written. It is a story of the time of the Queen's Jubilee and is the history of an experiment made by a member of England's "400" who wished to know how the poorer classes lived. In order to ascertain this knowledge to his satisfaction, he goes to No. 5 John Street as a working man, making an agreement with himself that he will take up the life in its reality and will have only what he can earn while playing at poverty. Their is humor and pathos in the book. The life in the slums and the life of the "idle rich" are brought into sharp contrast, the sympathies of the author evidently being with the slum side. His keenness of vision isn't confined wholly to the seamy side of life—this account of a drawing room meeting occurs—when he is living his own life in an interval between two visits to John Street. The company, led by a Brahman, is trying to comprehend the OM, and he says to the colonel's wife—"My own impression is that what we want is a new society of Shakers—a sort of active branch, whose business it should be to shake a stupid world, and one another, twice a day. * * * You meet a brother,—I use the word in its widest acceptation, for I will never consent to shut our sisters out, —and, after proper greetings, you instantly proceed to shake that spiritual relative within an inch of his life. The deep-seated foolishness is only to be dusted out of human nature in that way. Your brother thanks you by requiting the benefit in kind. You salute, and depart on your several ways. I see immense developments—a great hierarchy of Shakers, composed of the strongest, who scour our cities day and night, and who are often generous enough to waive their right to be shaken for their own good. I see prophet Shakers, wild men of the woods, who rush up to town, from time to time, to shake the court, the camp, the mart, the grove, men in sheepskins who bear down on the Royal Exchange at its high hour and shake it into incipient paralysis; Daniels, Hoseas, and Habakkuks of shaking, mounting pulpits and giving Mr. Dean a turn just when he is midway between his text and the luncheon-bell, or forcing their way into the courtly crowd on drawing-room days, and paying particular attention to the dowagers whose years leave them without excuse."

"There may be something in it," said the woman addressed, "but it would never suit the present style of doing the hair."

The book is written by Richard Whiteing and published by The Century Co. Price $1.50.

After reading *The Prisoners of Hope* and in some degree recovering from its dreadful ending, we experienced a feeling of dread when *To Have and To Hold* appeared. But Miss Johnston was kinder to Ralph than she was to Godfrey, and all who have not yet read her later book will be glad to follow the hero, Captain Ralph Percy through his struggles to a happier ending than came to Godfery Landless. She has given Ralph the same noble characteristics with which she invested Godfrey, the same capacity for suffering silently, the same indomitable will and the same incentive for his actions—the love for a woman. In both books the scene is laid in Virginia in the early days and a resemblance between the characters, even in the minor ones is apparent. Ralph is plainly Godfrey and Jocelyn is another Patricia. In *To Have and To Hold* we are brought into daily contact with Rolfe, and the brother of Pocahontas and Miss Johnston has succeeded in making the familiarly known historical characters, real live people. There is a most exciting episode connected with pirates in the story and the description of the last attempt of the pirate crew to capture a prize is fine. Perhaps this book is not so strong as the author's former one but it is more agreeable to read. Critics claim that the fate of Godfrey in *The Prisoners of Hope* was the only logical one for him, but a suggestion of a possible means of escape would have left the reader in a diffrent frame of mind when the book was closed.

Miss Mary Johnston is a Virginian by birth and a young woman, and the success of her two works argues well for her literary future. We are interested to know what the third book will be.

Both *The Prisoners of Hope* and *To Have and To Hold* are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Of his book, *Corn Plants*, Mr. Frederick Leroy Sargent says in the preface, "This little volume aims to present attractively to young people trustworthy information regarding a few of the most important plants of the world. It is believed that the book will be of value also to older readers who seek an elementary knowledge of the subject, and do not object to being addressed on such matters in simple language freed from unnecessary technicalities."

Under the word "corn" is classed all the cereals, the maize of the United States, the oats of the Scotch, the wheat of the Englishman, the rice of the East and barley and rye, the six plants which produce the principal breadstuffs of the world. The book has chapters devoted to

The Importance of Corn Plants to Mankind; Corn Plants in the Field; How Corn Plants Provide for their Offspring; The Advantages of Cereals as Food Plants.

Wheat is named The King of Cereals; Oats, the grain of hardness; Rye, the grain of poverty, and Barley, the Brewer's grain. The book is fully illustrated, showing the structure of the different parts of the plants, and the arrangements for pollination. There is also a map showing the probable native homes of the corn plants. *Corn Plants* is equally of value to the botanist and to general readers.

The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and is an important addition to the students' library.

A book descriptive of a region containing 180,000,000 people cannot fail to be agreeable reading, especially when the author of the book has exceptionable cleverness of observation and a pleasant method of conveying her impressions.

The Yangtze Valley and Beyond is an account of an eight-months trip in the region of the Yangtze river in China, estimated to be 3,000 miles long and mostly navigable. This river is to China what the Mississippi is to the United States. The largest steamers of the world ascend during the open season as far as Hankow, while smaller craft during the whole year ascend 400 miles further north.

Mrs. Bishop devotes several chapters to charitable work and the opium habit. Her facts have been gathered from her personal observation, and her statements will tend to educate public opinion on this vice.

The work is excellently illustrated, largely from Mrs. Bishop's own photographs.

The Yangtze Valley by Isabella Bird Bishop is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons and is in two volumns.

There are always young people who fail to please not from lack of desire so to do, nor from inherent lack of merit, but because they do not know how to make themselves agreeable, oftentimes their very efforts militate against the wished for results. As the author says they are "too much there." They are over self conscious. To all such we commend *The Gentle Art of Pleasing* by Elizabeth Glover. It is a good book for all young people, full of valuable suggestions to them.

Published by the Baker and Taylor Company. Gilt Top. Price $1,co.

Ruskin was a enthusiastic lover of Scott. Of The Battle of Flodden (from *Marmion*) he said "the truest and grandest battle-piece that, so far as I know, exists in the whole compass of literature; the absolutely fairest in justice to both contending nations, the absolutely most beautiful in its conception of both."

An interesting story comes to us by Lucy Foster Madison, in *A Maid of the First Century*. A young girl of Palestine goes in search of her

father who has been taken a slave to Rome. She is shipwrecked and rescued, and after passing through many trying ordeals, she and her father are united and his liberty is restored to him. It is a faithful and graphic portrayal of the times, is interesting and is historically correct. Penn Publishing Co. Price $1.25.

The Bookmakers are putting so many of their products on the market in these days, that is impossible for one to read everything and a help like *The Choice of Books* by Charles L. Richardson is a valuable one. The chapter on The Use of Public Libraries is full of good suggestions. The book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Price $1.25.

Janice Meredith still heads the list of the best selling books, followed by *Richard Carvel. Red Pottage* comes in before *When Knighthood was in Flower. David Harum* is still in demand near the head of the list. *In Connection with the Willoughby Claim* is placed before *Via Crucis* on lists of sales for February.

Ruskin's works have always been in demand. It is reported that *Sesame and Lilies* reached a circulation of 40,000 copies; *The Crown of Wild Olives*, 31,000; *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, 30,000; and others of his books have had a proportionately large sale.

Margaret Warner Morley, who gave us the bee book *The Honey Makers*, has written *Down North*, a record of travel in Nova Scotia, which will be issued soon by Dodd Mead & Co.

On March 1st the Century Company had sold 200,000 copies of the books of Kipling which bear its imprint, *Captains Courageous* and the first and second *Jungle Books*.

A short story contains from eight to twelve thousand words, and the novel from sixty thousand and upwards.

Another historical novel soon to appear is *Robert Tournay* by Wm. Sage. It will deal with events of the French Revolution.

Black Wolf's Breed is by a new Southern writer, Harris Dickson.

Prisoners of Hope has reached its forty-third thousand.

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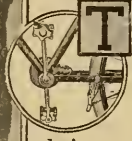

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TALKS AND TALES.

A MAGAZINE

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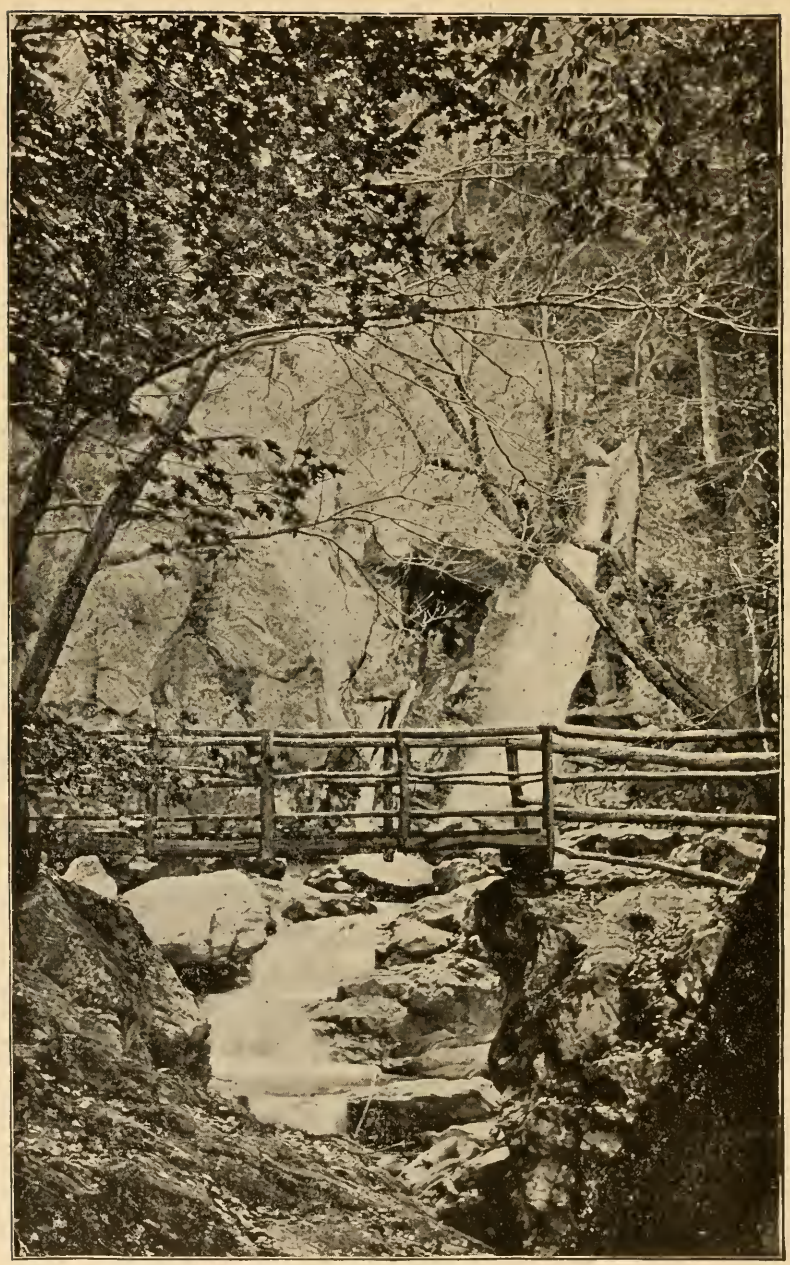
WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Criffith.



BASH-BISH FALLS.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, CONN., MAY, 1900. NO. 8.

FRANCES ELLEN BURR.

RICE is the great food of the Orient. It has been stated that it feeds more than half the human race, which is probably true, as the Orient is the most densely populated of any part of the globe. In India it is served with dinner every day the same as any vegetable. It is as indispensable as potatoes with us. And I came to like it that way better than in the way we serve it, especially as they know better how to cook it. It is thoroughly cooked, and made light and fluffy. The old Hindu cook where I visited knew his business if he did occasionally get a little the worse for wine-bibbing. But I believe there is very little drunkenness in India compared to what we have in this country or in Europe. And there is much less meat-eating in India than in Europe and America. As some doctors claim, meat-eating is a potent factor in the causes that lead to alcoholic drinking. Dr. Jackson of the Dansville Cure used to claim that he would cure the worst drunkards if he could have control of their diet; if they ate meat he would not undertake their cure. Vegetarianism is largely followed in India, especially among the upper classes. A high caste Brahman was to breakfast with us one day and he sent his breakfast along beforehand, as he couldn't eat English dishes, nor any dishes but those prescribed by his own caste. He could not, moreover, eat *with* us, nor with any one but his own caste, so I was hardly correct in saying he was to take breakfast with us. Just how the matter would have been arranged I do not know, for something occurred at the last moment that kept him away; but probably he would have had a table by himself while we would have sat and looked on. The breakfast he sent ahead was largely made up of fruit and sweets. We ate what we wished of it, but I should not want it for a steady diet.

We were one day invited to a four-o-clock tea with this wealthy Brahman, or not *with* him, but near him, for he could not sit at table with us. His son poured the tea, and they two had a social talk with us and looked on while we ate. The ladies of the establishment did not appear. They never do in that country; it is against all law and custom there. They are not to be found outside of the Zenana,—the part set aside for women in all well-appointed Mohammedan, Brahman and Hindu households. When we had finished our tea, our host politely invited us to a ride on his elephant, for the wealthy there keep elephants as we do horses. But as we had recently had an elephant ride, and an enjoyable one too, we preferred to remain and look about our host's fine establishment. And he did everything for our entertainment, not omitting an interesting sparring exhibition and other performances on the roof after sunset.

But as Davy Copperfield said, I fear I am meandering. *Revenons à nos moutons.* But good mutton is not easily obtained in India, nor good beef. The first lambs I saw in the fields of India aroused my curiosity; I did not know what they were, with their long, thin legs, and their dark, scraggy-looking hair, or wool. It did not look like wool, "What are those creatures?" I inquired. When told they were lambs I was incredulous. The contrast between them and the wonderfully fine specimens I had recently seen in the fields of England was as wide as the two poles are apart. And the cause for this is a sad one. The animals of India are half starved owing to the impoverished state of the soil, this wretched state being due to the poverty of the natives, who cannot buy fuel, but have to burn the material which ought to go to enrich the exhausted soil. They make it into cakes and pile them up in front of their poor mud huts, and on top of their huts, where they are thoroughly dried in the scorching Indian sun. And then, morning and night they build their little fires out of doors to prepare their humble meals, and very unpalatable and unwholesome they must be, or so it struck me, though I have been told that this wretched fuel does not affect the taste of the food. When we were in Calcutta early in January, when we returned to our quarters at night after driving about all day, the odor in the house was simply unbearable. It was not like sacred incense, nor like the odors of Araby the blest. We had not noticed out of doors, but it had crept into every corner and crevice of the house where we stopped, where it was retained as in a vise. I had to get into the open air again. And another sad feature of this phase of Indian life is the poor creatures who gather these fertilizers from the streets. They are women. I never saw men doing it, though I cannot say that no men ever do this miserable work. I can only say that all that I ever saw doing it, were women, and those of the lowest caste probably, for caste-lines are inexorable there. But those poor creatures may have as fine a soul as the silken-clad princes with whom we breakfasted and dined at times,

though I have no word to say against those princes, for they were munificent in their hospitalities to us. They even assembled at the station when we left and hung garlands of fragrant flowers about our necks. Souls are not to be measured by the robes that are worn. High-caste souls may be hidden under low-caste garments, and vice-versa. They are all born, each in his own station, and the customs of thousands of years have crystallized around them, and I cannot say that they are any more able to change this state of things than the scraggy shrub can change itself into a towering oak. We all have to fill our own place, big or little, as the case may be.

Before closing I would like to speak of what, in one of my Indian publications, is called "The Food of Paradise." The article under this head was published in 1892, and is a statement by a high Indian official in regard to the foods of India. In his article he speaks of that scourge of the modern educated Hindu people, diabetes. He himself had it and he set about for a remedy. He argued that the natives of India live mostly on cereals and rice, of which starch is the predominant element, especially in rice. He puts the starch in rice at 80 per cent. This he claims is unfit for food as it is insoluble, the acid gastric juice of the human stomach having no effect whatever in dissolving it. "It requires to come in contact with the alkaline juices of the intestines before it can be made soluble, and then after conversion into sugar by the liver it becomes available for physiological purposes. This intestinal digestion and the subsequent manufacture of the product into sugar, together occupy from eight to ten hours, and the whole process is a great drain upon the vitality and nervous energy of man. If, instead of taking starchy food, we live upon any article containing sufficient quantities of nitrogen and sugar, we should save the system this unnatural waste. Animal food is also unsuitable, though less exhausting than starch foods. The flesh of every animal contains a good deal of decayed and decaying tissue, which admitted into the human system, has been claimed by competent investigators, to be most injurious."

This Indian official claims that fruit and nuts are the natural food of man, containing all the elements of nutrition which the human system requires, and which must have formed his proper food long before he formed his present habit of meat and starch eating. Fruits and nuts contain all the elements of bone, muscle, blood and nerves, in easily digestible form. He claims that the modern educated Hindu is much shorter-lived than the Hindu of old. Through his association with Europeans the modern Hindu must have three or four meals a day, not to mention tea, coffee, and other stimulants. The Hindu of old ate but two meals a day, and of a very different kind.

This writer took to eating natural foods, fruits and nuts. His disease which he claims is nothing more that deep-seated indigestion, disappeared;

his fatigue and sleeplessness also. He grew young, vigorous and strong. And others who followed his example met with the same result. They all endorse the fruit and nut diet.

"A tone of pride or petulance repressed,
A selfish inclination firmly fought,
A shadow of annoyance set at naught,
A measure of disquietude suppressed;
A peace in importunity possessed,
A reconcilement generously sought,
A purpose put aside—a banished thought,
A word of self-explaining unexpressed;
Trifles they seem, these petty soul-restraints,
Yet he who proves them so must needs possess
A constancy and courage grand and bold;
They are the trifles that have made the saints.
Give me to practice them in humbleness,
And nobler power than mine doth no man hold."

TRUANT DOROTHY.

THE grip was raging throughout the city, and the people of Brotherton's hardware store were afflicted with peculiar severity. In the morning Van Pelt, the bookkeeper, was seized with a violent headache, and a blinding pain in his eyes. He shut up his ledger and went home. In the middle of the forenoon Robinson, the head salesman, felt a pain in his back. He took down his overcoat and left the store. At noon Jimmie, the delivery clerk, went away coughing and sneezing and did not return.

"Never mind! We'll contrive to do the work between us till the others get around again," said Mr. Brotherton to Burgess, the only remaining clerk. But at two o'clock Burgess began to look pale and sick, and to catch at the counters as he moved about the store. By three o'clock Mr. Brotherton was alone.

"You'll be the next to come down," prophesied a customer a little later.

"I couldn't think of such a thing. I can't afford it," replied the merchant; but even as he spoke he felt an ominous chill and a sense of weight and pressure about his head. Early that evening, as thirteen-year-old Dorothy Brotherton sat studying by the gaslight in their pleasant sitting-room, there came a heavy, stumbling step on the front porch, and somebody fumbled with the latch.

"Who can it be? It's too early for father," said Dorothy, wonderingly. The next instant an uncertain step was heard in the hall, and Mr. Brotherton reeled into the room.

"Oh, father, what is the matter?" cried Dorothy, springing to her feet and scattering books and papers in her fright. "Your face is so white, and your eyes—"

"The pain—such a pain—in my side! I can't draw—a free breath. I've been in a chill—freezing—all the afternoon. I thought—if I could hold out—I'd shake it off. Where's mother? Give me your hand, Dorothy. Help me to a chair. I can't see. Oh, my side!"

The mother came at Dorothy's sharp call for help, and found Mr. Brotherton lying in a faint on the floor, with his head on Dorothy's lap, while the little girl's trembling fingers were loosening his collar.

When the doctor reached the house, he looked grave and troubled. The sick man's were unnaturally bright, his cheeks were flushed, his breath came

in gasps, and he talked rapidly and incoherently, constantly complaining of the pain in his side.

"He is threatened with the worst form of pleuro-pneumonia," said the physician. "We must work hard to save him."

Six days later the disease had run its swift and violent course, and the patient was pronounced out of danger.

"How are things at the store?" he anxiously inquired of his wife. "Have you heard from there?"

It was useless to attempt any concealment from the keen-eyed business man.

"Mr. Van Pelt died three days ago. Mr. Robinson is very sick, and cannot hope to get out for weeks. Jimmie got frightened, and has gone off to his grandmother's in the country. Mr. Burgess is well again, but his wife and child are very sick, and he cannot leave them."

"And the store closed all this time! If I could only hire help! But that is out of the question, with half the town down, and no one to be had at any price. Mary, I must go down to the store."

"Henry, you cannot! The doctor says you will do well if you get out in ten days. Why, dear, you could not stand on your feet if you tried. You are weak as a child."

Mr. Brotherton struggled to sit upright, grew dizzy and fell back on the pillows.

"But my notes! Twenty-five hundred dollars due in two weeks, and only half the money ready! They will be protested—my name dishonored!"

"Don't trouble about business, dear. Your health is the first consideration. A relapse might be fatal."

"If there were only some one I could trust, just to keep the store open," moaned the invalid. "It would almost run itself. Half the customers are mechanics who know exactly what they want. Everything is marked in plain figures. If Dorothy were only a boy!"

Poor little Dorothy, gladdened by the news of her father's improvement, standing in the doorway, heard these words, and they smote her like a blow. But she came quietly to the bedside and kissed her father, looking wistfully into his gloomy face, remembering only the pathos of the cry: "My notes protested, my name dishonored!"

She tried to forget the unconscious cruelty of the words: "If Dorothy were only a boy!" But she could not forget. Out in the hall, as she picked up her books from the hat stand, she heard again the despairing cry and the veiled reproach:

"If Dorothy were only a boy!"

Her father's overcoat hung before her. Looking around to make sure she was unobserved, she slipped her hand into the pocket and took out

something that shone with bright metallic gleams and jingled musically as she hid it in her pocket. Then like a guilty creature she stole out of the front door and softly closed it behind her.

With every step the keys in her pocket jingled wickedly, and by-and-by the jingle resolved itself into a rhythm that kept time to her thoughts.

"Some one I could trust to keep the store open. Everything marked; marked in plain figures. The store would almost—run—itself. If Dorothy were —only a boy!"

So clearly did the words sound in Dorothy's ears, so mischievously did the clinking metal seem to emphasize their meaning, that she looked fearfully at the people she met, certain that they must hear and understand; but they saw only a shy child with her books under her arm.

One bright sunny morning, Mr. Brotherton donned his overcoat, with his wife's help, took his hat and cane and shakily descended the front steps of his house.

The sunshine found no answering reflection on his face. All the trouble he had been concealing from his sensitive wife bared itself to the gaze of strangers on the street.

"Only three more days!" he groaned to himself. "The notice will come from the bank to-day. If the notes are protested, all my other creditors will come down on me. I shall be ruined and disgraced."

Like many another Californian trying to conduct large operations with a small capital, Mr. Brotherton had extended his business over the dangerous quagmires of credit. To a man in this situation, the lack of a comparatively small sum is often ruinous.

He had another worry that seemed at once so absurd and so incredible that he had scarcely given it a second thought, yet it joined with his other cares to weight his mind. Dorothy, his good little Dorothy, always an obedient, faithful child, one of the brightest of her class in school, and the wearer of the medal for six months past, was said to have been playing truant. The report had come to them that morning through one of her schoolmates, who had commented on her absence from school, and supposed it to be due to sickness. Both he and his wife had laughed at the suggestion that there could be anything wrong with the child. No doubt she had been transferred to another school in the district and had told them all about it, but, absorbed in other matters, they had taken no note of her explanation. The child would make it all clear when she came home that night.

Mr. Brotherton had started out for a little walk only, and to think over his perplexities, but something drew him in the direction of his store, not that he expected to find any comfort in its inspection.

"I'll just step in and take a look around," he thought. "If I only had a few days longer I might make it up. But over a thousand dollars in two

days! Nothing short of a miracle could bring my sales up to that. My keys! Where are my keys?"

He felt first in one pocket, and then in another, until he had made the rounds of the nineteen pockets a man can boast when he is fully equipped for the street.

"What could I have done with them? I can't remember anything I did that night. Wonder if I could have left them in the door? Maybe Maloney saw them. I'll ask him."

There was Maloney, the big expressman who had his stand at the corner, coming up to tender his congratulations. Maloney, always smiling and self-confident, looked a degree more complacent than usual. He bent forward and addressed a confidential whisper to the merchant, shielding his mouth with his hand the better to keep his communication a secret from the bystanders.

"She's one to be proud av, Misther Brotherton. Oi've let none but dacent looking payple go in the store, an' Oi've told her twinty toimes a day, if wanst, niver to sell anything chape in the goodness av her hearrt. Oi've me eye on a dude what's in there now."

Mr. Brotherton did not at all comprehend what Maloney was saying. His eyes were fixed on the great show window.

It certainly was not as he had left it. The saws and hammers, and planes, and screwdrivers, and bits, and all the rest of the glittering tools were still there, but it was strung with brass birdcages from top to bottom.

Years before he had bought a job lot of cages, of which he had always been a little ashamed, for they were not precisely in line with a stock of building hardware. Now here they were, dragged out of the dark corner in which he had kept them, and hung up to allure passers by, covered with such placards as these:

"This pretty cage, only $3."

"Let your bird have a new cage this spring!"

"Prisoners are happiest in gilded cages."

To heighten the effect, a canary that looked wonderfully like Dorothy's bird was singing in one of the cages.

The doors were wide open, and people were passing in and out. Some had packages in their hands, but more frequently the tools or utensils they carried were destitute of wrappings. Some of them were talking merrily together, and all looked pleased

Mr. Brotherton glanced in astonishment about the store as he stepped inside, and remained for a moment unobserved behind the tall screw-case near the door.

The floor was swept clean, and everything had a business-like look of perfect neatness and order. A jar of flowers stood on the screw-case above

him, and their pleasant fragrance filled the air. For a moment the merchant wondered if his sickness were still affecting his head.

Several people were in the store, some of them regular customers. All of them seemed to be at work.

A young man in immaculate linen, the son of Calkins, the millionnaire, who lived on the avenue two blocks above, was industriously weighing out for himself a pound of nails. A man in shirt-sleeves and a canvas apron was rummaging among the spirit-levels on the shelves back of the counter. Two gardeners were testing the running-gear of some lawn-mowers at the rear of the store.

Mounted on step-ladders, searching among the pasteboard boxes that lined the upper shelves, were two or three well-dressed men. A lady was trying some door-bells on a sample board, and two young men were examining the fishing-tackle displayed in a showcase.

Flitting back and forth among them all was one small girl, with flushed cheeks and earnest eyes—the briskest little hardware merchant that ever stepped into the San Francisco trade without a license.

"I'll take this bell," said the lady, with decision, "It sounds loudest and clearest."

"If you don't mind," said Dorothy, "I'll give you this very one. You see I don't know just where to put my hand on the box they're in. I might hunt half a day and not find it."

The deft way in which the young girl unscrewed the bell from the board, and the frequent blank spaces along the entire line of sample boards, told that this was not the first time she had resorted to a similar device to make a sale.

A gentleman in a tall silk hat descended from one of the stepladders with a paste-board box in his hand, and Mr. Brotherton recognized the rector of the church which his family attended.

"I've found them at last, Dorothy," the clergyman exclaimed triumphantly. "And in hunting for them I've opened 500 boxes and located 10,000 things. You'll have to employ me as your chief assistant. How much are they?"

"Self-screwing coat and hat hooks!" said Dorothy, reading the label on the box. The perfect composure and dignity with which she turned the box over and examined the figures on the bottom, as if to reassure herself concerning the price, were a study for the man behind the screw-case.

"Two dollars and a half a gross; twenty-five cents a dozen," she said.

"One is all I really need, but I'll take a dozen," said the rector. "Now I shall have a peg for my dressing coat. All I have to do is to unscrew it

and move it to a new place, whenever my wife and daughters find it out. It's the greatest invention of the age, Dorothy."

Before Dorothy could get the hooks wrapped up and make change, a man came hurrying in, holding a bit of broken iron in his hand.

"Oh, hinges!" exclaimed Dorothy in a tone of despair. "Would'nt you please go to the hinge drawers and measure them yourself? When I get the size right one way it's sure to be wrong the other, and I'm always giving lefts for rights and rights for lefts. That's right, Mr. Calkins, thank you!"

The young man who was weighing nails had emptied them into a paper nail-bag, and was tendering payment. He left the place, followed by Maloney's vigilant eye.

"It's no use, miss," said the workman behind the counter, rising into view; "I can't find them glasses for the spirit levels. They were right back here in a wooden box. I see your father himself showing them to a man one day. If he was only here. Upon my word, Mr. Brotherton!"

"You'll find them on the third shelf in the next tier, Bob," said Mr. Brotherton, calmly. "Well, Dorothy?"

Dorothy, had darted forward and was standing before him with appealing eyes.

"Father, you are not well enough to be out! Come into the little glass office. It is warm and sunny there," she cried, urging him towards the door.

"Please, please, please, don't say anything here, where people can hear!" she begged him under her breath.

Mr. Brotherton seated himself in his office chair, then turned and faced the trembling girl, and on his face was a look of sternness she had rarely seen there.

"Dorothy, what does this absurd performance mean!"

Never did convicted felon look more guilty or conscience-stricken than littlo Dorothy.

"I took your keys from your overcoat pocket," she confessed. "I've come down to the store every day. I've made all sorts of excuses to mother to account for being so long at school and away from home Saturdays. I've sold—lots of things. Oh, I know I've made an awful muss of it!" she cried, "especially the nails. I thought everything went by the figures marked on them, and I tried to sell the tenpennys at $10 a keg before I found they wont by quotations. Then there are so many different sizes and qualities of everything, and a great many tools and other things I didn't know at all. It was so much harder than I thought it would be!"

Mr. Brotherton's face relaxed a little. Perhaps, he thought, it was not surprising that one small girl should be unable, in a few days' time, to master a business that it takes the average man two or three years to learn.

Yet he was a man who prided himself on the dignity with which he had always conducted his business. He recalled the display in the windows, the hocus-pocus of customers in the store, the dismantled sample boards, the picture of the child in short petticoats taking sole charge of the establishment.

"I shall be the laughing stock of the street!" he exclaimed.

Poor Dorothy said not a word, but stood before him pale and silent. It was such a singular prank for Dorothy to play, he reflected—Dorothy, who had always been such a modest and timid child?

"Dorothy, why did you do it?"

Two words trembled on Dorothy's white lips: "The notes."

The petty grievances that had harassed his dazed and troubled mind fled at this reminder of the serious trouble that overhung him. Dorothy saw the shadow of care come back and darken her father's face.

"The notes! What do you know about the notes?" he asked.

"I heard—what you said—that morning. I couldn't bear to have them dishonored. But I couldn't get all you needed. There is $300 wanting still. I did the best I could, father. It's not my fault—that I'm not a boy."

All but $300—a mere bagatelle to the sum Mr. Brotherton had been racking his brain to devise ways and means of raising! How light his heart grew in a moment! What a glow of pride he felt over his little daughter's heroic effort!

Maybe the tears through which Dorothy looked made her father's eyes seem also wet and shining. There was certainly a laugh in his voice as he lifted her to his knee.

"I wouldn't exchange my brave girl for all the boys in Christendom," he said, as he kissed her.

Dorothy lifted her tear-stained face from her father's shoulder with a sudden start.

"Your mail!" she said, pointing to a pile of letters on the desk. "I didn't dare bring it home, for fear you'd suspect."

Mr. Brotherton lifted the letter that lay on top and tossed it into the waste basket with a careless laugh.

It was the notice from the bank. It had no longer any terrors for him, as with Dorothy's help, and the small additional amount which he was able to raise, he could meet his obligations.—[*Youth's Companion.*

A Little Mountain Maid.

MARY TRACY EARLE.

THE great mountains peered over one another's shoulders and watched Georgia Blount at her play. Bald Top, Crab's Claw and Old Surly stood nearest; sometimes they seemed so near that Georgia could talk to them; and when a low-hanging cloud shut them out of sight, or the blue autumn haze veiled them softly and held them aloof from her, she felt as other children feel when their friends turn away or refuse to tell what the thoughts are in their eyes.

A gnarled tree grew at the foot of the bluff which lifted the big dome of Copper Head above the mountain side, and between the roots of this tree Georgia had her play-house. Day in and day out no one ever came in sight of it except the mountains, but Georgia was never lonely. In the mornings she had to take all her dolls out of their beds of moss and dress them in fresh gowns of summer or autumn leaves, or in stiff, fringy costumes of pine needles. She was very much in earnest about her dolls, and yet she sometimes clapped her hands and laughed when they were dressed and leaning in a long row against one of the roots, they made such an elfin company. Some of them had been made out of the dry, rounded receptacles of a composite flower from which the florets had fallen and the winged seeds flown away, leaving only a circle of bracts for a collar, and a brittle stem with two branches, from which the flower ends had been nipped off for arms. These were the most fragile of Georgia's children, and it took a skilful hand to make their toilets without snapping off their necks, or their bodies or their limbs. Georgia could do it, for she loved them, and she had been dressing them ever since she was big enough to wander off by herself up the mountain-side, and through the forest which separated the home clearing from the rugged, boulder-strewn slope below the play-house tree and the rock walls of the dome.

Georgia was much bigger now than when she had begun to fashion dolls for herself with chubby, awkward fingers; she was so much bigger, indeed, that she was fourteen years old; that she might have thought that she was growing up if there had been any one to suggest it to her; but she had seen no other children growing up, and the mountains did not tell her, for they themselves had taken so long to grow that it never occurred to them that she

would not continue to be a little girl for centuries and centuries to come. She had work to do at home now, and that was an interruption; yet every day, before or after work, she managed to slip off toward the forest path.

Among her dolls there was one made of corn-cob, and far larger than the others, and this one Georgia dressed as a man. He was a very wicked-looking doll, having deep black eyes and nose and mouth which she had burned into his head with a hot iron nail; and it was because he was so different from the rest that she had named him the "fureigner," after the way of Southern mountain people in speaking of any stranger who comes among them. "The fureigner" lived in a corner all by himself at the back of the tree, and Georgia always knew that when he came out among the others there was mischief brewing. Sometimes she walked slowly away from the tree gathering leaves and grasses as she went, and then as soon as she could slip away from herself, hurried stealthily back, pulled the foreigner out of his corner, dropped him among the other dolls, and ran to her leaf-gathering again, so that she might be surprised when she finally returned and found how he had been ramping up and down among her mountain people. "Oh, happy kingdom!" she always cried when she caught sight of him, "he have come agin, and oh, how he do have been a-layin' waste the land!"

One day, as she stood with her hands held up in horror at a row of mountain people who had fallen prostrate round the savage foreigner, a real stranger came out from the thick forest, and stood at the edge of the natural opening around the play-house tree, He saw her at once, bare-footed, red cheeked, with her figured bandana knotted at her throat, and he could hear her speak; but she, who should have been as quick-eared as a rabbit, being just as shy, was too intent to notice the stirring of his feet in the sparse, dry autumn grass.

"Folkses! folkses!" she cried out, "we's obleeged to run him off the mounting! He's a fureigner, an' he ain't got no right hyar. We's obleeged to run him off the mounting."

The man who listened drew a little closer, trying not to make a noise. He knew that he himself was a "fureigner," and he wanted to hear whatever the girl might say; but he laughed right out when he saw that she was pointing at the corn-cob doll. Georgia jumped, gave a single glance over her shoulder and ran. It was one thing to plan raids on an intruder whom she had dropped into the play-house behind her own back, but this—this was another thing.

Only a little way from the tree there was a crevice in the bluff which rose behind it. Georgia knew that it wound for a long way between a detached rock and the main bluff, and she slipped into it with such a sense of protection that she stopped a moment to wonder if she had been cowardly to leave

her mountain people to the two foreigners, and to listen if anything was going on. What she heard was the stranger talking.

"Now, if I were you," he said, "I should just go back where I came from and not disturb a respectable community like this—" Georgia peeped round the edge of the rock. He had picked her foreigner up, and was smiling into his evil eyes. "So you won't tell me where you came from," he said. "Oh, well, then, I don't like to, but I'll have to build a prison and put you into it." He took his hat off and put it over the corn-cob foreigner. "If I see you trying to walk off with that calaboose while I'm building the jail," he went on threateningly, "I'll just inform you that your name is Dennis young man, from that time on."

The sun, which had been an impartial witness of this arrest, beat down amiably upon the little mountain people with their queer, natural faces, upon the calaboose, and upon a close-cropped black head bent to the building of a jail from jagged bits of stone. And it fell on Georgia's eager face and figure, for bit by bit she had come quite outside of the shadowed crevice so that she might miss nothing that this strange man did and said. But he did not look her way; he was too busy building up his jail.

"Most disgraceful thing I ever heard of!" he declared, nodding toward the captive under the hat. "You call yourself a foreigner doll, do you? Don't you know that up where the foreigners come from the dolls have long, curly hair, and eyes that open and shut, and red mouths and pink cheeks, and arms and legs that bend just as well as mine do, and they wear fine stockings and shoes, and some of them walk about and say mam-ma, pa-pa, and their clothes—"

Georgia's breath was coming fast; her lips were parted and her eyes shone. The young man who was building the jail happened to look up from his work and saw her. "It's so," he said, with a little nod. "Did you ever see any like that?"

"No," said Georgia, shaking her head. A shadow passed over the neighboring mountains. They had missed all such marvels too.

"I have," said the young man, "in the toy-shop windows; but I suppose you've never seen the toy-shops?"

"No," Georgia said again. She came up to where he was building. "And I never seed a man playin' with dolls afore, either," she added. "Doesn't you-uns have no work ter do?"

The man had taken off a box and a bundle of queer-looking sticks which had been slung from his shoulder. Now he left the jail and began unfastening the box. "Perhaps you'll think my work a good deal the same as doll-play," he said. He took two or three boards with pictures on them from the box, and leaned them up against the tree.

"Oh-h!" breathed Georgia.

"Those are the dolls I make," he said.

"But that's the livin face of Jackson Barker," she cried, pointing to one of them. "Do *you-uns* claim ter ha' made hit ter look like that?"

"Yes," he answered.

"I wisht you'd tell me how."

The artist smiled. "It's just by trying—a good deal as it is with you in making dolls," he explained.

She went up close, and looked at the board with its bit of canvas tacked on it. Then she turned a puzzled face toward him. "But this hyar's *flat*," she said, "an' yet it looks like it was standin' out. I couldn't do that. I couldn't noways make a doll out'n a flat piece o' wood."

"Would you like to see me do it?" he asked.

She nodded silently.

"Then we'll begin with the foreigner," he said. "I suppose there's no danger in letting him out now that you're here to guard him while I paint." He lifted his hat gingerly with his finger and thumb, and he and Georgia both laughed as they saw the helpless way in which the corncob doll glared up into the sunlight. Georgia set him up against a tree in the severely upright position which his construction demanded, and then stood by the strauger's elbow, watching. His bunch of brushes, the shining tubes from which he squeezed dabs of color on to his palette, the jointed easel which he put together and set up so quickly, and the camp-stool on which he seated himself, were all fascinating accessories to the making of dolls, either flat or round, and she forgot to be afraid. The artist glanced at the corn-shuck clothing of the foreigner, and matched it with a mixture of paint which he blended back and forth with a brush, while he asked Georgia questions about the people on the mountain. When he began to paint she drew closer and closer until she was leaning at his very elbow. Suddenly she caught her breath.

"Happy kingdom!" she murmured; "you begun it flat, an' now you've made him look ter be a-standin' out, an' I was keepin' watch an' yit I didn't see you when you did hit!"

He turned round to laugh at her but, when he saw that her face was not only surprised but frightened, he did not laugh. "I'll paint another and paint it slower," he said, "and then perhaps you'll see;" and, stooping, he picked up the gayest of her dolls. It was dressed in dark-red oak leaves slashed with sumac, and its head was a hickory-nut on which she had traced features with the faint red juice of a berry.

"I'll try to keep a pearter watch," she said gravely, as the young man touched the oak-leaf dress upon the canvas. In spite of his promise he was tempted to work so fast that for a second time she would miss "seeing him do it," but he was afraid that she would run away, and so he began explaining

to her how the form began to stand out when he put in the shadows. She partly understood him, and when he finished the doll and began painting a background of rough brown bark and shadow behind it she scarcely drew her bleath.

"Oh, I seed you! I seed you this time!" she cried at the end; "an' I believe I could do hit too."

"Do you know what I want to do next?" he asked, without looking up. "I want to make a picture of you."

"An' put me over where you'd look at me an' I couldn't see the picter begin to stand out?" she objected.

"You may come round once in a while and look," the young man promised. This seemed to be the keenest person he had found yet in the mountains, where most of the people in their own obscure way are shrewd.

She stood a moment pondering. "I'll do hit," she said, "if you-uns'll keep talkin' to me 'bout them 'ar dolls, like you was talkin' to the fureigner. You know I ain't never seed a real doll. Mammy had one when she was little, 'cause she lived in the settle*ment;* but my aunt, what lives in Crookneck Cove, smashed its head on a stone a-playin' with hit, so I ain't never seed a doll."

Her face was very wistful—too wistful for the picture that the artist wanted. "Did I tell you about the kind that have eyes that open and shut?" he asked, as he chose a brush.

Georgia looked at him eagerly. "I wisht you'd tell hit over ter me," she said.

"All right," said the stranger, "I'll tell you about every doll I ever saw" —and he began to work. Georgia could not watch the picture of her own face as it stood swiftly out from the fresh canvas on the easel, but her eyes grew each moment softer and brighter and more bewildering to paint, as they saw another picture all in words unfold against the background of the forest. The shadows lengthened on the mountains, giving them the look of listening, too, for they had seen no dolls but Georgia's in all their years. Georgia was used to marking the hours by the mountains, as if they were great dials which had been placed in sight so that her mother would not need to scold her for coming home too late, and yet she did not notice how the purple twilight spread from the ravines and rose from slope to slope. The lower spur of Crab's Claw sank beneath it, and that meant that it was time for putting all her dolls to bed; but she was turning back the coverlet of a real doll's bed far in the North. The whole of Crab's Claw sank beneath the golden level of the sunbeams, and she should have started home; but she was where a myriad glistening lights were making all the marvelous world as white as day, and groups of people lingered by great windows full of toys. The sunset lingered on old Bald Top in the east, just as a patient comrade lingers and calls again.

The young man got up from his stool and stuck his brushes through his palette just as Bald Top faded in shadow, and only Old Surly lifted its frowning head into the whole glory of the west. He had put the last touch on his picture, and he walked away and looked at it with a contented sigh. Georgia sprang to her feet and went around to see. She was a little numb from sitting still so long. "Happy kingdom! but hit's jus' like looking inter the spring er the water-bucket," she cried, nervously. "I'm right much better favored than the fureigner," she added, glancing down where he had been dropped and forgotten at the side of the tree. It seemed unreal to come back into her little home-made world after all that she had seen. Even her mountain people as they stared up at her with their innocent faces made her heart begin to ache. The sun was out of sight, and the stranger was packing up his box. "Is you-uns goin', too?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I'm going up North where the dolls are. I wish I didn't have to go."

"But you've only painted one of the mounting people," she pleaded, pointing down at them. It did not quite seem possible that, after one such golden day, there should be a to-morrow when she would have nothing but her silent mountains and her tiny, silent dolls.

The stranger looked at the dolls as they lay patiently waiting for their portraits in a row along the root. "And I haven't finished the jail, either," he laughed. "I shall have to leave all that to you. Good by." He held out his hand.

Georgia took it mutely. The twilight hush had risen so that it filled the clearing round the play-house tree. It seemed so pitiful to leave her standing all alone in it that a sudden regret came into the stranger's face. "I'm awfully sorry to go," he said.

A little sob choked Georgia. "Sorry!" she cried; "when you're goin' to see them dolls?"

The stranger put his other hand over the hand of hers he held. "You dear little child," he said, "don't you know that I am going to send one of those dolls to you?"

"Oh," breathed Georgia. The stranger was tramping off into the woods, but the twilight was no longer lonely now. She stood with clasped hands watching until the trees and the dimness shut him out of sight. The sunset colors lingered, but the moon rose over Bald Top, and, knowing that even the happiest little girl in all the mountains must not stay out after the light has left the west, it silvered the shadowy path in front of her and led her home.—[*The Outlook.*

ELSIE'S APTITUDE.

ISABELLA M. ANDREWS.

PRETTY Kitty Kenyon, with a bag of books in one hand and a box of candy in the other, ran through the halls of one of the "overflow" dormitories of Finlay College one bright October day, gave a peculiar knock at several carefully selected doors, tossed among the peaceful occupants a boomshell in the startling announcement, "Council of War in Sparrow's Nest, Two O'clock Sharp!" and vanished amid a shower of questions, exclamations, reproaches, and appeals for candy.

It was half past one then, and two o'clock saw half a dozen girls, respectfully curious over Elsie Sparrow's reddened eyes, assembled for the council, Kitty presiding with great dignity.

"You have been called together, ladies," she began, impressively, "for purposes of consultation and aid in a most trying case. Oh, girls," she went on, and this was as long as Kitty's dignity usually lasted, "Elsie's father has lost all his money, and she thinks she will have to leave college! Now, the question is, Aren't any of us bright enough to think of any way she can earn some money and stay?"

There were cries of sympathy and distress all around the room, and Elsie, with tears flowing again, and Mary and Mabel and Edith and Alice and Kitty and Gertrude all besieging her with questions and commiseration, began to feel some consolation for her troubles in the importance they brought her.

'It isn't as if I could do anything great and glorious to help things out at home," she said at length. "If I could, I wouldn't mind leaving college so much; but Grace is at home, and mamma is going to send our old Ellen away,—and she's been with us ever since I can remember, and mamma and Grace are going to get on alone. So I'm not really needed. Mamma and papa hate dreadfully to take me out of college when I'm so nearly through, but mamma says they don't feel as if they could spare the money for my expenses this year, though it does seem to me that my leaving now only postpones the time when I could help myself, and so help them,—unless I could get a school now, which is unlikely; and my tuition paid through the first half, too!'

"No tuition will be refunded after a student has actually entered college,'" said Gertrude Miller, gloomily, quoting from the catalogue. "'Each student will provide herself with four sheets, two pairs of pillow cases, six

towels, one napkin-ring, etc.' I hope your things will be refunded to you, Elsie."

"She isn't gone yet," said Kitty, hopefully. "Go on, Elsie. Real ladies will not interrupt. All others requested not to."

"Well, girls, you can imagine I was perfectly crushed when the letter came," continued Elsie, obediently, "and I had no idea of doing anything but packing my trunk and going home—"

"And leave us!" "And leave the class of '95!" "Oh Elsie!" chorused the various sopranos, regardless of Kitty's threatening eye.

"But Kitty said, could'nt I stay if I could pay my own expenses, and I said I supposed I could, if I could write a book or marry a lord, which would be better. But she thought those were both impracticable; and, if I can only stay and graduate, I know I can teach next year. So that's what Kitty called you in for."

"What?" came the soprano chorus.

"Why, to see how she could pay her own expenses, of course," explained Kitty, briskly. "Aren't we always reading about some wonderful creature that takes herself or himself through college by tutoring, or typewriting, or sawing wood, or some such way? Can't we fight it out on this line? Aren't we just as good as girls in a book or a newspaper paragraph? There must be something Elsie can do. All we need is to find it out."

"I read once of a girl that went through Vassar by mending and sewing for other girls." suggested Mabel Ransom, hesitatingly.

Even Elsie joined the general laugh, and said, "That's very helpful to a poor incompetent who can barely sew on a shoe-button, and who quails in abject despair before a three-cornered tear. Try again, somebody. My spirits are sinking every minute, and what I'm really thinking of is the exact location of my trunk key."

"Well, is there anything you can do, Elsie?" persisted Mabel, undauntedly. "Because—"

'That isn't the way to begin," exclaimed Kitty, with sudden inspiration. "Let's take all the occupations we can possibly think of in alphabetical order, and see which one she fits. Of course there is something she can do, Mabel. Don't be so discouraging. A stands for architect—at least it did on my blocks. Elsie, can you build?"

"I did decide to be a carpenter once when I was a little girl," said Elsie, rather forlornly, "and I made a chicken-coop, but it wouldn't hold chickens, and I gave it up. Try B."

"B," meditated Kitty. "B stands for —" "Boating," "Banking," came one or two faint voices.

"Begging," added Elsie, ironically, shaking her head at each. And Kitty, though she saw her plan, which had seemed so feasible a moment ago,

in danger of ignominious failure, went courageously on. "C," she announced, persuasively. "What begins with C, girls?"

"Carpentering, just disposed of," answered Elsie, promptly, "china-painting, candles, castors, curry, clerking, cycling, personal conducting, chicken-raising. Anything else, girls? Pass on, Kitty. I can't make or do any of those."

"Dancing," suggested Alice Tyrrell, hopefully. "Yon could teach that, Elsie, couldn't you?"

"Certainly," returned Elsie, "if I knew of anybody that wanted to learn; but as all the girls knows as much about it as I do, if not more, and as there are two classes for children in town, I'm afraid the field is full."

"My mind won't work alphabetically," said Edith Caldwell. "I haven't thought of anything but singing and sweeping and teaching and tinkering and painting and tutoring and weaving and fruit-raising, and other things at the tail end of the alphabet. I move we proceed to miscellaneous suggestions."

"What geese we all are," broke in Mary Maynard, eagerly. "Doesn't B stand for boiling and brewing and baking, and C for cooking and candy and catering and cake and cookies and chocolate, and don't we all know that Elsie is a born genius in all that kind of thing? Aren't her spreads always more magnificent than anybody's else, and doesn't she always make everything herself, and does anything eatable or drinkable ever dare to fail under her magic touch? And isn't she an authority on all such? Hear how the subject inspires me, girls! Elsie, be the college caterer, do! I'm sure there are plenty of spreads all through the year that the girls would be glad to be relieved of if the city caterers weren't so expensive."

"Glorious!" "Just the thing!" "Bravo!" from everybody at once. "How lucky you room alone, Elsie!" added Kitty. "You can mess all you like, with nobody to smell, taste, touch, see, or hear."

"Or weigh," added Mary, mischievously. "You know Professor Sears claims that for the sixth sense."

"I should think Mrs. Banks might let you use her summer kitchen and gas stove," said Mabel. "That would be independent and convenient and economical and generally millennial."

Elsie still looked doubtful. "Do you really think I could make anything at it?" she said hesitatingly. "I know I can do all those things. It's my one gift; but there doesn't seem to be the usual 'long-felt want.'"

"Oh yes, there is" said Mary, positively. "I'm chairman of the refreshment committee for the freshman spread, and every single girl on that committee has privately groaned to me that she didn't see how she could find a minute to give it. I'll call that committee together to-morrow morning, and I'm sure it will be the greatest relief in the world to put the whole thing into your hands if you will take it."

"It happens just right, too," Mary hurried on, "for we can make this your *debut*, Elsie dear, and I prophesy that orders will pour in upon you. Frances Cox has a little 'At Home' the week after for those friends of hers that came this year, and you know she has loads of money and hates to work. And then there's the senior reception to the sophomores, and by and by the freshman reception to the classes that have entertained them, and any number of little ones coming along all the time. And think of commencement! Oh, yes, my dear! Your fortune is made. 'The path of glory leads'—no, that isn't what I mean—"

"'Victory calls you; on, be ready!" quoted Mabel.

"Yes, that's it. Anyway, you'll go down to fame along with the boys and girls that have tutored and sewn and mended and sawed themselves through college. I see myself telling the tale of your prowess to my grandchildren, and adding, with humble pride. 'I knew her!'

"Five minutes to three, girls," announced Kitty. "Just time to get to our three o'clock classes. Good-by, Elsie. I've got to scramble a lot of things together for my science report. By-by, girls. We'll all celebrate unconsciously on this great matter, and bring it through with flying colors."

Elsie lay awake nights planning the freshman spread. It was a great success, though quite as simple as the college spreads usually were; but it was full of novelties and surprises, for Elsie was a born genius, as Mary had said. And the dainty courses succeeded each other like clock-work, while the entertainers were fresh and unwearied for the real task of getting acquainted with the "new girls."

Elsie had furnished everything, had gone early and made the necessary arrangements in the private home that had been kindly offered for the evening, had instructed the house servant, and privately posted one or two friends in her secret how to keep the ball rolling, and was herself in the kitchen with her hand on the pulse of the party, although the party knew it not. Then, Chairman Mary, full of unselfish enthusiasm, told the girls all about it while they were congratulating her on her success, and Elsie's *debut* could not have been more auspicious.

She had asked five dollars for her services over and above the cost of her materials, and she paid her rent and coal bills with more real sstisfaction than she had ever felt before in her life. Then, to her surprise and delight, —for she had been incredulous,—orders began to come. Many of them were small, for very few of the college girls were rich; but every little helped, and her father and mother, sympathizing with her brave efforts to help herself, managed to pay her tuition for the second half year.

Then one of the professors' wives engaged her help for a series of afternoon receptions, and one or two others did the same, for Elsie had been a great favorite, and the girls generously trumpeted her fame in season and out

of season. By and by she found herself the fashion, and was as busy and happy and important as could be.

She began to enlarge her scale of work, arranged decorations and souvenirs, hired extra dishes, and, in short, troubled the hostess for nothing but the number of her guests. Mrs. Banks gave her the use of her summer kitchen and gas stove, as Mabel had suggested, and shared Elsie's prosperity, for she made delicious cake, and through Elsie's influence received many an order for it. And when Elsie engaged her little girl to run on errands and assist her generally, the good woman's joy over the addition to her scanty income was complete.

After commencement was over and the books were balanced, Elsie found that she had paid for her board, books, the dreaded "sundries," and a few clothes, and had needed to ask for very little help from home. Her class standing was not so high as it would otherwise have been, but she had gained ten pounds in weight, beside an incalculable amount of experience and a "priceless pointer on her province," as she elegantly put it, when, the night before they all parted, she entertained in her grandest style the girls who had taken counsel together in the sparrow's Nest the October before.

Mary, as the happy originator of the plan, sat in the place of honor; and when Katie Banks, gorgeous to behold in cap and apron, had brought the coffee and finally disappeared, Elsie made her maiden speech.

"I can never thank you enough, girls," she said. "I couldn't have done it except for your help, both in starting it and in supporting it; and now I want to tell you what it has led to, which is nothing more nor less than an entire change of my plans for the next year and the future. Mrs. Howard, who gave me my first catering outside of the class work, has been talking to me, and says I have a special gift for this sort of thing and I ought to cultivate it, and the small voice within me says she is right. My mind always misgave me about teaching, and I do feel myself absolute mistress of 'vitles,' as Ellen says. Only it seemed so common I never thought of it before as my talent.

"But I am going to throw conventionality to the winds and follow Mrs. Howard's advice. I have been taking special work in the chemistry of food this semester, and I am going to work and study by myself all summer and take a course in one of the city cooking-schools, and next year I am to set sail for myself as caterer and decorator! Mrs. Howard has always lived in the city, and has a great many friends there, and says she knows there is an opening all ready for me.

"Of course I can come out here, too, and I shall hope to keep my patrons here. So there's my long-dreamed-of career cut and dried! Now wish me good luck before we say good-by, and be sure to remember me when you are preparing for your weddings and wakes!"

Success came none too quickly nor too easily, but it came. And perhaps the best success lay not in the career itself, but in the lesson it taught her, that if she couldn't do a thing in one way she could in another; that a special talent is too precious a sign of the niche we are meant to fill to be lightly disregarded; and that, in good old Herbert's words:

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

—*Youth's Companion.*

NEVER MIND.

If the world don't go to suit you,
Why repine?
Will your caring change the matter,
Friend of mine?
Take life easy: it is better,
You will find.
Take no trouble: laugh it off, and
Never mind.

Eat your hard crust easy-hearted,
With a jest,
Frowns nor tears will help the matter—
Let it rest.
Troubles will not come so thickly
You will find,
If unlooked for; laugh them off and
Never mind.

Selected.

APPLE GATHERING.

SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"WHY, Cassy, what have you done to yourself?"

Miss Marietta Carstairs might well start as she sat in her cushioned chair by the firelight, drinking a cup of tea out of the delicate old china which had belonged to Grandmother Carstairs, at the apparition of a tall, slight figure with a man's overcoat buttoned in loose folds around it, so that the skirts nearly touched the floor, a man's boots pulled up over the pretty feet, and a felt hat clapped, in cavalier fashion, on the back of the head.

Cassandra Carstairs burst out laughing.

"Making a man of myself," said she. "Pretty well done, isn't it?"

Miss Marietta stared harder than ever.

"Is it a masquerade?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Does it look like it? No," Cassandra answered. "I'm simply going to gather my apples."

"Where is Ben?"

"Flat on his back with rheumatism. And those apples must be marketed at once, or they'll spoil."

"But, Cassy—"

"Oh, I know beforehand all you're going to say," demurred Cassandra. "It isn't a woman's work. Well, I mean to make it a woman's work. After all, how does it differ from nutting or mistletoe hunting? Old Jones is coming here to-morrow morning at five o'clock to take them to Weldtown. If they're not gathered, of course they won't be marketed; and those red heart apples mean not less then twenty-five dollars to us, Polly."

Miss Marietta sighed. "I wish I could help you, Cassy," murmured she "But I am sure Doctor Harford's hired man would help if—"

Cassandra started as if she had been stung by a wasp.

"If," she repeated, brusquely. "But what a comprehensive if, Polly! I'd cut off my right hand sooner than to ask that man to help us. That haughty, composed pink of perfection, that high-bred aristocrat that despises all women who—work!"

"Is that the reason, Cassy, that you gather your apples after dark? So that he shall not see you?"

"No," answered Cassy, sharply. But Miss Marietta could see in spite of

the dusk, the quick scarlet mount to her sister's forehead. "I gather them after dark simply because I don't want all the village gossiping about me. It's my business, and no one else's, unless you, dear Polly"—kneeling a minute at her sister's side—"it's yours. Just as I'm your business—and a bad business you find me, I am afraid!"

"But how do you know that Doctor Harford feels so towards us?"

"I know a good many things, Polly, that I can't give rhyme or reason for," Cassy answered. "Haven't I seen him look at me when I was weeding the onions and husking the peas!"

"A cat may look at a king, Cass!" said Miss Marietta, laughing in spite of herself. "May not Doctor Harford look at Miss Carstairs?"

"No," said Cassandra, with a stamp of the small cowhided foot—for she had borrowed old Ben's farming outfit for this occasion. "He may not!"

And then she took up a lantern and a box of matches and went her way, flinging back a kiss to the invalid sister as she did so.

It was nearly midnight when she returned, flushed and radiant, her hazel eyes shining, her breath coming quick and fast. Miss Marietta, who had fallen into a ladylike doze in front of the smoldering logs, started from her dream.

"Goodness me, Cassy! is that you?" said she.

"Yes." Cassy was unbuttoning the old coat and shaking her feet out of the cowhide envelopes, now stained with the mud of the swampy orchard land.

"Have you gathered the apples?"

"Yes. They're all in barrels, close to the bars, ready for Israel Jones when he comes along to-morrow morning. Old Ben's nephew, a stout sailor lad just from sea, helped me get them in. We broke the lantern, but that didn't signify. There was a moon, when the clouds parted enough for us to get a glimpse of it. The apples ought to bring a fair price; they're in beautiful condition. And what do you think, Marietta? Jack and I captured an apple thief—two of 'em—coolly picking our fruit into baskets, and they're safely padlocked into the old ice-house now!"

"Oh, Cassy! thieves! Who are they?"

"Well, naturally, they didn't offer to give us their cards; and Jack Tar and I walked them directly off into the ice-house. I led the biggest one by his coat collar, and my sailor boy hustled the little one along. I think the little chap would have shown fight, but the big one shut him up."

"Cassy, you did that?"

"I and Jack Tar, whose real name, I believe is Bartholomew Clark. Yes; we made the capture, unassisted and alone, and Bartholomew is going to Squire Patton's to-morrow to have the scamps regularly committed. Now, aren't you glad I went out myself to gather the apples?"

"Oh, Cassy, suppose they had had fire-arms? Suppose you had been hurt?"

"Oh, suppose, suppose!" gayly mimicked Cassandra. "But I wasn't hurt, as it happened, and now let us go to bed, Polly, for it's past twelve, and I'm tired to death!"

Weary though she was, Cassandra was up bright and early the next morning to feed her spring chickens and prepare her sister's breakfast, for the Carstairs girls kept no servants, and there was plenty to do. A sturdy young man with a sun-burned face stood at the gate.

"What do you want, Bartholomew?" said Cassy, taking in the milkpail from it's hook on the left-hand of the door.

"The constable's here, miss. He won't take no orders, except from you."

"Where is he?"

"A-waitin', miss, out by the ice-house door."

Cassandra caught her hat from its peg under the kitchen clock-shelf, and walked in her quick, elastic way by "Jack Tar's" side to the ancient fastness built into the side-hill, once used for the reception of ice.

"I think, miss," said the thickset, grizzle-bearded old village constable, "there's some mistake,"

"Mistake!" echoed Cassandra, in her clear voice; "but there can't be any mistake. I saw them myself, stealing my apples. Here's the key of the ice-house. I'm ready to lodge a complaint against them. Why, Doctor Harford!"

For as the constable opened the creaking old door, out walked her elegant next door neighbor, with an inscrutable expression of countenance.

"I plead guilty, Miss Carstairs," said the doctor, brushing the blue mold off his fashionably cut garments, "and I recommend myself—and Tommy, my office boy, here—to the mercy of the court. Yes; it's all quite true. We were picking your apples; but it wasn't for our own benefit. I heard that your factotum was sick, and I knew you wanted to send your apples down by old Israel Jones early this morning. We wanted to do a neighborly act, but we didn't expect to be caught *in flagrante delicto* by you."

"Oh, Doctor Harford! but why didn't you tell me who you were?"

"If you will kindly remember, you did not give me an opportunity to explain myself."

"I—called you names!" gasped Cassy.

"Yes, I believe you did," said Dr. Harford, smiling; and now that Cassandra looked him directly in the face, he had certainly a very sweet smile.

"And," added Cassandra, feeling herself grow cold and hot by turns, "I—hit you with the lantern when you were climbing down."

"And broke it—yes."

"And all the time you were trying to do me a favor!"

"In a mistaken way, as I now think—yes, I was," said the doctor. "I should have asked your permission to make myself of use."

"And, now," cried Cassy, clasping her hands, "I've shut you up all night in a moldy ice-house—and I've sent for the constable—and I've behaved worse than any gypsy girl, even down to using opprobrious language and committing assault and battery. Oh, Doctor Harford! I never shall dare to look you in the face again,"

And she fled to the house, bursting into a flood of tears as she went, and ran straight down cellar to hide herself.

"I'll go as a female missionary to Japan," sobbed Cassandra. "I'll enter a sisterhood; I'll never show my face again to any living soul!"

But she did. She neither set sail for Yokohama nor entered a cloister; and the very next day she went out driving with Dr. Harford.

"But why have you always disliked me so? Why have you refused to be introduced to me? Why have you always looked the other way when you saw me coming, and run into the house when I came near the garden fence?" asked he.

"I don't know," said Cassandra, in a low voice.

"Is there anything so disagreeable about me?"

"No, no," admitted Cassy. "But I thought you looked haughty and supercilious."

"Come," said the doctor, laughing, "that's funny! I thought you despised me! Was it because I was a doctor?"

"Oh, no!"

"Have you anything against doctors, as a rule?"

"No."

"Have yon anything against me?" he persisted

"Not in the least."

"Then, shall we be friends?" in a coaxing voice.

And Cassy agreed cordially.

How slight is the dividing line between friendship and love, Miss Marietta Carstairs alone can tell, for she alone was the confidante of these deadly enemies turned iuto excellent friends. Suffice it to say, that when next year's apple-gathering came around, Dr. and Mrs. Harford both went out to superintend the operation.—[*Fashion Bazaar.*

The Pine-tree Shilling.

MARY SHEPARD.

IN the early days of the colonists, money was very scarce; all the coins they had were the gold and silver coins made in England and Spain, and as the people were growing fast in numbers and trade increased, this scarcity of money became troublesome.

They exchanged goods with each other, if a new print dress was needed, potatoes or corn or wool was exchanged with the store keeper for it.

So they passed a law and decided upon a coin and appointed Captain John Hull as mint master.

The largest of these coins had a pine tree stamped on it, and was called a Pine-tree Shilling.

The mint master received one coin of every twenty coins he made. Captain John Hull was an honest, upright man and although he put aside only his share, one coin out of every twenty, before many years his strong boxes were well filled. Captain Hull had a daughter Betsy by name, a fine, plump, pretty girl, with whom Samuel Sewell fell in love.

As Samuel was a young man of good character, industrious and honest, Captain Hull gave his consent to the marriage. "Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way, "and a heavy burden you will find her."

In due time the wedding day came. There was Captain Hull dressed in a plum colored coat with bright silver buttons made of Pine-tree shillings.

The bridegroom dressed in a purple coat with gold lace, waistcoat and big silver buckles on his shoes; and last, but by no means least, the fair young bride herself, looking as plump and smiling and rosy as a big red rose.

After the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered to a couple of his men servants who brought in a huge pair of scales. Everybody watched with curious eyes what would be done with them. "Daughter Betsy," said the mint master, "get onto one side of these scales."

Then he pointed to a chest and told his servants "bring hither that strong box."

The servants tugged and pulled at it but it was all they could do to get it across the floor. Then Captain Hull unlocked it and pulled open the cover. The guests stood amazed to see the chest full of bright, new Pine-tree shillings. "Put them into the other side of the scales, lively now," said the mint master, laughing as he saw the look of astonishment on the faces of the guests. Jingle, jingle went the shillings as handful after handful was thrown in, till plump as she was the fair young bride was lifted from the floor.

"There, son Sewell," said the mint master, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank God for her. It isn't every wife who is worth her weight in silver."

IN SHADOW-LAND.

HARVEY A. FULLER.

In Shadow-land, dark and obscure
  An undiscovered continent
Save to the hapless, I endure
  From nature's light my banishment.

The bright sun wandered from my skies,
  The silvery moon soon followed him;
The stars of evening failed to rise
  And shine for eyes deranged and dim.

Egypt's black night hides its grim face
  Before my gloominess of years,
As imps of Tartarus feel disgrace
  And lack when their dark king appears.

Why call it shadow-land you say
  Where all is darkness, gloom and tears?
The sunshine of Eternal Day,
  Flings shadows through our cloudy spheres.

True friendship also is divine,
  Like every good gift from above,
It's rays on life's dark corners shine
  And turn their gloom to light and love.

Why mourn and weep for blessings past,
  When greater blessings are to come,
Adown the western slope at last
  I catch the welcome gleams of home.

I write to you from Shadow-land,
  It's boundry line we do not cross;
The journey would my joy command,
  While you would take it at your loss.

Yet hand in hand, not cheek by jowl,
  We urge the right and battle wrong,
Though dark the windows of my soul
  Our friendship may be doubly strong.

—*The New Collegian.*

What Shall the Choir Sing.

H. R. W. MILES.

WEEK after week the choir-master asks himself the question, "What shall the choir sing?" Hardly has the last selection been sung one Sunday, before he begins to speculate as to what shall be sung the next Sunday. He looks over his music and finds that this anthem is too difficult for the choir, while that one, although easy, is too trashy; again, this is too high for the soprano, while that is too low for the bass. He finds another that might be used had it not a soprano solo and were it not for rumors that certain influential members of the church were opposed to "feminine shrieks" and "operatic soarings" in divine service. True, the solo might be taken by the tenor if it were not for mortally offending the soprano, but it is even then doubtful if the tenor's fond but unmusical mother would recognize the handsome features of her talented son while he sang the solo and gave facial expression to his emotions. Still another anthem might be satisfactory had it not a contralto solo, the rendition of which would cause some of the congregation to instinctively draw their wraps more closely about them in sympathy for the quivering, shivering soloist. This too might be taken by the bass were his ears more useful than ornamental, and did he take his pitch from the organ instead of trying to establish an individual pitch.

All these things necessarily tend to discourage the choir-master. We are, of course, assuming that he is also organist and that he directs an ordinary quartette and possibly a chorus; we are not just now considering one who is director of a quartette or double quartette of mature, cultured singers that can beautifully entone any service like so many instruments, without perturbing the worshipers by the exhortations embodied in the inaudible words.

In offering suggestions as to what the choir should sing we should say, by all means have your choir sing something easily within its range. There is an abundance of all grades and kinds of music published now including much easy but good sacred music.

If the choir contains no soloists then duets, trios, and quartettes should predominate. In a chorus choir variety as well as a higher degree of excellence may be obtained by having various combinations of male or female or mixed voices. Unaccompanied quartettes occasionally are very effective.

It is a great mistake to sacrifice quality for quantity in rendering church music and it is much better to have one short selection well given than two or three long ones poorly performed.

It is a laudable ambition to desire that church choirs should sing as high a grade of music as possible, but the religious service is not a concert, and there are those in every congregation who are absolutely incapable of understanding or appreciating music of high quality. Such persons cannot be ignored but must be appealed to through words; and if the words to sacred song are distinctly enunciated, the attention and appreciation of this class of worshipers may be secured. A hymn with a good tune, sung in an expressive, devotional manner by a quartette with a clear enunciation, often has a marked effect, not wholly confined to the unmusically educated portion of the audience. It is a distinct three-fold combination of words, melody, and harmony.

Of course it is understood that we are not considering choirs in the liturgical churches where the directors are largely governed by the rules of the services, but we are dealing with the choirs of churches where the director has the broadest range in choice of music.

Church music must be devotional and wholly devoid of display. It should embrace the whole range of sacred composition from the lowliest but purest tune or choral, to the loftiest and most complex cantata and oratorio that can be creditably performed. Choirs of cultivated voices are, of course, most desirable but ordinary quartettes or even volunteer choirs may be effectually utilized in religious worship.

Sketches, from Our Exchanges.

OUR ALLIES AGAINST SERPENTS.

In nearly all countries infested by poisonous snakes there are to be found one or more creatures which are their mortal enemies, and which, for various reasons, are practically secure from their venom. In India, where the cobra is responsible for the deaths, according to government statistics, of 30,000 persons annually, the little mungoos kill probably several times that number of our hereditary enemies. About the size of a large rat, with thick fur of a pale gray color and a red throat, the mungoos is ever a most welcome denizen of the compound, and is often kept as a pet by the rajahs, who delight in witnessing a combat between the little animal and a monster serpent—a contest in which the former almost invariably comes off victorious.

Among the natives this result is generally attributed to the instinct of the mungoos, who, when bitten, is supposed to seek out a root which is an antidote to the poison; but the true reason appears to lie in its method of attack, by which it tires out its enemy in a succession of lightningly rapid movements, so that the venom of the snake is harmlessly expended.

On the Australian continent, where a great variety of deadly serpents abound, nature has set over them an exterminator in the person of the laughing jackass, a sedate-looking, brown bird, with a white breast of the kingfisher species, who indulges in snake-killing for the pure love of sport. As soon as a laughing jackass spies a black or tiger snake basking in the sun, he proceeds to call such of his friends as may be in the vicinity, who having perched in the boughs of surrounding eucalyptus trees, one of the party swoops down, and seizing the snake by the tail in its powerful beak, flies upwards to a considerable height and then drops its prey on a rock. In turn, each member snatches up the writhing serpent and drops it to the ground until life is entirely crushed.

INDIAN CHARMS.

One evening as I sat in the lodge of an Indian chief, says the Rev. Dr. MacLean, taking notes on the customs relating to the people, the chief taking up his war bonnet placed it on my head, and putting in front of it the head of a squirrel, said: "Now you can go to fight your enemies, and they will not be able to harm you. When I go to fight I wear this bonnet with this charm in front of it, which when I am not using, I keep in my medicine-

bag. My enemies shoot at me but the bullets fly all around me. They are not able to harm me when I wear this charm."

When a young man intends to become a medicine man, he fasts and prays until there is revealed to him his god, in the shape of a bird or animal which he seeks, and carries with him as his protector and guide. The skins of the animals and birds seen in visions are stuffed and worn on the person. War charms were borne upon poles as standards, and these were held to be sacred in war. Such was the faith in the potency of these charms, that when the standard bearer was slain, their courage departed, and they were easily defeated by the enemy.

But those charms were not worn for protection only. Charms were worn and potions were drunk by the native women of British Columbia to ensure the love and faith of their husbands. Then the hunter and warriors were accustomed to carry with them representations of their guardian spirit to secure game in times of scarcity, and success in hunting, and to give victory on the field of battle.

When an Indian wears a charm against witchcraft, he is but doing exactly the same as our ancestors did one hundred years ago.

MAKING OF MIRRORS.

The mirror-making industry in the United States employs more than 2,000 persons and the product is valued at about $8,000,000 a year. The first step in the manufacture is the adjustment of a smooth stone table. Around this table, which can be canted to one side by means of a screw set beneath it, is a great groove, in which mercury may flow from one corner into bowls. The table is made perfectly level, then tinfoil is carefully laid over it, covering a greater space than the glass to be coated. The metal is then poured upon the foil till it is nearly a quarter of an inch deep, being prevented from flowing off by strips of glass placed along three sides of the foil. From the open side it slides off the foil on the plate of glass whose advancing edge is kept in the mercury, so that no air, floating oxide of the metal or other impurities can work in between the glass and the clean surface of the mercury. When its desired position has run off, it is left for several hours, and then placed upon a frame, the "back" by this time being covered with the amalgam which adheres to it. After the amalgam becomes hard, the plate is ready for use. Mirror making is generally thought to be dangerous on account of the injury to the health of the operators from the fumes of the quicksilver but the figures collated by the insurance companies do not appear to sustain this belief.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

We herewith give to our readers a sketch of the Blind Herreshoff Brothers written by Gilson Willets, in which he says that the building of the new yacht-cup champion Columbia has made the world once more interested in a remarkable family whose history would make a book as readable as any wrought by a romancer—the Herreshoffs.

Of the seven brothers, four can see the new yacht, three cannot. James, Charles, Francis, and famous Captain Nathaniel, commonly known as "Nat," have full possession of their eyesight. John, Louis, and Julian are blind. The lives of the brothers who have the use of their eyes may be called successful; the lives of the sightless ones have been, and are, heroic. In their success those who could see the world were aided by the blind; while the blind, in turn, were assisted in their heroic struggles by those who could see. All are self-made. At one time they could not get credit for a pound of coffee in their native village, Bristol, R. I. To-day, they are perhaps the richest family in the town, the best known in the state, and somewhat famous the country over. When in Bristol, I happened to ask a citizen something about the Herreshoffs, pronouncing the name Her-re-shoff.

"You mean Mr. Her-res-hoff," he answered, giving the aspirate sound to the last syllable. His was, indeed, the correct pronunciation.

The whole family loves one thing: a boat. All are boat-designers, boat-builders and boat-sailors. Captain Nat and John devote themselves to boats as a business; the others as a pleasure. Of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., blind John is the president, Captain "Nat" the superintendent and manager. Having given America two successful cup-defenders, the Vigilant and the Defender, they are now sending a third to the line, the Columbia. Nat and John did the work, but the other brothers advised and helped, and all are equally proud of their latest creation.

Dismiss the sight-gifted brothers, this time, with a word. Capt. Nathaniel Green Herreshoff, designated by Bristol folk as N. G., is known to all newspaper-readers. Until the day after the great yacht race his every movement will be chronicled daily. James, a mechanical engineer, lives in Coronado, Cal., but is an annual visitor in Bristol. Charles, a typical "country gentlemen," devotes his time to his big farm on the shore of Narragansett Bay, opposite the Herreshoff boat-house. Francis lives in Brooklyn, and is the head of one of the largest chemical works in the world. Enough of the brothers who have each two good eyes.

The sightless brothers, contrary to general supposition, were not "born that way." Up to the age of fourteen John and Julian and Louis had eyes as good and as far-seeing as any other Herreshoff. But for some physiological reason, a reason inscrutable, each of these boys, at the age mentioned, lost the sense of sight. To their aid science was invoked in vain. The world gradually faded away from them, until it finally became a vale of darkness impenetrable.

But in the Herreshoff family there is no such word as despair. The boys, having lost their eyes, lost not hope nor did ambition abate. They determined to conquer all difficulties, to succeed even under the greatest physical infirmity. Eyesight gone, they cultivated mind-sight. They made of memory a servant. They compelled their fingers to do the work of eyes. Long before Hellen Kellar became famous the Herreshoffs developed the sense of feeling to a degree that is remarkable.

Blind John, the oldest of the blind brothers, began whittling boats as soon as he was old enough to handle a jack-knife. His eyesight lasted just long enough for him to build and to sail his own first boat—a good-sized yacht—around Narragansett Bay. Then, despite the great affliction that overtook him, he went on building boats, having retained in his mind the models upon which he had worked when guided by his eyes. He was naturally of a practical turn of mind. Therefore, when forced by his useless eyes to greater mental activity, his mind became one of extraordinary concentration and acuteness. He even learned to set up pieces of machinery,

and could readily explain their qualities of perfection or imperfection.

At twenty-five years of age he had saved enough money to begin building boats as a regular business. He started in a plain little shed with a patched roof, by the shore-edge, in which there was not room enough to build a boat that measured over twenty-five feet water-line. He took charge of the "works," attended to the office work, traveled, solicited business, and purchased material. From the very beginning, too, he was as familiar with the boats under construction or repair as were his employees. He was and still is the Milton of boat-building.

For twelve years the business prospered, and then blind John entered into partnership with Captain Nat and formed the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co. The works were enlarged, new shops were added year after year, during which time an incredible number of steam-yachts, sailing-boats, and business vessels were built. Among these were the United States torpedo-boat Cushing and the fast and famous steam-yachts Stiletto, Vamoose, Saywhen, and Now Then. At last, in 1890, the Herreshoffs built the yacht Gloriana, in which was developed the centreboard model that has since revolutionized the practice of the whole yachting world. In 1893 the cup-defender Vigilant was launched at Bristol and soon afterward the name of Herreshoff became famous on two continents as the builders of the fastest yachts ever under canvas.

Of the two partners, blind John is the more sociable and more wonderful genius. Still a fearless traveler, he goes all over the country to meet his patrons. He is now fifty-eight years of age. The plant of which he is the head is the most famous and one of the largest of its kind in the country. In his office every day he spends his time listening to letters read to him by his clerk, conversing with those interested in the firm's work, or talking over the telephone with people in New Bedford, New London, or other distant places. In his walks about the shops he seldom needs an attendant, and the streets leading from his home to the plant is as familiar to him as to any ordinary pedestrian.

Louis Herreshoff, the second blind brother, is a student rather than a worker. He it not a national character, as is his brother John, for he is not such a remarkable man. But in Bristol he is, of all the Herreshoffs, the best loved. Every man, woman, and child looks upon him as a personal friend. When, as a boy, he was overtaken by blindness, he resolved to acquire as much of an education as the family means would allow. He worked his way through the state college and saved enough money to take him for a trip abroad. He loved music, and in music he saw a way of making his way in life independently. He studied "theories" under various masters in Germany, earning money meanwhile working at anything his sightlessness would permit. Then he returned to Bristol and hung out his sign: "L Her-

reshoff, teacher of music." His first season in Bristol was so promising that the following year he went to Providence, where he could work in larger fields. Pupils came to him; he retained them year after year—success was his.

The prosperity of the Herreshoffs in time became so great that some one was needed to look after the family estate. Louis came back to Bristol and undertook the work. He continues still to look after all the family affairs in a most business-like way. He is no less a lover of boats than his brothers, but he devotes himself to the theory rather than the practice of boat-building. He keeps himself so well posted on the subject of naval architecture, is so familiar with the work in the shops, that he can advise with his brothers concerning even the smallest detail. All improvements in the construction of vessels and all advances made in the world of mechanics are known and understood by him.

He walks through the aid of a guide; he can sail a boat, and is a good oarsman. He uses the type-writer, seldom striking the wrong letter, but writing his letters with all the skill and rapidity of a two-eyed professional. Himself an expert swimmer, he has taught more citizens of Bristol to swim than can be easily recalled. Every day in summer at high tide, he takes a plunge. All the forenoon young boys and girls come up to him, one at a time, saying: "Uncle Louis, may I go bathing with you to-day please, Uncle Louis?" Once see him in the water with the young people, and it is not difficult to understand why they love to go bathing with "Uncle" Louis. He romps with them, races with them, gives advice to older swimmers, and to beginners, lessons.

One summer, more than twenty years ago, Louis was spending a vacation with his brother Captain "Nat" in the south of France. While at Nice they built a sail-boat sixteen feet long, named it Riviera, and raced it successfully at Cannes, winning a prize of one hundred francs. In that little boat they then took a long cruise—through the rivers of France to the Rhine and up to Rotterdam, where they loaded the yacht on the deck of a regular passenger steamer and finally reached New York. Here again they launched the tiny craft and sailed up to Bristol, where the whole town turned out to welcome the voyagers home. The Riviera is now one of Louis Herreshoff's choicest treasures—even if he does allow his brothers' children to use it as a playhouse.

The career of the last and youngest of the blind Herreshoffs, Julian, has been similar to that of Louis. Like Louis, Julian inherited from his father the love of music. Again like his brother, he studied in Germany. Julian, however, had the superior advantage of study at the University of Berlin—where he worked his way. Once more following his brother's course, he opened a school. For many years now he has been the proprietor and principal of a school of music and languages in Providence, though he has always

made his home in Bristol. In his youth, when his eyes had looked their last on the world, he decided to make the very best use of his tongue by becoming a linguist. In a wonderfully short time he could speak French and German fluently. Then he learned Spanish and Italian. He is now a professor of all these languages and teaches them in his school. A few years ago, for pleasure's sake, he studied Russian and Chinese, both of which he now speaks fluently.

Thus the three blind Herreshoffs have made their way under physical difficulties, have achieved success each according to his talents. John is the hardest worker, Louis takes life the easiest and is the best loved, Julian is the handsomest and most scholarly. All three live hermit lives, always wary of strangers, speaking only to those whose voices are familiar. In Bristol, where they walk briskly through the streets back and forth between their house and the boat-shops or post-office, a stranger would not readily recognize the fact that these Herreshoffs were blind.

Hon. Henry Fawcett, Postmaster-General of England, was one of the best known blind men in the world. He was not only an able and useful member of Parliament but a University professor of economic science. Mr. Fawcett was born at Salisbury in 1833, and was educated at King's College School, London and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He took his degree of M. A. in 1859. It was a year before this that an accident deprived him of his sight, but he resolved to go on with his studies and to engage in public business. He was fond of athletic sports and he continued his pursuit of them realizing the need of such activity for his best development. He was an expert on skates, at rowing, fishing and horseback riding and continued these pleasures as long as he lived. While he was studying political economy and general politics he wrote much for publication. His essays were sought by editors of the many magazines and reviews of his day. His work in this direction was done by an amanuensis to whom he dictated. It was in 1863 that he was elected Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. In 1865 be was made a member of Parliament. He was married in 1867 to Miss Garrett, who was interested with him in his public work.

Mr. Fawcett's management of the Post Office during his administration of four and a half years was characterized by great skill and by the introduction of valuable reforms and new institutions, notably in the money-order system, reply postal-cards and latterly the Parcels Post.

Mr. Fawcett was the first Postmaster-General to employ women in the postal service of Great Britain, both he and Mrs. Fawcett being strong advocates of the rights of women to a competitive place among men and both being ardent supporters of the right of women to the franchise.

In spite of the limitation of blindness Mr. Henry Fawcett made a success

of his life and left the impress of his mind and capabilities upon his generation. He lived and died with all possible honor conferred upon him and his life shows conclusively that blindness does not militate against a successful career, other things being equal.

Out in Grand Rapids, Mich., lives and thrives a blind man, Abram Jones, who year after year fishes in Grand River all summer, selling his fish which he takes to market, alone, in his boat. He is a successful angler, secures his own bait, and makes money at his business. During the summer months he lives by himself in a small boat house at the river's edge and in the winter lives with his wife in the city.

Mr. Jones has another industry which takes up nearly as much time as the fishing. Numerous logs which have at some time in the past escaped from rafts or become waterlogged in days when Grand river was a logging stream, gradually come to the surface and drift near enough to the banks for the fishermen to get them. When he is not fishing he is usually in his flat bottom boat lazily pushing up and down and around, feeling for such logs. When he finds them he takes them in tow and pulls them ashore back of his houseboat, where they lie, to dry and accumulate until he has a large quantity of them. Then he takes them, boatloads at a time, to the Soldiers' Home grove, where he has them chopped and sawed into suitable fuel size. During the winter he disposes of the wood in the city, as drift-wood is a desirable commodity and in good demand.

Mr. Jones is a Grand Army man and has hosts of friends.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I'm twins, I guess, 'cause my ma says
I'm two little girls. An' one o'me
Is good little girl; an' th' other 'n' she
Is bad little girl as she can be.
An' ma says so, 'most every day,
An' she's the funniest ma! 'Cause when
My doll won't mind, an' I ist cry,
Why, nen my ma she sob an' sigh,
An' say, "Dear good little girl, good-bye!
Bad little girl's comed here again!"

Last time 't ma act that a-way,
I cried all to myself awhile
Out on the steps, an' nen I smile,
An' get my doll all fixed in style,
An' go in where ma's at' an' say:
"Morning to you, mommy, dear;
Where's that bad little girl wnz here?
Bad little girl's goned clean away,
An' good little girl's comed back to stay."

—[*The Century.*

MUGGINS.

AUNT MARY.

MUGGINS was only a cat, but his history deserves to be written. The first time I ever saw him he was on the street, mewing piteously.

The pavement was covered with ice and snow, and the wind was blowing furiously, so that his fur stood up in little ridges on his back. It was very cold, and there seemed to be no place for him to go to be sheltered from the cruel storm.

A kind-hearted grocery boy was talking to him. He had followed him a long way, he said, but he did not know where he belonged. I took him up in my arms, and he cuddled close to my breast and purred loudly and gratefully.

I inquired of all the neighbors, but could find no one to whom he belonged, so I brought him to my house, where he was soon happy and at home. He was a pretty kitten, his fur was long and sleek, its color gray and white, with amber spots in it. His face was round and chubby, and always wore a bright and intelligent expression.

He proved to be a well-bred cat. His manners were above criticism. He never mewed when we were eating, nor filched from the cupboard, nor broke any other of the rules of cat etiquette.

He had genteel tastes, and showed a liking for good furniture. He declined to lie on a common rug provided for the purpose, but esconced himself on a velvet lounge, where, in

spite of remonstrance, he continued to take his daily nap.

He disliked organ music. Once, while on an exploring expedition, he walked over the keys of that instrument, and a mischievous member of the family blew the bellows. Muggins immediately showed his dislike of such music by sundry spits and growls. But when the piano was played, he turned his head to one side and seemed to listen intently and even to enjoy its sweet tones.

He showed an intelligent interest in the type writer and when the literary member of the family was at work, he would sit for hours upon her shoulder, listen to the click of the keys and watching the movements of her fingers as they flew over them. Occasionally his interest would become so keen that he would jump down from his perch, and alighting on the lower bank of keys, regardless of gramatical construction, put a period to the work in hand.

He was a cat of good sentiments. He appreciated the new home which had been given him in his hour of distress, and expressed his gratitude by affectionate caresses and loud purrs. We learned to love him and began to dream of a time when his instincts would lead him to relieve us of certain nightly visitors to our cupboard. But alas! our dreams were vain.

On the fourth day of his arrival Muggins took sick. He refused to eat and was constantly coughing and sneezing. A cat doctor was called in who pronounced it a genuine case of La grippe.

We wrapped Muggins in flannel, laid him on a soft bed in a chair behind the stove and fed him catnip tea. But all our efforts in his behalf proved unaviling. On Christmas morning, the third day of his sickness, the poor kitty straightened out his limbs, gave one pitiful mew, gasped and died.

In the course of the day we buried him in an ancient ash heap behind the smoke house. His funeral was attended by the neighborhood children followed by a troop of barnyard fowls, led in procession by a handsome chanticleer robed in shining black and named Ben Harrison. When the sad rites were over, Ben Harrison announced the conclusion of the services by a loud crow.

The next day after the funeral there was a ring at the doorbell, and when I went to answer it I found two little girls, age about eight and four. They were richly and warmly dressed in velvet cloaks, pretty hoods and handsome furs.

"If you please, Mrs. Writer," said the elder, "we've lost our kitty. He was a chubby kitten with silky, gray and white fur, and his name was Muggins. Somebody told us you had found him and we came to see if you would just let us see if it is he. If you've learned to love him we won't take him away, only it would be such a comfort to know, for sure, that he had a good home."

Then I had to tell the dear little little girls that Muggins was dead. I took them out to see his grave and the little one dropped a tear upon it.

I told them, too, what tender care we had taken of him, of how we had wrapped him in flannels, given him catnip tea and done everything that we could to save him. When they went away I overheard the elder one say.

"I'm glad we came, because it'll always be a comfort to know that he had good care and didn't die in the street or starve to death."

"'Es," said the little one; "he had good care, 'ats one comfort."—*Union Signal.*

Lad's Composition on "Breath."

A boy fourteen years old, who was told to write all he could about breathing in a composition, handed in the following:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out doors. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a great big diagram."

KNEW HIS BRUSH.

Carlo was a dog, and had been taught to carry parcels home from the shops of his master. Sometimes, if they were going further, the article that had been purchased would be pointed out to the dog, and he would be sent back for it later on.

One day a brush was bought in this way and when Carlo was sent back for it the man had forgotten to cut the string that tied it to a whole bundle of other brushes and pack it up.

Carlo recognized the brush and, without waiting to have it given him, seized it in his mouth and made off—of course carrying the other brushes with him. The shopkeeper gave chase, shouting "Stop thief!" but Carlo only scampered off the faster, and carried the brushes triumphantly to his master.

GOOD MORNING.

This is the way they say "good morning" in a number of different countries.

In Sweden they say, "How are you?"

In Holland, "How do you do?"

In Italy, "How do you stand?"

In Turkey, "Be under the guard of God."

In Persia, "May your shadow never grow less."

In Arabia, "Thank God, how are you?"

In Poland, "How do you have yourself?"

In Egypt, "How do you perspire?"

In Russia, "How do you live on?"

In Spain, "Go with God, senor."

In France, "How do you carry yourself?"

In America, "How do you do?"

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"What's Miss Shriek singing?"

"'My Heart's in the Highlands'"

"I wish her voice was with it."

———o———

"Jones says his wife has one saving quality as a cook."

"What is that?"

"She doesn't try."

———o———

Hicks—"Nice baby the Bjohnsons have, isn't it?"

Wicks—"Yes; the neighbors all say that it is a howling success."

———o———

An Aberdeen landlord raised the rent of one of his houses because the walls bulged out, and therefore made the house larger.

———o———

When a man gets up in the morning, he grumbles if breakfast is not ready; but if he goes fishing he can wait all day for a bite.

———o———

Reporter—"The name of that man who was struck by lightning is Brzinslatowskiwicz."

Editor—"What was his name before he was struck by lightning?"

———o———

Visitor—"What are you crying about, my little man?"

Little Willie—"All my brothers hez got a holiday, and I hain't got none."

Visitor—"Why, that's too bad! How is that?"

Little Willie (between sobs)—"I—I—don't go—to school yet."

Uncle Sam appears to be beyond reformation. See how he clings to the cup!

———o———

"Kitty, is your golf-cape pretty?"

"Pretty? Chester says when I wear it he'd rather look at me than play golf."

———o———

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what's the meaning of ostentation?"

Pa—"It's a way the neighbors have of showing off."

———o———

"Dust the drawing-room, Jane; I'm going to have a visitor."

"Shall I dust it for a lady, or for a gentleman?"

———o———

Slapp—"What's the difference between a scoundrel and an unfortunate."

Rapps—"Depends on whether he fails rich or poor. If rich, unfortunate; if poor, a scoundrel."

———o———

The Instructor—"What is the difference between a subject and a citizen?"

The Student—"The subject has to be humored, and the citizen gets bossed."

———o———

"Whom did you marry, Billy?"

"A Miss Jones, of Philadelphia."

"You always did like the name 'Jones.' You used to tag round after a little snub-nosed Jones girl when we went to school together."

"Yes; she's the girl I married."

Mrs. McPhidget—"Who wrote the song, 'There's Only One Girl in the World for me?'"

Mr. McPhidget—"Adam, I guess."

———o———

"Your husband dresses very quietly."

"Does he? You ought to hear him when he can't find his collar, or his sleeve-links become mislaid."

———o———

Kickshaw—"Miss Fosdick is the most extravagant girl I know."

Dimmick—"Nonsense!"

Kickshaw—"Well, I heard her offer Goslin a penny for his thoughts."

———o———

Lawyer Foggs—"Madam, I am compelled to ask your age."

Miss Sears—"I don't remember, exactly."

Lawyer Foggs—"Suppose you give it to us in round numbers."

———o———

"Can you forgive me and love me still," said the newly made bride, "when I confess that my teeth are artificial?"

"Thank heaven!" cried the groom, as he snatched off his wig, "now I can cool my head."

———o———

"Eliza, there is to be a model American post-office at the Paris Exposition."

"Well, Henry, you ought to go along to show how the model American husband forgets to mail his wife's letters."

———o———

The Sea Captain—"No, I was never shipwrecked."

His Little Grandson—"Well, I suppose that was a good thing when you were going to sea, but I should think you'd feel disappointed about it now."

Briggs—"I didn't know that you were near-sighted!"

Griggs—"Near-sighted! Why, I walked right up to one of my creditors yesterday!"

———o———

"Where do you live?" asked the kindly old gentleman.

"We don't live," answered the little girl, with unconscious sarcasm; "we board."

———o———

Mr. Ricketts—"Some scientists say that kissing is dangerous. Do you think so?"

Miss Kittish—"It is likely to produce palpitation of the heart."

———o———

Police Magistrate—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

Witness Stephens—"Never, your honor; but I've seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it."

———o———

"Henry, it's time for you to get up and make the fire."

"Lemme alone, Eliza; I'm going to stay in bed later now, and help crush the Coal Trust."

———o———

"Henderson tells me he means to name his new boy George."

"Old or new style?"

"What do you mean?"

"Washington or Dewey?"

———o———

"I am going to the matinée with mamma," said a little North Side girl to a friend.

"Are you?"

"Yes; and we have deserved seats, too."

———o———

"You certainly told me to embrace my privileges."

"Well, but I didn't tell you to embrace my daughter."

"No. But to embrace your daughter is a privilege."

SELECTED MATTER.

It Pays.

It pays to wear a smiling face
  And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
  Our laughter or our frown,
Beneath the magic of a smile
  Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring
  Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,
  By helping it, our own;
To give the current of our lives
  A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts
  Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
  A gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
  To eager, earnest youth,
To note, with all their waywardness
  Their courage and their truth;
To strive with sympathy and love
  Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart
  And "let the sunshine in."

—*Selected.*

ONE of the most notable gatherings of geographers ever assembled was the special meeting of the London Royal Society to consider exploration at the South Pole. The antarctic region is the greatest unexplored area on the globe, and it is so unlike any other that, while it offers no commercial inducements, light on its mysteries is of unusual scientific importance. There is almost certainly a continent, which is completely surrounded by a vast ocean, the reverse being true of the North Pole. The meteorology is remarkable, a zone of exceptionally low pressure existing beyond forty-five degrees south latitude, with indications that the South Pole is covered by a great permanent anticyclone or area of high pressure. The summer is extremely cold. The geology is of great interest, not only because of our utter lack of knowledge of the rocks and fossils, but because nowhere else is there such an accumulation of ice, and observations of the immense glaciers creeping outward into the sea—along the face of one of which Ross sailed for 300 miles and from which broke flat-topped icebergs 1200 to 1500 feet thick—may put to the test our glacial theory. The eminent scientists thought the government should grant $750,000 for the proposed expedition.

THERE are certain ferns in Southern California that grow only in the rainy season and at its conclusion the fronds in place of dying, coil

themselves into tight balls, the spore-bearing lower surface innermost. They are now dry and brittle, and if gathered, crumble into fragments. Apparently they are dead, but at the first rainfall they are softened, unroll, and take up again the interrupted functions of life. So long as the moisture lasts they continue to grow; when it fails they resume their dormant state and this alternation of growth and rest may occur more than once in a season.

MR. RUSKIN'S father left him a fortune of $1,000,000, but that disappeared long before his death, chiefly in benefactions. The sale of his books brought in from $10,000 to $15,000 a year, which was nearly all given away, as well as his capital, but his friends saw to it that he kept enough out for his own simple wants. He was a practical altruist. His life in this respect is a conspicuous modern example of unselfishness, unspoiled by fortune and success. His habitual benevolence stands in sharp contrast to the habitually sordid and selfish, grasping spirit of modern literary and artistic genius.

THERE are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday or Sunday. The same calendar can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December. February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29.

HERBERT SPENCER says: "Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the the time, may reassure himself by looking at his act from an impersonal point of view. Let him duly realize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself,—that his opinion rightly forms part of this agency, is a unit of force, constituting, with other such units, the general power which works out social changes,—and he will perceive that he may properly give full utterance to his innermost conviction, leaving it to produce what effect it may."

WHEN the tourists begin to swarm into Switzerland next year they will be confronted at every turn, on every hill and point of vantage, on every hotel piazza boasting a "view," with automatic telescopes. Last summer there were many telescopes scattered throughout the country, some of which were looked after by a boy or woman, and some of which were automatic glasses which opened on depositing two cents. A company is being formed in Berne which will place its automatic telescopes all over Switzerland next spring.

It is said that Emerson in his day was fond of telling a story of a little girl, which he admitted always called the tears to his eyes. A wise and saintly Quakeress with whom he was acquainted was once asked by her small daughter if she might do something that took her fancy for the moment. Her mother replied, "What does the voice in thee say?" The child went off, and after awhile returned to say, "Mother, the little voice says 'No!' "

President Shurman, head of the Commission sent out to the Philippines by Pres. McKinley, says he was surprised by the appearance, intelligence and deportment of the educated natives. They were temperate according to his testimony, but it may be a matter of past tense as the Americans have established between three and four hundred saloons. Mr. Shurman says he has never seen a Filipino drunkard. But American civilization will probably change all that!

Phonetic spelling has been adopted by the University of Chicago. By a vote of 20 to 16 the members of the University congregation passed a resolution providing that abbreviated spelling be used in the official publications and journals of the University and that the list of words with changed spelling adopted by the National Educational Association be approved by the board of the University press.

Cowper's house at Olney has been rescued from destruction and offered as a free gift to the town by its proprietor. The house will probably be utilized as a museum of relics of the poet. Those who love Cowper love him much, and a pretty constant trickle of pilgrims may be expected to visit the poetic shrine.

The orders of decoration worn by the German emperor, according to a Berlin newspaper, are worth a little more than $230,000. The Kaiser's principal and most valuable decorations are the insignia of the Black Eagle, the Order of St. John, the Order of the Garter and the Order of Toison d'Or. In all he has over 300 crosses, stars, badges and other insignia.

Next year, we may expect to read something like the following in the daily paper: About ten o'clock this morning a horseless milk-wagon loaded with cowless milk, collided with a brainless rider on a chainless wheel. The luckless wheelman was badly injured, and being homeless, was taken in a horseless cab to the home for the friendless.

Thirteen thousand three hundred and ninety-four cats have been received and fed in the Institution for Lost and Starving Cats in London since it was established three years ago. Animals that are incurable are painlessly put to death.

Queen Victoria loathes cats, and no one in her immense household is permitted to own a cat. She has an uncanny fear of them.

THE inflow of peace, the remedy for suffering from either disease or poverty is to enter into the sweep of the great tides of life. In their large currents all thought or care for the personal self and its illusions is carried away. Peace flows whenever these tides govern.

THE largest map in the world is owned by the United States government. It is a map of the United States, the Geological Survey Corps spending twenty years in making it, and, when spread out, it covers an acre of area.

FORTY-EIGHT young women were graduated on March 29 from the woman's law class of the University of New York. Miss Katherine Reed, daughter of ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, was one of the number. Only a few of the graduates intend to practice law.

THE beautiful jewelry manufactured in Manila is the work of women exclusively. The exquisite delicacy of the designs and the combination of gems is said to be far superior to the work of the best European lapidaries.

IT is estimated that the present war costs England $10,000,000 a week.

A FUND of $3,000,000 is asked to continue Moody's institutions.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, it is said, does not like to do things on Friday. One or two serious accidents have happened to him on that day.

WOMEN have been granted permission to ride on trolley cars in Corea, which is considered a great privilege.

ELLEN TERRY likes cats in their proper places, but if a black cat ventures on the stage she is in despair.

THE huge guns of modern navies can be fired only about seventy times. After that they become worn out.

EDISON thinks Friday the luckiest day in the week. He completed the phonograph on a Friday.

In the beginning woman was made to keep man from thinking that the whole earth belonged to him.

ON an average every woman carries forty to sixty miles of hair upon her head.

THE polar currents are said to contain less salt than those from the equator.

SUGAR alone will apparently sustain life for a considerable time.

CHRYSANTHEMUM salad is a popular delicacy in Japan.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

TRANSVAAL.—News from the Transvaal reveals the fact that the British have not succeeded in crushing the independent spirit of the Boers, and some of the recent engagements have proved disastrous to the British. Lord Roberts complains of the Boer conduct. The Boers it is claimed have been violating the principles of war, by enticing the British under the flag of truce to a near approach and when within range of their guns opening fire upon them. It has also been found that they have been using explosive bullets, which were abandoned by mutual consent by all nations at the Geneva Convention, on the ground of inhumanity. Large quantities of them were found in General Cronje's camps after his surrender. These complaints have done much to lessen the sympathy for the Boer cause. The siege of Mafeking still continues, but it is expected that the relief of the town will be shortly accomplished. The Boers resented Lord Salisbury's reply to their note, and have said in disapproval of the accusation made against them of having brought the war on themselves, that it was really brought on by the threats of the British Government to force changes in the government of the Transvaal, and that the massing of the troops on the border was an intimation that England intended to resort to war if she could not have her own way. Lord Roberts with his main army is still near Bloemfontein, and sends no news of importance. Lord Kitchener was lately sent to put down an insurrectionary movement near Prieska, southwest of Kimberly, and has accomplished his task with very little difficulty. Both sides are still making extensive preparations for the advance on Pretoria. The Boers have intrenched the city, and even the women are arming themselves to help in the defence of the city. The British commanders have been severely criticised for their insufficient scouting and the resulting ambush and loss of men has been due to carelessness in not acquiring some knowledge of the whereabouts of the enemy. The death of General Petrus Jacobus Joubert plunged the whole country into grief and is by far the most serious loss sustained by the Boers. He died at the age of sixty-eight years after a very short illness. It was he who led the burghers when Dr. Jameson made his famous raid and defeated the invaders with but little effort. General Louis Botha will doubtless be his successor. The British are suffering

severely for the want of horses and at the engagement of Korn Spruit, General French was compelled to return to camp instead of following up the Boers in order to rest his horses. Many horses are shipped but are pressed into service before being acclimated and consequently are used up in a very short time. The English since the war have found out the true character of Cecil Rhodes. He was caught in the town of Kimberly and shut up with the rest of the inhabitants while endeavoring to make his escape to Rhodesia. When he found that he could not escape he made demands through telegrams to the British commanders to send troops to the relief of Kimberly, and when his requests were not immediately complied with, he began to berate the government, to oppose the military governor, and make attacks in the newspapers on Colonel Kekewitch in order to weaken the confidence of the people in the Colonel. When he found that Lord Roberts was to abandon Kimberly he made overtures to the Boers for surrendering the town to them, providing they would not interfere with the mines. The army officers of the British army are disgusted with the man and declare him a mere speculator with no love for his country.

PHILIPPINES.—Many different reports are coming from the Philippines in regard to the situation there. General Wheeler said in the *New York Independent* a short time ago, "The rebellion in the Philippine Islands is crushed, and I do not believe the American troops will meet with armed resistance during the coming season." On the other hand, the war correspondents at the front are far from sharing his opinion. It is a recognized fact with them that the insurrection is by no means over. Aguinaldo seems to have disappeared, but the Filipinos are still engaged in guerilla warfare. The whole country is infested with bands of natives who attack supply trains, small escorts and scouting parties. In one or two instances, heavy patrols of soldiers have quickly avenged these raids by setting out and hunting down and killing as many as the marauders as possible. General Otis considers Manila the most troublesome center at present. There is an insurgent junta there which incites the Filipinos to continued revolt. On March 30, two bandits were found guilty of murdering a countryman and hanged, an officer of the United States Army presiding at the execution. This is the first execution of natives under military control, and it expected to have an effect upon many of the small bands of rebels.

CONGRESS.—After a good deal of discussion and excitement the Porto Rico Bill passed the Senate by a majority of eleven. It was formally adopted by the Republicans as a party measure. The bill provides for a Governor and Executive Council to be appointed by the President of the United States, and a House of Delegates to be elected biennially, to which no person is eligible unless he can read and write either Spanish or

English, is twenty-five years of age and holds taxable property. The Executive Council is to be composed of eleven members, of whom five must be Porto Ricians. A resident commissioner is to be elected by popular suffrage. He must be a citizen of Porto Rico and able to read and write English. He will represent the Porto Rican government in Washington. The tariff is to be imposed only until the Porto Ricans have devised means to raise revenue in other ways, and in any case not after March 1, 1902. Immediatedly after the passage of the bill, President McKinley appointed Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, C. H. Allen, to be first civil governor of Porto Rico. Mr. Allen is a man of a great deal of business experience and tact and should be a success in his new office. The army and navy bills which are before the House, carry with them an expenditure of nearly two hundred million dollars. This is about three times the yearly expenditure between the Civil and Spanish wars. A Democratic plan is on foot to prevent an increase in the standing army by appropriating $4,000,000 yearly to be used in organizing and equiping the State Militia as a reserve for the Federal army. A bill has been introduced in Congress by Mr. Hay to this effect.

SCIENCE.—Two French chemists have discovered a process by which rubber may be obtained from the Landolfia vine which grows wild and luxuriantly in all parts of Africa. The process of tapping the Landolfia is impracticable, as the flow of rubber hardens too quickly. By the process of M. M. Arnaud and Verneuil the vine is crushed in hot water by which means all the rubber which it contains is extracted. The Ways and Means Committee of the City of New York has recommended that $60,000 be appropriated to enable the State to acquire the James Hall scientific collection and library. It represents the accumulations made by the late Professor James Hall during his entire active life in science and covers a period of seventy years. Gas liquor has been turned to a very useful account at Cuzzies in France. Beet root would not grow in the fields because they had become infested with a beet-root parasite, but with one application of the gas liquor, fifteen tons of beet root per acre, with fourteen per cent of sugar, and four splendid crops of cereals were obtained, and in another set of trials using gas liquor only, four successful crops of more than twenty-four tons to the acre and a fifth of over sixteen tons were secured.

EDUCATION.—Columbia University is to open a summer session next July. It is a part of the work of the university, and the courses are all accepted in partial fulfillment of the appropriate degrees and diplomas, and are planned with special reference to the needs of teachers and special students who for various reasons have been unable to pursue the course of study during the academic year. Barnard College has been incorporated with Columbia, although it will retain its

own teaching faculty and courses of study. The work will be parallel with that of Columbia. It will have a representative in the University Council, the chief executive body of the university. Thus during the college course the sexes will be separated, but will work together on entering the university course. This arrangement is giving great satisfaction. A four years' course in Commerce is also planned for Columbia, but lacks the necessary funds at the present for establishment. By the unanimous vote of the faculty of Columbia, it has been decided to admit students from non-classical secondary schools as well as classical, to the college and allow them to proceed to the degree of A. B. by taking a four year's course in elementary Latin if they have not presented it at the entrance examination. The trustees of the Chicago University have decided to confer the degree Associate in Arts, on the completion of the first two years' college work. Some of the benefits derived from this proposed plan are, first, students who would not undertake to pursue a four years' course will take this two years' course, and then possibly complete the other two after receiving the first degree; second, many who desire to take up a professional course before the completion of a four years' college course will at least take the new degree before entering on a professional education, and thus the professional schools will be enabled to raise their standard for admission; third, many high schools and academies can add these two years to their work; fourth, colleges with limited incomes may be now able to confine themselves to the first two years' work, and the greater institutions may cut off this first degree and confine themselves to the higher degrees. The "Situation Bureau" which was organized a few years ago at Harvard University is now firmly established. The members of the graduating class, who are desirous of obtaining positions after the completion of their college course write to Mr. Hurlburt, the recording Secretary, stating what line of work they wish to follow, and are supplied with situations by him. Mr. Hurlburt is in communication with the business men of the whole country, and when they wish help they notify him. Thus the students without any cost and very little trouble are enabled to secure very lucrative positions.

DRAMA.—Marion Crawford has completed a novel called "In the Palace of the King," which begins in the April Munsey. This is to be dramatized for Viola Allen. Mr. Crawford modeled his heroine after Miss Allen herself, while she and her mother were visiting him in Italy last summer. The pride of Jennico, given at the Criterion Theatre in New York is meeting with great success. The part of the hero is played by Jamet K. Hackett, whose dramatic powers are well known. Bertha Galland plays the part of the heroine. She is still very young, with a pretty graceful figure, unaffected manners and almost perfect enunciation. Charles Frohman has announced that he has succeeded in securing the dramatic rights to Mary Johnstone's novel, To Have and to Hold. The hero, Captain Ralph Percy, will probably be impersonated by Henry Miller. Toward the end of the musical season the young Hungarian pianist, Ernest von Dohnanyi, has appeared and captured all hearts by his wonderful playing. All musical critics speak in the highest of terms of his almost perfect technique.

Glimpses of Good Books.

"Oh Scarlett," said Lord Newhaven, detaining him languidly, "I want three minutes of your valuable time. Come into my study."

"Another cross-bow for Westhope Abbey?" said Hugh, trying to speak unconcernedly, as he followed his host to a back room on the ground floor. Lord Newhaven was collecting arms for the hall of his country house.

Over the mantel-shelf were hung a few old Japanese inlaid carbines, and beneath them an array of pistols.

"Useless now," said Lord Newhaven, touching them affectionately. "But," he added, with a shade more listlessness than before, "Society has become accustomed to do without them, and does ill without them, but we must conform to her." Hugh started slightly, and then remained motionless. "You observe these two paper lighters, Scarlett? One is an inch shorter than the other. They have been waiting on the mantel-shelf for the last month, till I had an opportunity of drawing your attention to them. I am sure we perfectly understand each other. No name need be mentioned. All scandal is avoided. I feel confident you will not hesitate to make me the only reparation one man can make another in the somewhat hackneyed circumstances in which we find ourselves."

Lord Newhaven took the lighters out of the glass. He glanced suddenly at Hugh's stunned face, and went on: "I am sorry the idea is not my own. I read of it in a magazine. Though comparatively modern, it promises soon to become as customary as the much-to-be-regretted pistols for two and coffee for four. I hold the lighters thus, and you draw. Whoever draws or keeps the short one is pledged to leave this world within four months, or shall we say five, on account of the pheasant shooting? Five be it. Is it agreed? Just so! Will you draw?"

A swift spasm passed over Hugh's face, and a tiger-glint leaped into Lord Newhaven's eyes, fixed intently upon him. There was a brief second in which Hugh's mind wavered, as the flame of a candle wavers, in a sudden draught. Lord Newhaven's eyes glittered. He advanced the lighters an inch nearer. If he had not advanced them that inch Hugh thought afterwards that he would have refused to draw.

He backed against the mantelpiece and then put out his hand suddenly and drew. It seemed the only way of escape. The two men measured the lighters on the table under the electric light.

Lord Newhaven laughed. Hugh stood a moment, and then went out.

Hugh drew the short lighter but he lives until the last chapter while Lord Newhaven dies in the middle of the book. *Red Pottage* is a novel of English society and is interesting all through. It has touched the popular taste and is having an immense sale. The comedy and the tragedy of life

are faithfully portrayed although in the story both Lady Newhaven and Hugh Scarlett suffer for their sin, a thing which does not always happen in real life. Rachel West is a fine character of whom the author says:

"She was not beautiful except with the beauty of health, and a certain dignity of carriage which is the outcome of a head and hands and body that are at unity with each other, and with a mind absolutely unconscious of self. She had not the long nose which so frequently usurps more than its share of the faces of the well -bred, nor had she, alas! the short upper lip which redeems everything. Her features were as insignificant as her coloring. People rarely noticed that Rachel's hair was brown, and that her deep-set eyes were gray. But upon her grave face the word 'Helper' was plainly written—and something else. What was it?"

Miss Cholmondeley has put into her book two charming characters in the Bishop and in Dick Vernon, whom we hope is married to Rachel in the unwritten chapters.

Hester, is a loveable girl but one is inclined to think that she might have been a little firmer with that obstinate and outrageous brother of her's—the minister. *Red Pottage* is by Miss Mary Cholmondeley and is published by Harper & Bros. Price $1.50

———

The Hon. S. B. McManus has written a collection of verses and called them *Rural Rhymes*. These verses are classed into Poems of the Country; Poems of Childhood; Dialect Poems and poems of Sentiment, Love and Devotion, and they suggest Will Carleton, Bret Harte, and others whom we all know. These rhymes please us and charm us. Listen to this from "Thanksgivin' Day:"

"Swing open the gate as wide as you may,
An' keep it swinging till all are through,
Till ev'ry child that the old house knew
Is under its roof for Thanksgivin' Day.
An' open the house from top to toe,
An' run it over with girls an' boys,
An' fill ev'ry inch with singin' and noise,
An' make the air with the laffin' blow."

* * * * *

"There are fifty pies, an' not a one less,
Apple an' pumpkin, berry and mince;
Sech a raft of eatin' I hain't seen sence
Last Thanksgivin', I verily guess.
The cellar is laffin' for very fun
At the plenty that's hid in it's scanty light;
The apples and turnips are packed so tight
You couldn't squeeze in scarce another one."

And haven't we all felt this about the coming of Spring!

"Ev'ry spring the air feels cleaner,
And the meader grass looks greener
Than I can recollect it did last year;
And the posies rubbin' open
Their eyes, and kind of gropin'
Fer the sunshine, never looked so pert and queer.
With the spring there comes a feelin'
Like some one was slyly stealin'
All the meanness from my life, and puttin' in
Where it was some gracious token,
Brand-new things fer old and broken;
So I write my song, and think it no great sin."

These rhymes go straight to the heart. The book has five illustrations which measure up well with the text. Curts & Jennings are the publishers. Price $1.00.

Living Plants and Their Properties is a collection of essays selected from popular addresses and articles presented by the authors, Professors J. C. Arthur and D. T. MacDougal.

The chapters by Dr. Arthur are "Special Senses of Plants;" "Wild Lettuce as Weed and Compass Plant;" "Universality of Consciousness and Pain;" "Two Opposing Factors of Increase;" "The Right to Live;" "Distinction between Plants and Animals."

Dr. MacDougal has contributed, "The Development of Irritability;" "Mimosa, a Typical Sensitive Plant;" "How Cold Affects Plants;" "Chlorophyll and Growth;" "Leaves in Spring, Summer and Autumn;" "The Significance of Color."

To the botanist all the chapters are alike valuable, to the reader with botanical tastes and proclivities, perhaps the chapters on the compass plants, the sensitive plants, the significance of color and plants and animals will be the most enjoyed.

It is a pity that all other specialists in botanical work do not collect and publish their essays in book form for the benefit of those who are not able to hear lectures or who do not meet with the articles in the technical publications.

Living Plant is illustrated and has an index to plant names. It is published by Baker and Taylor. Price $1.25.

Agnes Giberne, who has written so many scientific books for the beginner has added *The Starry Skies* to the list. It is a series of first lessons on the sun, moon and stars and is attractively written and fully illustrated. It is understandably worded for her younger readers and still not too simple for those who have some knowledge of the subjects treated. Any book on astronomy cannot fail to be fascinating—it's a subject full of charm.

The illustrations are excellent, showing different phases of the moon, the markings on the planets, the most interesting nebulæ, etc.

There are two star maps, one of the constellations around the north pole and other of Orion and Sirius.

Not the least attractive feature of the book are the questions and answers following each chapter which serve to impress the text upon the student.

The American Tract Society is the publisher. Price $1.00.

A "Mere Man" has written a book! It is all about the blunders of women! It has lots of things to say about servants, kitchen utensils, dirt, children, and "Things in General." It cannot fail to be widely read as the average woman will want to know what the "Mere Man" knows about these things and the average man will want it for reference.

The historical novel has an important place in education but it is a relief to occasionally read a notice of a new novel that is neither history nor war, but just a real, everyday story.

The guide book to Paris published by the Harpers is timely, valuable and interesting. Doubtless it will have an extensive sale as it will appeal to stay-at-homes as well as to those who intend to run over to the exposition. It shows how to "do" Paris through the medium of an omnibus.

In the list of the six best selling books for the month *To Have and To Hold* leads. *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim* has dropped out: *Richard Carvel* takes fifth place with *The Gentleman from Indiana*. *Resurrection* by Tolstoy is sixth on the list.

Some one with time to spare has estimated that more than 5,000 pounds of ink has been used in printing *David Harum*. Over 1,000 miles of thread have been used in the binding and more than half a million pounds of paper have been put in the books.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook*, is preparing an illustrated commentary on the New Testament for Christian workers, of which five volumes are already ready.

Mr. Kipling is at Bloemfontein assisting in editorial work on *The Friend*.

"Attend to the tale of Miss Cholmondeley,
Whose characters don't suffer dolmondeley:
They live, lie, make love
Kill, covet, and shove—
Being more realistic than colmondeley."

—*The Book Buyer*.

The novel, *To Have and To Hold* is being used as a supplementary study in the literature class of a leading private school in New York City.

It is rumored that Lady Aberdeen will write a book giving her reminiscences of Canada during her official residence there.

The letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, recently published by Messrs Charles Scribner's Sons, have already gone through a third edition.

Mr. Edwin Markham is writing an epic which is to be fully as long as *Paradise Lost*. He intends to complete it in three years.

Mrs. Katharine Coolidge, who has recently published *Voices*, a volume of poems, is the daughter of Francis Parkman.

Certain London publishers, it is said, are to revive the seventeenth century embroidered bindings.

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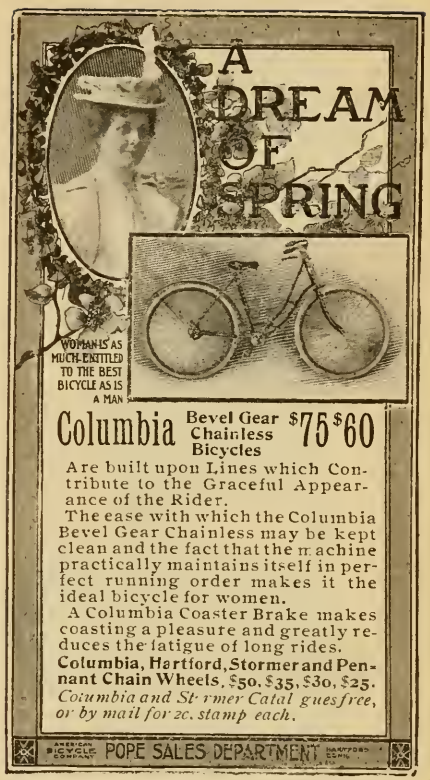

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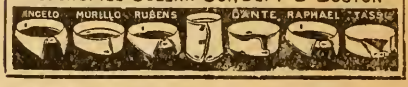

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TALKS AND TALES.

A MAGAZINE

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FOR THE BLIND.

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DEPARTMENTS.—

Sketches, from Our Exchanges
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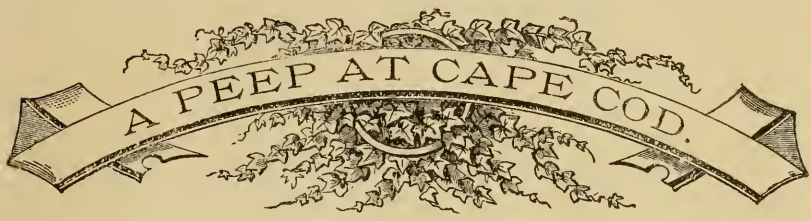
WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes.

A RELIC OF OLDEN TIMES.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, CONN., JUNE, 1900. NO. 9.



MARY E. SANFORD.

PERSONS having no knowledge of Cape Cod, its size, scenery and inhabitants other than that obtained through the reading of "Cape Cod Folks," should visit that picturesque spot and convince themselves that it is not, as many suppose, one small settlement inhabited by coarse, illiterate men and women. Many people are of opinion that historic Plymouth is a part of Cape Cod, but this is a mistake as Plymouth is in Plymouth County, whereas Barnstable County includes all the territory known as Cape Cod.

The summer tourist seeking fresh pleasure grounds should journey to Cape Cod; not with the expectation of being served to codfish daily, as the cod is no longer caught off the Cape in great numbers. The truth is, much of the fish now eaten by Cape Cod people is shipped from Boston and other commercial centres, to fish dealers who appear to the busy matrons and ask if any fresh fish is wanted. The general public is now served to much fish, meat and poultry that has lain months in cold storage—but fresh is the word.

The chief products of Cape Cod are oysters and cranberries, both being in demand because of their delicious flavor. Thousands of barrels of cranberries are exported annually. Without cranberry sauce, Thanksgiving dinner would not be complete, yet comparatively few who eat cranberries are aware of the vast amount of care and hard labor required in their cultivation. Many people suppose that cranberries grow on high bushes but, on the contrary, one must be very humble and bend the knee when picking cranberries as they grow on running vines which intertwine, forming a thick carpet of green upon which the bright red berries make a beautiful showing.

The cranberry season is at its height from the first of September until

the middle of October when hundreds of men and women are engaged in picking the berries. Each picker is provided with a six quart measure, receiving from eight to ten cents per measure and one must fill his measure many times to earn from three to five dollars, which is earned daily by many of the fast pickers, while slow pickers must work very hard in order to earn one dollar a day. When a cranberry bog is to be made, a large swamp is selected, men hired to cut down bushes, take out stumps and dig ditches, which divide the swamp into sections, thus draining off the water; after the bog has been turfed, and wheeled on, the several sections look like white floors as the sunlight falls upon them. Men are hired to set the vines and at the end of three years a small yield of berries is expected.

There are many pretty summer resorts throughout the entire length of the Cape on the south side especially, many of which face the sea; others farther inland afford a safe retreat for invalids who find the air balmy and healthgiving. At these inland resorts naught breaks the stillness of the night save the plaintive notes of a lone owl, the whip-poor-will's song or the bugle call of a passing tallyho. Protected by law, the deer safely hides within the green-wood and may be seen at times standing by the roadside or bounding into the thicket, frightened by the approach of man or the distant baying of hounds. Lakes well stocked with fish abound.

In Wakeby lake are three small islands, one being owned by Ex-President Cleveland; a small steamboat plies from Wakeby lake through the narrow straits which connects it with Mashpee lake from which latter, a glimpse of the Indian town of Mashpee may be obtained. Pleasure seekers from hotels, miles distant, drive over in barges that they may sail upon the lakes and get a glimpse of Cleveland's island. Cape Cod is already very popular as a summer resort and people of wealth and fame have erected handsome residences all along the coast, where swimming, bathing and boating are daily luxuries.

Grey Gables, the summer home of Ex-President Cleveland, is at Buzzard's Bay, one of the largest towns on the Cape, as also the summer home of Joseph Jefferson, better known to the public as "Rip Van Winkle."

Cape Cod does not abound in sand but, on the contrary, one may drive many miles over hard, well kept roads shaded by spreading oaks. The cedar, pine and locust are natives of the soil. Here, as elsewhere, with springtime come the feathered songsters, while ferns and flowers grow in wild profusion and more attractive scenery could not be desired than is presented to the gaze of tourists sightseeing on the Cape, from Bazzard's Bay to Provincetown, which journey should be made in a carriage if one would see the many lakes, and the pretty villages nestling in the interior. The mode of traveling on Cape Cod is somewhat primitive, as stage routes are still maintained between railway stations and inland settlements; but it is hoped that

in a few years the Cape will be threaded with electric roads, which the comfort and convenience of its inhabitants demand. Persons who are skeptical as to the attractiveness of Cape Cod, who think it a veritable Sahara, have only to visit this spot of earth made beautiful by a power supreme, divine, to be convinced that it compares favorably with the rest of God's acre and that its inhabitants are not as wanting in culture and knowledge, as one might infer from the reading of "Cape Cod Folk."

KEEP DOING GOOD.

Never mind what others say—
To ev'ry one his judgment day;
Go on thy way without delay,
Keep doing good.

Higher critics—lower critics;—
Learned Aryans and Semities—
Never mind the old emetics,
Keep doing good.

Joy of soul and peace of mind,
Ev'ry one on earth may find;
To this alone be thou inclined,
Keep doing good.

What thou canst, in quiet do;
Strength and peace each day renew;
With heaven's grace thyself endue.
Keep doing good.

—*Junius.*

The Fall of the Dictator.

AMELIA H. BOTSFORD.

"GOOD afternoon, Mrs. Hudson," said the minister, as the door from the shoe-shop into the family sitting-room opened and the slight figure of a little old woman appeared. The sound of talking in the outer room had drawn her to come in on some trivial errand. She paused in the doorway with a look of surprise and seeming apprehension, as she glanced from her husband to the minister. The young man—he was boyish looking in spite of the dignity of a Methodist preacher on his first charge—advanced, and cordially shook hands with "Sister Hudson."

"Come into the sitting-room," she urged, after returning his greeting; "this isn't a fit place to sit down," glancing as she spoke at the bits of leather, pegs, and other rubbish strewed over the floor.

On one side of the room were shelves piled with lasts, and shoes waiting their turn for repairs, and near by. where the best light fell from the window, in the spot of deepest confusion was the shoe-maker's bench. The shoe maker himself was a tall man, although he had a slight stoop from habitual bending over his work. His face was intelligent, but self-willed, and his blue eyes were cold and stearn.

The invitation into the next room, which Mrs. Hudson repeated was declined, and the minister resumed his seat in one of the wooden chairs by the bench. Mrs Hudson stood near, twisting back and forth a corner of her working apron as she talked.

"Oh, Sister Hudson," he remarked, turning to her, "I'm out collecting to-day." The look of apprehension deepened on her face at the word, but he went on without noticing it. "The annual collections for Conference must be sent on soon, and I find it best to remind our members who have forgotten their pledge in the matter. I have your name down for"—here he referred to his note book—"fifty cents each for missions, freedmen and church extension, and twenty-five cents for each of the others, two dollars and seventy-five cents in all. If it is convenient for you to let me have the amount to-day, it will aid me in settling up the accounts before Conference."

He looked up inquiringly, but before he could answer, her husband broke in. "Did you put your name down for any such nonsense?" he growled looking fiercely at her from beneath his shaggy white eyebrows.

"Why, y-e-s, Hiram," she faltered, "I felt I ought to give something,"

"It's a pack of nonsense, these 'ere missionary collections, and you needn't think you'll get any money for them out of me. You'd no business, any way, to promise a cent without you asked me first. I don't take no stock in such doings, and I don't care who knows it, parson," he continued, looking at the astonished young man.

The Rev. Alfred Brown was too surprised to frame fitting arguments concerning the importance of Conference collections. He was accustomed to much deference in the homes he visited. He shortened his stay, and soon withdrew with more dignity than usual.

Later in the afternoon, on his way from another and more successful collecting call, he was passing the same low, brown house, set well back from the street in a yard full of flowering shrubs, when the little figure of Mrs. Hudson hurried down the path between the rows of lilacs to the front gate. She wore a green gingham sunbonnet, and carried a tin pail as though on an errand to the village store. A few steps beyond the gate she overtook him, and at once began:

"I was so sorry, Brother Brown, that you happened to speak about the collection before Hiram. The minute I saw you in the shop I was afraid you would, and you see he ain't in sympathy with such objects. I knew it would rile him to know I'd given anythin'; but I've got the money here for you. I followed you purpose to give it to you."

A blush crept over the young minister's face. He disliked to offend any person, and he was anxious to make a credible report at Conference, but he held certain views with the rigidity of youth.

"I'm very glad," he said slowly, "that your husband has altered his ideas o these noble objects, and is willing to give, or allow you to give, to them, but I did not expect him to change his mind so soon." He looked inquiringly at her as he spoke.

With some embarrassment she answered, "Of course he hasn't changed his mind. Hiram didn't give me the money, and doesn't know I have it."

The minister did not extend his hand for the money she was holding out to him, but drew himself up rather stiffly as he said, "Why, Mrs. Hudson, if your husband does not know of this, and it is done against his expressed wishes, I really do not see that I can take the money. You would be quite justified in omitting your contribution under such circumstances. I'm very sorry to say this, but do you feel it right thus to secretly oppose him? The wife should be in subjection, you know," he added, with a constrained smile.

Mrs. Hudson put the money back in her purse and shut the clasp with a snap.

"Brother Brown, I wouldn't give a cent if it wasn't my own earnings, and even if it were Hiram's money, I've been a saving, hardworking wife to him long enough to have some right to his purse. I ain't a mite ashamed of it,

and I don't see as I am doing wrong. I only give it quiet-like to avoid contention." The ordinarily timid woman was stirred into something like excitement. Her hand trembled, and she dropped the purse as she tried to put it into tho pocket of her calico gown.

The next day was Friday. As the pastor did not attend the choir rehearsal, the evening was at his own disposal. He always spent it with Anna Gould. No amount of learning crammed into his head, nor the self-conceit and self-will engendered of theoretical knowledge and a profound ignorance of practical affairs, could stifle the simple natural emotions which the Rev. Alfred Brown experienced in common with the most uncultured of his flock. After his own fashion he was very much in love, and Anna Gould, tall, fair, and sensible, loved him in the foolish way in which a wise woman often loves.

In the course of their talk that evening, Alfred mentioned his call on Mrs. Hudson, and went on to give particulars of his second meeting with her. Anna was stirred with indignation.

"Why, Alfred," she said, "it's a burning shame if she has no money to spend as she pleases, for the very house they live in is hers, or was before she married Mr. Hudson a widower with three big, unruly boys. She brought them up, and did it better than their own mother would have done; and yet the father will not let her have any money even for church. It's just a shame!"

"It is, indeed," said Alfred, less warmly; "but I could not receive money which she had been hiding away from him, and thus become a party to tricking her husband, rude and ungracious though he be. A pastor must be straightforward in all his doings, and give no chance for injurious reports."

"But I do wish she could have some good of what she owns, and some reward for what she has done for the Hudsons, father and sons," said Anna, thoughtfully.

However, Mary Hudson's worries could not longer occupy the thoughts of two who had all their own future to talk over. The topic was soon dropped; but, as she sat sewing on the morrow, Anna's thoughts recurred to the incident her lover had told her. She was stirred by the injustice Mrs. Hudson must have suffered before she would have stooped to hide away pennies in order to have a little money. That there ought to be some remedy for such a state of affairs, she felt sure, and she set herself seriously to look for it. Anna was a girl accustomed to rule her own life, and, since her mother's health had failed, she had had charge of the household and the management of their small income. The mother, who lay watching her from the couch, wondered how her self-reliant daughter could think of merging her life in that of the preacher's wife, expected to speak his words and to think his thoughts, and please the people besides.

Looking up from her needle, Anna said suddenly, 'Mother, didn't Jonathan Hudson make a fortune in Cleveland?"

Mrs. Gould glanced up in surprise, but answered, reflectively:

"I've heard he did real well, built him a fine house with marble floor in the front entry, and colored glass windows like a church. Mrs. Dunn called there when she was in the city a year ago, and she said it was mighty fine."

"The others, Charlie and Dick, did they not do as well?"

"I guess not. They never could hold on to half their money. 'Twas get and spend with them. What set you talking about them?"

"Nothing much. I wonder if 'Jot' would remember me? Those boys used to make much of me when we lived next door."

"I remember. You were a pretty little thing then, but wilful as could be."

"And I like my own way yet," Anna smiled. "I want to go to the city some day this week,—I mean if you are well enough to spare me."

"I can spare you all right, but is there any need for you to go? I thought you'd bought all you wanted when you went last time."

"There are a few more things I'd like to get. I'll go to-morrow, if Mrs. Allen can come in and sit with you."

"Well, I suppose you may as well gad while you can," said her mother. "'Twont be so easy to go and come when you're Mrs. Brown."

Anna raised her eyes indignantly. "Don't speak so, mother. Alfred isn't a tyrant."

"Maybe not; but you won't be foot free when you're married, I can see that."

"I wouldn't marry a man I could wind around my little finger," Anna said, jerking the thread impatiently.

"Well, you needn't be so ready to wind yourself around his; 'taint naturrl for you," returned Mrs. Gould; but she dared not say more, the set lips and still face of her daughter showed much annoyance.

Anna went to the city the next day. She despatched her errands quickly; then, having found the address in the directory, she hunted up the office of Jonathan Hudson. She was fortunate in the time of her call. He was in and at leisure.

"Why, Anna Gould!" he exclaimed. "I'm very glad to see you. It's a breath of fresh air to see any one from Quincy. There's none but good news, I hope?" he asked anxiously. "I haven't had a word from home for weeks."

Anna hastened to assure him that the old folks were as well as usual, and they chatted for a few minutes of the neighborhood news before Anna ventured to speak her real errand. Any indirectness was foreign to her straightforward nature. She told him simply and earnestly how troubled she was that Mrs. Hudson—"Mother," she always called her—never had any money of her own, and that she was put to all sorts of shifts even for church collections. "I thought," she said, "that if her boys understood how things were, they would find some way to make life pleasanter for her. I hope you will

not think me meddlesome," she added. "You did not mind my bluntness when we were at school together."

No doubt he would have been annoyed had not the spell of old days revived with the sight of Anna's face. She had tyrannized over him once in a girlish imperiousness. He responded thoughtfully:

"I know father has always carried the purse, but I never thought much about it. I've sent money home until I'm tired of helping father out of his difficulties. He has no head for business, and I might as well pour water into a sieve as money into his schemes. I never have thought of doing anything especially for mother; I rather like the idea. But what could I do, Anna?" he asked.

She spoke frankly of what had been in her mind from the first. "If you could allow her a small sum of money weekly, it would be a much greater comfort than a considerable amount at once, and if you expressly said it was for her use alone, and not to be interfered with by any one, I believe she could keep her hold on it. Such an arrangement would make her happy for life. Then she could gratify her heart's desires. Oh, I do wish you would do it!" she added earnestly.

Jonathan looked serious for a moment. He was rather surprised at the request. Finally he said, "I could afford it, I guess. Business is pretty good now; and maybe Charlie and Dick would help out if I happened to be short occasionally. I fear, however, that she would not have the use of it."

A wave of remembrance swept over him at this talk about mother. He saw again the brisk little figure moving about the old house; he heard her "Good-night" as she tucked him up in bed; he felt the tender touch of her fingers as she dressed an ugly wound in his foot.

"I'll do it," he said, "and if I can make it she shall have a good time yet.'

Anna's face lighted up with satisfaction. "You don't know half what it will be to her," she exclaimed. "I am more pleased than I can tell you." Then she added: "But please don't speak to any one of my having suggested the idea."

"I'll keep still about it, if you wish, and take all the credit myself, but I never would have thought of it alone."

When Jonathan's letter came, and Mrs. Hudson knew she was to have for her unfettered spending a certain sum every week, she was almost dazed by good fortune so unexpected. She read the letter again, this time taking in the fact that it was not fifty cents or less, which would have been a fortune in contrast to the past, but three dollars, and she fell to pondering its possibilities.

The mortgage Hiram had placed on the little homestead was overdue, and in danger of foreclosure. Interest had been paid irregularly, usually by the boys, for Hiram would invest in mining stock in preference to paying

debts. She might pay up some of the back interest; but Jonathan did not mean the money for such a purpose, and, even if she could save the home, they would still have food expenses. Hiram's earnings did not amount to much. "I wish I could use this money so that it would bring us in an income," she thought. Over this she pondered, while Hiram stormed away because the money was not sent to him. Those were disagreeable days to Mrs. Hudson, but worse were to follow.

At last a plan that seemed feasible occurred to her, and then she carried a great weight on her heart in the dread of talking to Hiram about it; but, choosing a time when he was not indeed reconciled to her having money of her own, but less pronounced in his objections, she unfolded her scheme. It was that they should move to Horton, twelve miles away, where there were both a college and a girls' seminary, and take boarders. She would use her money to pay the rent of the house; he could still have his shoe-shop, and the board money would furnish the table.

Then Hiram broke forth anew. He certainly had never dreamed that Mary could have anything to say about their way of living, and for her to imagine she could inaugurate such a complete change was presumption for which he could find no words. He would never go, even if she was crazy enough to start off in such a wild fashion.

"You hain't any furniture. You shan't touch this," he declared, vehemently.

"It's mine," replied Mary, outwardly calm, although she felt sick with the strain on her courage. "You never bought a chair or table of it, and I can take it where I choose."

Hiram stared at this speech, and the look in his eyes was fairly a glare as he stuttered: "You can't! You shan't!" and leaned up against the wall as if in need of physical support.

He wrote to his boys, complaining bitterly of the trouble they had made for him by providing the money which had turned Mary's head, and urging that the mortgage should be paid off and the income be paid to him, for it was shameful to send it to Mary, as if he did not provide for her, or was not fit to be trusted with the money. The sons must have been annoyed at these letters, but each of them declined to pay off the mortgage, which was more than the real worth of the cottage. They knew too well that the home would only remain unincumbered until Father Hudson could find some one else willing to loan money upon it.

It had been Mary's home all her life. When a child, she had climbed with her book into the apple-trees, and planted flowers in the border under the window. Now that she felt it must go, the sons had no sentimental scruples to prevent the sale. It would be cheaper, they argued, for father to pay rent than to keep up the interest.

As the days went by, and Mary said no more about moving, Hiram hoped she had given up the scheme, and seeing no way of saving the homestead, he began to talk of how cheaply he could rent it. There were times when Mary, walking down among the daffodils and crocuses, which had come up year after year in the familiar places, felt that she could never find a home in any other spot; but, if her heart failed her now and then, her will was steadfastly set to make a home in which they could live uprightly, free from debt.

The days slipped by until the house was sold. There was little work at the bench. Hiram had borrowed money here and there from his most obliging cronies, until Mary was oppressed with the burden of debts which she knew would never be paid. She paid the rent from her own allowance, and then there was not enough left to live on. For some time life went on thus, but it could not continue. As she lay awake at night, she felt the time had come for her to act, even if it were against Hiram's will.

The next day she was unusually spry in doing up her work. At an early hour she had the house "redded up." Then she put on, not the green sun bonnet, but the little black bonnet she wore Sundays, and slipped out at the back door. She cut across the fields, and took the train to Horton. Hiram had not missed her when she came back, but she had seen a real-estate agent, got the refusal of a suitable house, called on the principal of the seminary, whom she had known for years, and secured a conditional promise of four boarders.

In the afternoon she told Hiram what she had done. He became so violent that she thought for a moment he would knock her down. Yet she did not falter in her determination. She rented the house, and hired a man and team to remove the goods. Hiram still did not believe that she would so defy him. The meek and timid wife did indeed seem to be acting entirely out of character; the neighbors would have said she was out of her mind.

In the morning, when the man came with the team, and began loading up the furniture, Hiram did not get up. He lay there, in the little bedroom, and heard tables and chairs lifted into the wagon, and great tears rolled down his face, till he broke down and sobbed like a child. Mary had told him the night before that she would move that day, and he had turned around and said, fiercely: "If you go you need never come back, and I will never, never go to you." Since then he had not spoken.

Room after room was dismantled; at last, when everything else was done, Mary came into the bedroom. "Hiram," she said, "if you will not come with me, shall I leave these things here for you?" Hiram did not lift his head, but muttered: "Yes."

Mary's insurrection was complete. The goods stood in heaps in the new home, and the familiar, old-fashioned furniture looked strange to her in the

new surroundings. Like herself, it was too old to bear transplanting. She scrubbed, cleaned, and settled, and lay down at night with every bone in her tough old body aching. Then, when she could not sleep for weariness, she thought of the solitary furnished room in that bare house, and the grizzled head on the pillow she had last seen wet with tears.

Gossip told her how he lived on lunches of crackers and cheese in the village store, and at night locked himself into the lonely house, where his candle glimmered all night. All his wrongs had been told on the street corners. When she went to get her church letter, Brother Brown talked severely to her about her unchristian conduct. She told him she meant to make a home for her husband; that she could not bear either to live on others' charity, or to run up bills that would not be paid. She would work as long as she had strength in her arms and skill in her fingers.

"You are doing very wrong, Mrs. Hudson, and need not expect the blessing of God on your undertaking," he answered.

A smile and friendly greeting she did receive from Anna Gould, as she shut for the last time the door of her home behind her, but all her other acquaintances avoided her.

She had been settled in her new home a week when, in the early evening, there came a knock at the door. The school-girls were chattering over to-morrow's lessons in the best room. She sat alone by the sitting-room lamp, peeling apples for sauce. Something familiar in the sound startled her. She dropped her knife in the pan, and went to the door, but there was no one in sight. A basket stood on the step. She pulled it in, and examined it. A pound of butter, five pounds of sugar, a pound of tea, and two pounds of soda crackers. A smile trembled about her mouth as she put everything away in the pantry, and took up the paring-knife again.

A few days later the same thing occurred, but this time she fancied she saw a familiar figure at the corner. She knew Hiram had sold the furniture she had left in the house, and was now hanging around the Horton stores. It was about three weeks after she had left her home when, one evening, she heard the same knock, and opened the door to find Hiram standing on the step. He was freshly shaved, and wore a new necktie, but there was an ugly tear in the coat she had always kept so neat. "Men are noways fit to live alone," she thought. "I know his stockings are in holes."

She asked him in, and he sat down in his own particular chair. There was the same red spread on the table, the same kerosene lamp, with a winter landscape on the shade, and the big work-basket which he had known for twenty years. Mary picked up the socks of the shade of gray he always wore. With the knitting needles in her hands, Mary was much more at ease than he; he was polite, even deferential, and this to one whom he had been used to browbeat as he chose. She had seen him assume this very manner to

a customer whom he had some special reason to propitiate, but no one—he least of all—could have dreamed that he would ever use it to his wife. After a few embarrassed remarks, he told the ostensible purpose of his call.

"There's a box of lasts I can't find, and I thought maybe you had 'em here. They were 'specials,' and I can't get along without 'em." He glanced around, as if expecting to see the box in some corner of the tidy sitting-room. But the days of using the front room for the shop were past; that untidy place was no longer to try Mary's housewifely instincts. She knew the box he meant; it contained a number of lasts he had abandoned as unusuable, and given her months ago for firewood. She did not remind him of this, but took him to see where it was stored with other kindling in the wood-shed.

He looked around him, curiously, at each room they passed through, so she took him over the whole house. It was larger and cheerier than the home she had left, and Mary fancied Hiram approved of its conveniences, though he said nothing.

He did not offer to take away the lasts, but said he'd "come after them." They went back to the cosy sitting-room, and Mary set the lamp down on the table, but remained standing, so he felt obliged to stand, also. She thought he lingered as he used to when he came a wooing, and seemed to hate dreadfully to start.

He took up his hat at last, and went slowly towards the door, saying "Good-night" in a hesitating way; but, as he stepped out on the porch, he felt, or fancied he felt, a drop of rain. "It's raining, Mary," he turned back to say.

"Not much, I guess," she answered, "I can get you an umbrella, if you're afraid of getting caught in a shower, but I don't think it will rain before morning."

"I don't like to go out in the rain," he hesitated. "I might get the rheumatism. I ain't feeling first-rate."

What he was waiting for she now supplied. "Will you stay over night?"

"Well, if you'd like to have me, I don't care if I do," he said, with great relief, and stepped briskly back into the room.

Hanging up his hat and coat, the fallen dictator sat meekly down, and held the yarn for his wife to wind.

After a time, he said, suddenly: "The parson and Anna Gould have quarrelled, I reckon. Leastways, that match is broken off, and folks say he did it."—[*Woman's Journal.*

The "Growing Up" of Salome.

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

EACH of the three elderly Misses Camp had a firmly rooted belief that both the other "girls" were getting hard of hearing. That was why, when Aunt Faith overheard Mrs. Pippin's uncharitable speech about the Child, she bore it alone patiently. It was really fortunate the girls had inherited Grandmother Camp's deafness—it would have hurt them so to hear that speech.

"It's ridiculous that Salome Pitcher's aunts don't let her dresses down"—that had been the arrow that wounded gentle Aunt Faith. "She looks like a long-legged game pullet, tall of its age. When my girls were fifteen they wore their skirts to their boot-tops."

The old ladies had been on their way home from meeting—three abreast, as they always walked. The Elmsboro' selectmen built the village sidewalks with direct reference to that peculiarity of the Misses Camp.

Mrs. Pippin had rustled along behind them, in her stiff, creaky black silk. Her pew was just behind theirs, add it was natural they should fall into line that way, coming out of the little vine-embowered church. It was the only connecting link between them.

The Child—Salome was always the Child to her doting old aunts—had walked on briskly ahead of them, her short skirts swaying about her knees. Salome was fifteen years old and of goodly size.

"The Child's legs are long," mused Aunt Faith, still smarting under her wound. "and so very narrow. She takes after the Camps, dear Child! No, I wouldn't have had the girls hear Mrs. Pippin for anything. It's the first time I've ever felt to be reconciled to their affliction."

Aunt Charity was watching the Child, too—and smarting. Her sweet, delicate face was suffused with a pale flush. She walked between the others, —Aunt Charity always walked between,—silent and grave. Only Aunt Hope spoke, and her words made the other "girls" start involuntarily.

"How—how tall the Child is getting to be!" Aunt Hope said. Then they walked on together without further words. That was as near as they had ever come to confessing that Salome was growing up. Salome? The Child? No, no, the Child could not be growing up! She was just a slip of a thing yet that they could dose and coddle and get out of scrapes, the dear Child!

This was the cloud no bigger than a man's hand that lurked always on the horizon of the Misses Camp—that some day, some time, Salome would grow up and leave them. It haunted them always. Lately the cloud had been growing steadily bigger.

At dinner-time that Sunday they talked with gentle animation of the village picnic that was to take place on Tuesday. Salome's animation was not quite so gentle.

"It's going to be the best one we've ever had!" she cried, enthusiastically. "The Keith boys are going to run the little steam-launch on the pond, and Enoch Bently's going to make gallons of ice cream—gallons!"

"I suppose they'll all dress up considerable," Aunt Faith said.

"Yes, of course," echoed Aunt Hope. "It's foolish, but they always do. You'll wear your new dimity, dear Child. I'm glad you put it on to-day, to kind of take the new off."

"It's a very pretty dress," said Aunt Faith, "and simple. Nothing could be more suitable for a child."

She sighed gently. She was glad Salome was sitting down so she could not see how long—and narrow, very narrow—the dear Child's legs were. Mrs. Pippin's strident voice was in Aunt Faith's ears still.

"Yes, certainly, it is suitable, most suitable." rejoined Aunt Charity, hastily. Was she hearing Mrs. Pippin's voice, too?

"I'm thankful, girls, we made it up with a generous hem and turned down at the belt; and there's plenty of new, too, to face it with some time—when the Child grows up. It's goods that will wash like a pocket handkerchief and wear for years and years."

"You may wear it to the academy at the mills yet, dear Child!" smiled gentle Aunt Hope. The academy was another sore spot, but the three dear old ladies found consolation in treating it as a mild joke. It loomed so far ahead of them. There was really no occasion to worry about the academy yet. The distance from Salome's knees to her ankles was very considerable. It was Aunt Faith who had set her ankles as the academy limit for skirts.

The Child pushed back her chair suddenly and stood out on the bare, painted floor before them all. They were used to her little whimsies and smiled indulgently.

"Look!" she cried, "see how far it is! I measured last night, and it's nine inches!"

She was looking down wistfully at her knee-short skirts and the long stretch of black stockings below them. Salome did not know she looked like a little "game pullet, tall of its age"—that did not trouble her. But how she did want to go to the academy! All the other girls went—even Alethea Pippin was going in the fall, and she was only thirteen. A sob crept into Salome's voice, and she choked it down with a little unsteady laugh.

"It takes so long for your petticoats to grow nine inches, Aunt Faith, Aunt Hope, Aunt Charity," she appealed to them all, in her own quaint fashion. "Don't you see, at the rate they're growing now, I shall be middle-aged when they get to academy length?"

She laughed again nervously, and then, with one of her sudden impulses, darted round the little tea-table, hugging them all in turn, and escaping in a little whirl of short, crisp skirts through the kitchen door. It was the way of the Child when she was excited. Not for the world would she have the three dear old aunts know the longing in her heart—the longing to grow up like other girls. Her intense loyalty to them forbade the slightest open rebellion. If they wanted her a little girl till she was forty she must bear it.

"But I'll grow up, then," she cried to herself, with a fierce laugh in her throat, "and I'll go to the academy, too!"

She threw herself down on the soft grass and stared steadily out across the pretty old-fashioned yard, seeing herself through a long vista of years, in ankle-deep petticoats, going down the straight village road toward the academy. The vision startled her out of her depressed spirits and her clear laugh drifted back to Aunt Faith, Aunt Hope, and Aunt Charity, sitting in sober silence where she had left them.

"The dear Child!" murmured Aunt Hope softly, and the other "girls" drew relieved breaths, they hardly knew why.

The next day was Monday, and preparations for the picnic were on foot. Aunt Charity and Aunt Hope spent the morning in the kitchen, among pans and nappies and warm fragrant odors. The Child seeded raisins and beat eggs on the back door-steps. Only Aunt Faith was left out of the busy proceedings; cooking was not Aunt Faith's talent. She stole up stairs to Salome's room under the eaves, and took down the new dimity dress.

She had her thimble on and her work-bag at her side. She began to work with nervous haste.

"I'll let it down a little from the top, just a little," she thought. "I can't have that woman saying things about the dear Child at the picnic. She'll go, I suppose—oh, dear me, yes, Mercy Pippin'll go!"

Her scissors snipped the tiny, close stitches with sharp little clicks, and the gathers, released, set free folds upon folds of the soft material. Aunt Faith kept listening, guiltily.

"I wouldn't have the girls know! I want it to come on them gradually," her thoughts kept on, to the tune of the scissors. "They'll hardly notice at all to-morrow, with so much going on, and when they do get round to noticing, they'll be used to it." Aunt Faith's logic was open to criticism, but it satisfied her gentle soul.

She sat up in Salome's room all the morning, working fast and hard. Once she slipped down into the kitchen, and got a hot iron unobserved. She

spread newspapers on the floor, and pressed out the crease and the old gathers in the dimity skirt with patient care. She had let the dress down nearly three inches, but nothing but the added length told the secret. Now let Mrs. Pippin go to the picnic!

In the afternoon Salome went out into the orchard with her book, and the three old ladies went to their rooms for their customary after-dinner naps. The naps were as inevitable as the dinner. Aunt Faith slept the sound sleep of a relieved mind, but the other "girls" were restless and uneasy. It was a good while before Aunt Charity could close her eyes. Aunt Hope gave up the struggle entirely.

"It's no use," she murmured, "I can't get Mercy Pippin's voice out o' my ears. It keeps saying those hateful words right along steady. I'm thankful the girls couldn't hear. Sometimes it must be a relief to be hard of hearing."

She stirred uneasily about her room, setting right things to wrongs restlessly. Then she tiptoed across the hall into Salome's room. Her mind was made up at last.

"I've got to do it; it's no use," she cried, softly. "I can't have the Child made sport of, and I can bear doing it better than either of the girls. They're so tender-hearted they couldn't see to sew through their tears. It would almost break their hearts to be a party to the Child's growing up."

The tears ran in slow procession down tender-hearted Aunt Hope's delicate, seamed face. She was finding it hard, too. If once they began to admit that the dear Child was growing up, where would the end be?

"And I'm admitting!" groaned Aunt Hope. "Here I'm going to let this hem down in cold blood! But I've got to—it's no use, I've got to! I'm thankful we put in such a very wide hem—Charity didn't want it but three inches, but I said six. Now I can let it half down, and it will look all right. I'll carry it out in the unfinished chamber where the girls can't see me. Poor things! but they'll take it easier if it kind of grows on them gradually."

It was hot in the unfinished chamber, and Aunt Hope was afraid of spiders. Both circumstances made her remaining there all the afternoon heroic; but she worked on steadily. Before it was quite tea-time she kindled the kitchen fire and warmed a flatiron.

Her work was done with painstaking neatness, and the pretty dress was hung away again in Salome's little lean-to closet before the girls came out of their rooms. Aunt Hope had forborne to hold it up for the last inspection that women give their work; she was afraid that it would look long to her. The same fear had prevented Aunt Faith in the morning. They had both hung away the dimity dress with averted faces.

The Elmsboro' lights were extinguished early. On many summer evenings they were not lighted at all. On this particular evening Salome Pitcher

and her three old aunts sat out in their cool little yard until the stars came out, and it was bed-time. All along the pretty village street there was a soft coo of voices, and the creaking of rockers on gravel-walks and verandas. All Elmsboro' was out of doors in the twilight. The fun-maker of the neighborhood went along the street, warning them into bed.

"Picnic Picnic! Picnic to-morrow! All ye good people, hie ye to bed!" his gay voice boomed in their ears, and there was a ripple of laughter and shuffling of feet and chairs along the street.

"Come on, Aunt Faith, Aunt Hope, Aunt Charity!" Salome's bright voice called, laughingly.

"We won't light the lamps, the starlight is so bright," Aunt Faith said.

But an hour later Aunt Charity lighted a lamp. She stole to the Child's door and looked in. She was asleep, dear Child! Aunt Charity tiptoed across the room to the closet. The soft starshine lighted her quaint little figure, in its white night-gown; and kissed her intent, wistful face. Aunt Charity was smaller than the other girls; she was not "the greatest of these," like the other charity in the Bible.

When she crept back to her own room again, Salome's new dimity dress was over her arm. Its skirt trailed in unwonted fashion on the floor, as she walked. It got in Aunt Charity's way, and made her stumble a little.

"I've got to! I've got to!" she thought. "I can't let folks like Mercy Pippin say unpleasant things about the Child's legs—haven't I suffered ever since meeting let out Sunday? I'm glad the girls were spared; I can bear it better than they could. For once it was a mercy they couldn't hear readily. Now, let me see—"

She bent close to the light, and pursed her lips, thoughtfully. She had made up her mind to let part of the hem down to Salome's skirt.

"It was fortunate—oh! Why, I thought—m-m-m, I see. We only made a three-inch hem, I see. I was thinking we made a very broad one, but I remember there was a good deal of discussion. I was almost hurt with the other girls for wanting it so broad, and they made it my way, after all! All is, I shall have to face it down. The new pieces are down-stairs, in the secretary drawer."

And like a little white ghost Aunt Charity crept down to get them. They were rather small pieces, and made a good deal of piecing necessary. It took a long time to face down Salome's skirt. The clock in the church steeple struck the hour that takes the most strokes and the hour that takes the least—and yet again—before Aunt Charity had finished. Then, without another look at the heap of soft stuff in her lap, she bundled it up over her arm and carried it back to Salome's closet. It was dark in the bit of a corner, and she had to fumble around among the tiers of hooks. It seemed hard to

find one high enough so that the dress would not trail on the floor. On her way out, Aunt Charity stooped to kiss the Child.

"Dear Child!" she whispered.

One, two, three! clanged the steeple clock, as little old Aunt Charity went back to bed. She was very tired.

"But I had to, I had to," she spoke aloud. "And it was easier for me than the other girls. They could hardly have borne it. They'll kind of get used to it now, before they know it. It had to come."

She lay awake a while, and the pillow under her faded cheek grew wet. Aunt Charity was remembering so many things about the dear Child—the time when she came to them first, a tiny morsel in long white clothes; the time when she toddled about on uncertain, short little legs; the times upon times she had made sunshine for them with her childish fun and play. She was remembering how fast the years had gone over her small flaxen head, and how, in spite of them all, she had grown from their knees up to their elbows,—their shoulders,—she was up to Aunt Charity's crown of white hair now. Aunt Charity remembered that. They had not been able to keep her a little child.

It was a beautiful day for a picnic. Salome exulted in it, putting her bright, tousled head out of the window to breathe in whiffs of the cool air, and humming strains of gay song as she dressed. She reached out to pick clusters of the climbing roses to pin on her dress. They would go so well with the pretty dimity.

"Now for my dress—yes, Aunt Charity! I'll be there in a minute—"

But it was more than a minute that Salome stood before her looking-glass in speechless astonishment.

The tall figure that stood looking back at her was a young woman's figure, lithe and straight and good to see. It was dressed in dainty dimity—that looked natural to Salome. But the skirt! The skirt swung to her slender ankles in graceful folds. It swayed and dipped about them as she, Salome, moved. She had grown up in a night!

Another breathless minute the girl stood looking. Then, with a swift turn of her wrists and a twirl of her little brown fingers, she had twisted all her mass of bright hair into a demure knot on her neck. She had drawn the childish ribbons into staider loops, and fastened her one treasure—her mother's breastpin—at her throat.

Then the three old aunts below heard her steps coming down the stairs, staidly and gently, not with a wild dash and clamor. They had hardly time to notice the change before the kitchen door opened, and the Child, grown up, stood framed in it.

She made a prim little courtesy to them, holding out her long skirt, mincingly. Her laughing face nodded and swayed before them.

"'Where are you going, my pretty maid?' 'I'm going to the academy, sir,' she said," her clear, delighted voice sang in their ears; and then something happened. With sudden, complete abandonment, Salome whirled toward them, and took them, unresisting, into her arms.

"You dear Aunt Faith, Aunt Hope, Aunt Charity!" she exclaimed; crying and laughing against their sweet old faces, "you were so good to do it! It was such a beautiful surprise! You were so dear—dear—dear!"

She portioned out the "dears," one to each of them, with a rapid accompaniment of kisses—the Child's old kisses. She danced about the warm little kitchen, radiantly happy.

That was the day Salome grew up. Long afterward, when even the academy stood dimly in the background, that day made a distinct spot in the memory of three old ladies. They never explained it to each other, or to themselves. Each, in bewildered guiltiness that gradually softened into quiet resignation, held herself alone accountable for the Child's sudden growing up.

"There were so many spiders out in the unfinished chamber, I guess I was kind of agitated," Aunt Faith thought. "I didn't realize how much was turned down at the top."

"I'm so absent-minded—I take it from Great-grandmother Camp," Aunt Hope mused, in bewilderment. "I must've faced it down instead of hemmed it."

"The light was so poor, I guess I couldn't see what I was doing very well," murmured little Aunt Charity, softly, to herself. But it had to come!"—[*Youth's Companion.*

The Dunbar Pride.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

"DEAR me! It's horrid to be poor; isn't it, Jean?"

And Margaret Dunbar looked at the cards inviting the sisters to a meeting of the Browning Club at Mrs. Holdthwaite's, and then threw them aside, with a fretful sigh.

"I'd like very much to go, if I had anything to wear," she said. "But I haven't, and I don't suppose I ever shall have again; therefore, as I positively will not go unless I can dress as well as other folks, it naturally follows that I shall never go anywhere. again, I suppose. It seems an age since I have been anywhere, except to church."

"You have clothes that are good enough to wear there or anywhere else," said Jean, looking up from the old dress-skirt she was ripping apart preparatory to giving it a bath of dye, after which it was to come forth in a combination that was to make practically a new dress of it.

"Good enough!" cried Margaret Dunbar, indignantly. "You know I haven't had a new dress, or jacket, or hat for almost a year."

"That may be," answered her sister, "but one's clothes need not necessarily be new in order to be servicable. I haven't had anything new but, I do not see that I have any reason to complain about not being properly clothed, for all that."

"You have your way of looking at things, and I have mine," responded Margaret loftily. "I don't think you'd care how old your dress was, or what its style was, if it only answered the purpose of a dress."

"Why should I," said Jean, "as long as it was clean and whole? The difference between us is that you seem to think the dress is more important than the person who wears it. I don't. I would like to dress well—I admit I like fine things—but I think clothes are of very little importance compared with brains, and if I cannot cultivate dress I can give some attention to the latter. So I shall attend the club meeting and get a good deal of enjoyment out of it, I think, notwithstanding that I shall have to wear the old gray merino."

"Jean Dunbar, you don't mean to say you intend to go to Mrs. Holdthwaite's next Tuesday and wear that old dress?" cried Margaret. "You have worn it so long that there isn't a man, woman or child who would not recognize it if he or she saw it in Asia."

" 'There is no friend like an old friend,' " quoted Jean, laughingly. "I have a great affection for the old dress, for it has stood by me through thick and thin. I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever attention I receive at the club will be given to me and not to my clothes."

"I think you will be making a mistake there," said her sister sarcastically. "That old dress will be likely to attract a good deal of attention at such a party as Mrs. Holdthwaite's. You know Laura Rhodes said she expected her nephew from the city, and he belongs to the most exclusive society there. Fancy being presented to him in that old merino rag! I'd have more pride than you've got, Jean Dunbar, I will not go into society if I cannot go into it on an equality with others."

"I am going into it on an equality with most of those of whom it is composed," said Jean. "That is looking at things from my standpoint. I do it simple justice, I believe, in feeling sure that not all society people value a person simply for the clothes he or she wears. I am old fashioned enough to believe that brains still count for some thing; certainly with those whose opinions are worth having, and I am not going to withdraw from society just because I happen to be poor. Bobby Burns had it just right when he said:

'The rank is but the guinea stamp—
A man's a man for a' that,'

and I am willing to take my chances on what I am, and not what I wear."

"That sounds very well," said Margaret icily, "but not all of us happen to have so good an opinion of ourselves. We are rather doubtful of our ability to attract others unless we make ourselves attractive."

"There's no use in trying to change my mind by ridicule," said Jean. "I mean just what I say—I am going to this club meeting, and to all other gatherings like it; for the sake of the good I can get out of them. We were put here to grow, to develop; and if I shut myself up at home because I have not money enough to make as fine an appearance as my neighbor, I shall soon be going backward instead of advancing. One cannot develop if he makes a hermit of himself, as you seem determined to do."

"Well, there's no use in arguing the matter," said Margaret. "I'm glad I have a little of the Dunbar pride left."

"I think I have quite as much of the Dunbar pride as you have," said Jean, "only it means one thing to me and another to you, but I am confident my idea of it is infinitely more to its credit than yours is."

. . . . . .

"How do you like the look of the old merino dress?" asked Jean, on the afternoon of the club meeting, as she came into the room where her sister was "I've brushed it and given it a pull here and a twist there, and I fancy it looks quite as well as ever."

Certainly the figure reflected in the glass was not unattractive. The gray

dress fitted like a glove. Soft frills of lace at wrists and throat gave it a touch of daintyness that relieved it of too prim an effect, and a cluster of scarlet geraniums at the throat gave the bit of color necessary to make it becoming to the bright young face above them.

"Geraniums!" commented Margaret with a curl of the lip. "I must admit that you are consistent. The old dress and those flowers go well together. Fancy geraniums at Mrs. Holdthwaite's!"

"God made geraniums as well as roses and carnations," said Jean, "and if I cannot afford roses I ought to be thankful that I have geraniums, and I am. Well, good-bye. I wish you were going," she added, pausing on the threshold and looking back at the dejected figure by the grate.

"Well, I am not going, so there's no use talking about it," said Margaret crossly. "I shall never go anyhere as long as we have to pinch and economize as we do. I am too proud for that."

"And I am too proud to let the lack of money make me misanthropic and miserable," said Jean; and then she went out and left her sister to brood over troubles that had befallen the Dunbars in late years.

. . . . . .

"Who is that fine looking girl in the gray dress?" asked Lawrence Houghton of his aunt. "She has one of the brightest faces I have seen for a long time."

"That is Miss Dunbar," answered Mrs. Holdthwaite. "I want you to meet her. I was afraid she would not come. The Dunbars used to be rich, but they have lost all their property, and her sister, who is considered a beauty, persistently refuses to go into society on that account. Jean has too good sense to behave like that, however. She's a genuine little social democrat, and I believe you will like her. You will certainly find her original and independent. She has the courage of her convictions, and her convictions are quite likely to be utterly unlike other people's."

"If she is that sort of a girl I should like to know her," said the young man "I am sure she as a mind of her own. Her face shows it. I like the look of her."

"Miss Dunbar, let me present my nephew, Lawrence Houghton," said Mrs. Holdthwaite.

Jean acknowledged the introduction with a quiet, well bred grace and dignity that told how oblivious she was to the old gray merino and its possible effect on the young man. The truth was she had forgotten all about in her enjoyment of the occasion.

He sat down beside her, and a conversation began that both enjoyed keenly. At last he met a girl who had an opinion of her own on all matters that came up for consideration.

Presently Mrs. Holdthwaite came to say that Miss Dorn, who was to have

been the reader of the afternoon, would not be able to come. Would Miss Dunbar be so kind as to read in her stead?

"I shall be glad to read," said Jean.

So it came about that the girl in the gray merino dress found herself standing before a very select audience of ladies, and a few gentlemen, that afternoon, reading from the pages of the poet who had such a wonderful power of setting persons thinking. And never once did she seem to be aware of the difference between the quality of the dress she wore and the garments of those around her.

Lawrence Houghton thought with a look of admiration, that this girl belonged to the aristocracy of brains rather than of fine clothes. And he saw, too, and was pleased with it, that most of his aunt's guests seemed wholly oblivious of the fact that merino costs a great deal less than silk and satin.

. . . . . .

"Oh, Margaret, I wish you could have been there!" said Jean, sinking down upon the rug, with a happy light still shining in her eyes at the remembrance of the afternoon. "I haven't enjoyed myself so much in—oh, I don't know how long! And I had to be reader too!"

"You, reader" exelaimed her sister. "The idea of you getting up before all those women, in their silks and satins, in that old gray dress! I should think, Jean Dunbar, you'd have a little pride! You might have some regard for me, if you have not for yourself."

"I cannot see that any harm was done," said Jean. "Very likely they all recognize the old dress, but they were too well-bred to let me feel that dress had anything to do with the matter. If I had been dressed in silk, I should have forgotten the fact, I am sure."

"Were you introduced to Mrs. Holdthwaite's nephew?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, yes—we got quiet well acquainted," answered Jean. "I like him very much, but we don't agree about somethings of Browning's, and he is going to convince me that I am wrong, if he can."

"You don't mean that you asked him to call, do you? said Margaret.

"He asked me if he might call, and I said I would be delighted to have him," answered Jean. "Surely there was no impropriety in that."

"There was no impropriety, exactly," said Margaret, "but the Dunbar pride—"

"I am tired of hearing abont the Dunbar pride," cried Jean. "I believe some of our ancestors would turn over in their graves with indignation, if they could, because you insist on insulting their memory by so continually harping on that one string. There is pride and pride, and I like to think that the dead-and-gone Dunbars had the kind of pride that rises above the vulgar consideration of wealth."

The girl's face was full of scorn, and her eyes were bright with indignation.

"We won't argue the matter," said Margaret coldly. "There is no use in it, because you never listen to reason."

"I am willing to listen to reason and good sense," answered Jean, "but I fail to see either in your arguments, and for that reason I am not convinced by them."

"But what will people say if Mr. Houghton calls here?" said Margaret. "They know, of course, that we have dropped out of his circle of society—"

"But I haven't," declared Jean, sturdily. "I am just as well qualified to play my part in society to-day as ever I was. The only difference is I shall play it in gray merino instead of silk, and that is not worth mentioning, if society is what it ought to be."

"Oh, well, have your own way," responded Margaret, "but don't blame me if you make yourself ridiculous."

Mr. Houghton came, and enjoyed himself so much that he came again, and by and by he began to come regularly. There were some spirited discussions in the Dunbar parlor over Browning and other authors, and many of the questions of the day as well; and Lawrence Houghton felt that he had found a foeman worthy of his steel in the girl who had ideas of her own, and was not afraid to express them.

"It is such a relief to find a young woman who has a mind for something more than dress and the inane gossip of fashionable society," he said to his aunt. "She affects me like a fresh, strong breeze on a languid summer day. I am glad mother is coming down next week. I want her to see Miss Dunbar. She has a contempt for most of the girls she knows. She says they've lost the knack of being real girls, nowadays"

"Jean is honest, genuine all through," said Mrs. Holdthwaite, "and it begins to look to me as if she had more influence over a certain young man than any other girl has ever had, to my knowledge. It would be a little strange if she won what some of the bright lights of city society had sighed for in vain—eh, Lawrence?" and she smiled into the young man's face with a look that had half a question in it.

"Stranger things than that have happened," he said.

When Mrs. Houghton came to visit her sister, Lawrence told her about Jean, and one day he took her with him when he was visiting the Dunbar home. As it happened, it was what Jean called, "one of her merino days," and the old dress was doing duty, with its usual accompaniment of scarlet geraniums. To Lawrence Houghton's eyes she had never looked more charming. She seemed the embodiment of the spirit of home.

"How did you like her, mother?" he asked, as they walked homeward.

"Very well indeed," his mother answered. "At last I have found a girl who is her own natural self. Win her, if you can, my boy."

"I'll try," he said, "and I think I can."

So it came about that Lawrence Houghtou laid siege to the heart of Jean Dunbar, and won.

"I suppose you told him how poor we are," said Margaret, when Jean told her of the engagement.

"I never thought anything about it," said Jean; with a happy little laugh. "You see, dear, I knew he was not thinking of marrying me for money, but myself, and it never occurred to me to mention it."

"I suppose his mother will see that you have a suitable wedding-dress," said Margaret, "or you will be steadfast to the old merino, and be married in that."

"I think I will try to afford a new dress," said Jean, "but neither his nor his mother's money shall buy it. I will get myself something new and pretty—and for the dear old merino's sake it shall be gray—and we will be married like sensible persons."

And they were. The new gray dress, with the scarlet geraniums at the throat, the bright light in the brown eyes, the happy smile on the thoughtful face—all these made a picture of the bride that Lawrence Honghton cherishes in his heart to this day—one that he will never forget, for love was the artist that painted it there.

"Such a lovely bride!" every one said. "It was positively refreshing to look at her. Most brides can wear white satin and lace and orange flowers, but it is only now and then that one can afford to be married in such a gown as Jean Dunbar wore. She made me think of a daisy, there was something so fresh and pure and sweet about her. She has the right kind of pride, the true pride, and Lawrence Houghton has married a woman every whit his equal.—[*The Dawn.*

The Maid and the Bread.

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

"THERE, Maggie, I've explained everything to you, and if you are afraid you need not go."

"I am afraid, Major Tallmadge, but I'm ready to go. I'll do my best for you."

"Very well, then. Remember the words I have given you, and don't fail to hasten back to this inn. I shall be here and wait for you."

Maggie Hickok lifted the basket of eggs, and carrying it upon her arm at once left the tavern and started on her walk to Philadelphia, five miles away. Her step was light and an air of determination was so manifest in her bearing that the major nodded his head in approval as she disappeared up the road and said to himself as he re-entered the house, "She'll do."

And much more than Maggie knew depended upon her success that day. In a general way she knew that Major Tallmadge was in command of a band of cavalrymen who were scouring the region and endeavoring to gain such information as could be had concerning the British forces in Philadelphia.

Major Tallmadge had done his best and had gained much information, which was of value to Washington, but there had been special warnings sent to him of late that the boys he had sent into the city were suspected. These boys had gone apparently with produce to sell, but somehow they always contrived to enter certain houses before all their wares were disposed of, and a few peculiar words never failed to bring a strange response from the purchasers, a response which was borne to the waiting major, and quickly forwarded to Valley Forge.

The rumors which had come that his produce dealers were suspected had troubled him of late, but he was very desirous of gaining some information that day in the winter of 1777, for strange reports of the contemplated doing of the enemy had been scattered, and Major Tallmadge was eager to verify them before he reported to the commander. His fear of sending some boys or men disguised as countrymen with produce had prevailed, however, and at last he had persuaded the mother of Maggie Hickok to consent to her making the attempt. And Maggie was willing to try, for her own father and brother were at Valley Forge, and she could see no good reason for a girl of sixteen to be entirely idle when the men were engaged in such a desperate struggle.

The girl trudged on with her basket on her arm, thinking far more of the peril before her than she did of the muddy road along which she was walking or of the biting air of that winter day. Occasionally she met men who looked keenly at her, but no one spoke till she was near the city. A band of a half dozen red coated men were standing near the roadside, and as she approached, her heart almost stood still as she heard one of them say: "Here's another one of the produce dealers. What have you for sale, my wench?" he added, as Maggie came nearer.

"Only eggs," replied Maggie boldly, although her face was almost as white as the snow by the roadside.

"Only eggs, is it? Well, my mess wants eggs, and I'll buy them all."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot sell you all," replied Maggie, "for a portion are promised."

"Doubtless promised to Mistress Jones," laughed the man brutally. "Somehow all the bumpkins sell to her, though I have my doubts as to what she buys."

"I can let you have two dozen," replied Maggie boldly, placing her basket on the ground and beginning to count out the eggs as she spoke. It was better to appear willing to deal with the men, than to increase their suspicions by striving to pass.

"Nay, nay, wench. I want not thy eggs. I spoke in jest, for I was afraid that you, too, might be one of those country people whom the rebel Tallmadge sends into the city with strange wares for sale. You may pass in safety, and I doubt not that you will readily find purchasers, for fresh eggs are not overplentiful at present."

Maggie again took up her basket and resumed her journey, not daring for several minutes to glance behind her, but when she did look back her fears were not allayed when she saw that they were all watching and apparently talking of her and her errand. Realizing the need of increased caution, Maggie passed on and soon stopped at several houses, where she easily disposed of a portion of her burden. Declining to part with them all, for each purchaser desired to buy the contents of the basket, she pushed on until she entered the street where Mistress Jones lived. No one was in sight, and she ran quickly up the steps and lifted the heavy knocker.

She had hardly given the summons when she saw a red-coated soldier appear on the corner of the street, and stop and gaze curiously at her as she stood before the door. She was in a flutter of excitement when the servant admitted her, and she said:

"I would see Mistress Jones. I have eggs for sale, and perhaps she will buy."

"Doubtless she will that" replied the maid, "but it will not be necessary for you to see her. I can pay you," and she started from the hall as if to get her money.

"Nay, nay," said Maggie quickly, "I would deal with Mistress Jones herself."

The servant made no response as she turned to seek the mistress, and in a few minutes Mistress Jones herself appeared.

"Was it to me you desired to speak?"

"Yes, I have fresh eggs to sell."

"You are sure they are fresh?"

"They are that, fresh and prime too."

Mistress Jones looked keenly at Maggie as she heard the combination of words which was well understood by her, and she quickly replied, "You have brought your wares to the right market, I see." She then took the basket from Maggie's hand, and in a few moments returned with a loaf of bread. She did not inform her that within the loaf there was a note concealed, but Maggie understood. It was all as she had been informed it would be.

"If you lose the bread, or find it necessary to destroy it, you may simply say to your friend, 'not yet.' Do you understand?"

"I do," replied Maggie quickly, as she again took her basket and prepared to depart. The door was quickly closed behind her, and she lingered a moment on the steps before she went down to the street. She could see no one now, and the curious soldier had disappeared; but Maggie's fear was none the less when she started up the street, for she knew not who was watching her, and the words of the guard still lingered in her mind.

As she approached the edge of the city she was alarmed when she saw the same six men there whom she had met at her entrance; but striving to quiet her heart, and not reveal the fear under which she labored, she walked steadily on.

"Here's my wench again," laughed one of the soldiers, as she drew near. "And what luck?"

"I sold my eggs."

"Doubtless, and was Mistress Jones a purchaser?"

"I know not Mistress Jones," replied Maggie, endeavoring to pass on.

"'Tis well for you, my wench. And what have you in the basket, now? A bread loaf, as I live! 'Tis the very thing I most desire." And the soldier roughly grasped the basket and seized the loaf which it contained.

"The bread I would give my little sister who is ill," said Maggie in a trembling voice. "I pray you take it not from me."

Her evident distress moved the soldiers, and one of them roughly said to the man who had taken her bread, "Let the wench go, Jack. A bread loaf would hardly satisfy us to-day. 'Tis Tallmadge's head I crave. Give her the basket and let the poor girl go."

With a laugh the soldier returned the basket and the bread, little dream-

ing of their contents, and Maggie sped on, not even turning her head to see if she were pursued. Perhaps if she had looked back, the sight would not have comforted her, for the six men were again standing together, and the frequent glances they cast at the departing girl showed that they were talking of her.

But all unconscious of what was going on behind her, Maggie kept on her way, and when once she was on the country road, she broke into a run, all unwearied by her long journey. She had information of importance, and the thoughts of her father and brother in Valley Forge, and the little sister at home, gave her renewed strength.

She was almost breathless when at last she entered the inn and delivered the loaf to the impatient major, who was waiting for her according to his promise.

"'Tis well you have done, Maggie, my girl," said Major Tallmadge, as he broke open the loaf, and quickly found the folded note within. "This shall not be forgotten—"

The major did not finish the sentence, for just then the landlady entered the room. Her white face betraying her alarm, and trembling she declared that she could see a band of British light-horse coming swiftly up the road.

"They've suspected you, Maggie," said the major quickly. "'Twill never do to leave you here. Can you mount and ride behind me?"

"I can," replied Maggie quickly, and before the words had been spoken Major Tallmadge ran from the room, and a moment afterwards was before the door with his fleet black horse. "Up behind me! Quick! For your life!"

Maggie grasped the outstretched hand, and in a moment was behind the major with her arms tightly clasped about his waist.

"Now, Jehu, go!" said the major to his horse, and the black steed started with the speed of the wind. Maggie almost lost her grasp when the major turned for a moment, and replied with a taunting yell to the band which he could see swiftly approaching down the hill side; but her arms were strong, and though her face was white and her eyes blurred, she clung to her protector throughout the wild ride which followed.

On swept Jehu with his load, and on came the band of red-coats. The woods by the roadside seemed to rush past them. The breathing of the horse was soon labored and hard, and his black sides were covered with foam; but his swift pace was never relaxed for an instant. Once or twice he stumbled and nearly fell, but a sharp pull on the bridle and a quick word from the major restored him, and the mad race continued. His hoofs thundered over the rude bridges, they struck fire from the stones in the road, but Jehu minded none of these things for life and death were hanging on his efforts that day.

For an hour the mad race continued, and then, when the borders of Germantown were reached, and the red-coats turned back in fear, Major Tallmadge drew the rein on his black steed, and as he helped the wearied girl to the ground, he said with a smile: " 'Tis a pity we lost that bread, Maggie, for Washington sadly needs it; but far more he needs what the bread contained, and what he soon will have now. You have saved us from a sad, and what might have been a costly mistake, this day, my girl."—*Stories of the American Revolution.*

A RECIPE FOR THE DAY.

Take a little dash of water cold,
  And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold,
  Dissolved in the morning air.

And to your meal some merriment,
  And a thought for kith and kin.
And then as your prime ingredient,
  A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love
  And a little whiff of play,
Let a wise book and a glance above
  Complete the well-made day.

—*Selected.*

A BATTLE PRAYER.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

God of battles, nerve our arm;
  Lend Thy aid to vanquish wrong;
Let no peril us alarm—
  May the Right be ever strong!

God of mercy, touch our heart
  In the day of victory won;
Valor now hath played its part,
  Fallen foe and we are one.

God of wisdom, lend Thy light;
  We would make our brother free—
Not his native land to blight,
  But his hope, his friend to be.

Brooklyn, N. Y.,
April, 1900.

The Blind Student.

ALFRED J. HOSKING.

IT often seems to us, as we look about on those who are laboring under some serious calamity, that life must be bitter to such, so bitter that it is a wonder they do not toss it from them. But we fail to consider, not perhaps, that life is dear under whatever circumstances, but that there may be, even to such persons, some motive for living, something which impels them to ride down the glaring Gorgon of adverse circumstances.

This spirit is common to all human nature. There is a constant longing for something,—a hungering after better things and greater pleasures, a yearning for the gratification of the loftier emotions, a craving for undying fame and distinction. All these impel one to rouse his torpid faculties, and to spur on over the chafing and bruising obstacles of every-day experiences.

It is rare indeed, that one becomes so completely satiated in this respect, that he is willing to lay himself down to die, as the glutton filled to the throat, casts himself down to sleep, overcome by the supreme satisfaction of his desires. The tendency is ever Alexandrian, ever to seek new worlds to conquer, a constant turning with disdain from the accomplishments of the past, because of the superior grandeur of the things soon to fall a prey to our towering ambition.

Considering this, it is rather hard to believe that Julius Cæsar spoke the true feelings of his heart when he declared that he had lived long enough either for nature or for glory. It is incredible, that one of such lofty aspirations could, for a moment, think of yielding up his being while there was left one vestige of hope for still greater success. I am inclined to believe, that the statement was made by him simply for effect, simply to call forth the plaudits, which were most lavishly showered upon him.

This self-same spirit is manifested over and over again at the present day. Men in desperate circumstances, talk of committing suicide. Doubtless this is done in nearly every case, to elicit praise of their past achievements, or to insinuate themselves into the good graces of the confidant. I take little heed of such declarations, therefore, bearing ever in mind the ulterior motive that prompts them to cling to life. This I say, though I am an advocate of the right of any man to take his own life.

That grand and noble Cicero supplied the ulterior motive to Cæsar. To him he said: "Perhaps, you have lived long enough for nature, if you will,

and I add even for glory, if you please; but, which is the most important, you certainly have lived too little for your country." *Quicquid est enim, quamvis amplum sit, id est parumtum, eum est aliquid amplius.* (For whatever it is, though it be great, yet is it too little, when there is anything greater.)

This was a breathing in of a higher and nobler ambition, a setting forth of a chance to exert his mighty genius to the best ends of his country's needs. It belittled and made niggardly the thought that selfish consideration should be the only promptings of a life. It held out the greater, the undying fame of striving for others after one had ceased to care for continued existence.

All these motives actuate blind people even to the same degree as other people, and I have no doubt that many a blind person would attain to marked success in the various callings of life, if only their desires and ambitions could in some way be nourished until they should have had time to build a foundation for their future. It is lamentable that so little attention has been given thus far to this matter.

Our ordinary institutions half develop our boys and girls, and then turn them adrift, often without the slightest chance of making their own way in the world.

Some of the most highly intellectual natures whom it has been my good fortune to know, are persons totally blind. If such persons could be assisted in their early endeavors, who can say that they would not amply repay society by their life work and example?

We too often mistake the difference between native ability, which may be highly cultivated, and one's present state of culture. If, for instance, we notice an uneducated man, we at once remark that he is vastly inferior to his neighbor, who is a college man. The inferiority may be simply in the state of culture acquired while in reality even in intellect, the ignorant man may be much superior to the college-bred man.

The blind are very often subjected to this failure of the people at large to recognize this difference. Because the blind through the lack of opportunity, have never completed a certain curriculum of learning, they are again and again confronted by incredulity wherever they assert their belief that they could compete favorably with other people, if only they might have the chance to display their ability. Their present half-developed condition makes them the butt of unreasoning ridicule. It is considered absurd that they should emulate the steps of better-situated men. And thus it only too frequently happens that the good a blind person might afterwards accomplish is nipped in the bud.

As to a blind person's chance of success if he were to receive such necessary training, that is a matter which must vary with the individual.

There is, indeed, quite as great a diversity of temperament, inclination, ability and fortune among the blind, as among others. It is sometimes amusing, and yet annoying, to hear a blind person remark that because he may succeed in a certain matter, therefore all blind people ought to succeed; or that, because others succeed, it ought to be a matter of shame to me, that I cannot succeed in the same matter.

To such people this reasoning seems sound, for to them, the blindness of all under consideration renders their cases parallel. The error lies in their failure to take cognizance of the various individual characteristics to which I have referred.

The actual truth is, that of blind persons, equal in pluck or in ability of mind, and in all respects physical and mental, one may succeed most admirably, and the other fail most wretchedly, in a particular calling, because of a difference in their circumstances or adaptability.

From my own personal experience and observation, I believe that there is no particular reason why a blind person of average ability and courage cannot succeed in the various colleges of learning, if only the attendant circumstances are reasonably favorable.

We can easily master,—easily in comparison with the thought of it by the seeing world,—all the different languages, mathematics and the sciences. There is no very great obstacle in this, now that we have the various means of meeting difficulties by the late inventions.

Even in law, there should be no very great difficulty in taking the testimony of witnesses, if one will but use some short-hand system in connection with our machine for writing in raised dots.

The public should throw away the adverse prejudices born of their inability to comprehend how the blind can go to work, and they should learn that where there is a will, there is generally a way.

A TRIBUTE.

THE following poem is by Miss Alice A. Holmes, whose verses commemorating her 79th birthday appeared in TALKS and TALES recently. This tribute is to the memory of her lifelong friend, Miss Kate Kennedy, who died on March 11 at the Episcopal Church Home for the Blind, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

For thee, dear friend, my heart laments,
  And tears of love in sorrow fall:
My name, alas! in accents sweet,
  Thou mayst no more familiar call.
No more thy heart with mine may beat,
  In love and friendship, warm and true;
Nor may we hence each other greet,
  Their golden chains to weave anew.
Our schooldays bright of long ago,
  No more we fondly may recall,
Nor scenes rehearse that charmed us then,
  E'en care inclosed us with its pall.
Thy heart is still, thy lips are sealed,
  Thy hands are folded on thy breast,
Thy course is run, thy task is done,
  And thou has entered into rest.
No more the darkness veils thy sight,
  Nor sorrows pierce thy faithful soul;
For thou hast gained the blissful shore
  Where waves of trouble never roll.
In peace we lay thee down to sleep,
  Unmoved by anxious care or pain,
And trust, in our eternal home,
  Where all is joy, to meet again,
And while we miss and mourn thee here,
  And death's dark river rolls between,
Our love and friendship, warm and true,
  Will keep thy cherished memory green.

Sketches, from Our Exchanges.

A LOST TRIBE.

ONE of the strangest anthropological "finds" recorded in this decade of the century will soon be announced by the American Museum of Natural History. It is the discovery, on a lonely Island in Hudson Bay, of a lost tribe of eskimo—a community which has been without intercourse with others of the human race for centuries, and whose members never saw a white man until a few months ago. They are still in the stone age, knowing no metals; they grow no plants, and their houses are built of the skull of whales.

The home of the tribe is on Southampton Island, a piece of terra firma nearly as big as the state of Maine, situated at the nothern end of Hudson Bay. Apparently the people have dwelt there ever since the pro-Columbian times, and to-day they live and subsist in exactly the same way as they did then.

Isolated for so long a period it is natural they should exhibit many peculiarities. A superb collection of utensils, weapons of the chase and other articles, made through the agency of Dr. Franz Boas, has been brought to New York in a whaling vessel and deposited in the Museum of Natural History.

The houses of a skull, more properly described as huts, are built by putting together the great jaws of large whales, and are then covered with skins. In the middle of this primitive dwelling is an elevated place on which stands the stone lamp, employed for lighting, heating, cooking, drying clothes, and for certain arts. It is only an open dish of whale or seal oil, with a wick of moss soaked in fat.

The whale is their chief means of subsistence. They use the bone in a variety of surprising ways making even their cups and buckets of it by bending it into rounded shapes and sewing on the bottoms. Many of their implements are of whale-bone, and from the same materials they make their toboggan-like sleds.

They make sledges with walrus tusks for runners and deer antlers for cross pieces. It would be hard to find more daring hunters than are they, the walrus and the wily caribou contributing to their game bag.

STARS AS TIMEKEEPERS.

PROBABLY the majority of people suppose that the observatories obtain the correct time from the sun. When the average man wishes to give to his watch the highest praise he says: "It regulates the sun," not being aware

that a watch that would keep with the sun around the year would have to be nearly as bad as Cap'n Cuttle's. The farmer may safely decide when to go to dinner by the sun, but if the mariner was as confident that the sun marked always the correct time as the farmer is, he would be at times 200 or 300 miles from where he thought he was. In other words, the sun— that is, a sun dial —a few days in each year, and during the intervening times gets as far as a whole quarter of an hour fast or slow.

These variations of the sun from uniform time caused no end of trouble between the astronomers and the fine clockmakers before it was discovered that the sun time is subject to such irregularities. The better the clock the worse it often seemed to go.

But as the variations in sun time are now accurately known, correct time might be obtained from the sun by making proper allowance, were it not for the difficulty of observing its position with sufficient exactness. The large disk of the sun cannot be located so perfectly as can the single point which a star makes. For this reason astronomers depend almost wholly upon the stars for obtaining accurate time. It is the method of doing this which we propose to describe.

There are several hundred stars whose positions have been established with the greatest accuracy by the most careful observations at a number of the principal observatories of the world. If a star's exact position is known, it can readily be calculated when it will pass the meridian of any given place —that is, the instant it will cross a north and south line through the place. The data regarding these stars are all published in the nautical almanacs, which are got out by several different observatories for the use of navigators and all others who have uses for them. These stars are known as "clock stars."

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

The following article recently appeared in the *Washington Star*. We reprint it for the benefit of our readers. It is a wonderful story of human intelligence and achievement.

"All the world knows the story of Laura Bridgeman. When it became public a generation ago it was a source of wonder to two continents. Dr. Howe's achievement in reaching the soul that was shut in by blindness and deafness and in teaching it to think and to speak was considered little short of a miracle. There arrived in Washington this morning, however, a thirteen-year-old boy who, though he is similarly afflicted, knows to-day more than Laura Bridgeman knew even at the end of her life. Yet the progress made in the case of Tommy Stringer, which is the boy's name, and in the case of Helen Keller, would have been impossible had it not been for the experiment made in the case of Laura Bridgeman. There have been many advances in the science of teaching the deaf and the blind within the last decades, and Tommy Stringer has profited by the results of these. This erect, bright-faced lad, who comes to the capital to "see" with his fingers some of the places and people about which he has studied in his history lessons, is as alert and as fully informed as any other boy of his age. His patriotism, too,

is just as ardent as that of any other vigorous American youngster. He is greatly interested in Washington, and also as proud of it as he is of Boston, his own city.

Tommy Stringer is accompanied by his constant companion and teacher, Miss Helen S. Conley, and by two Philadelphia friends. He will remain in Washington until the early part of next week. The boy was born in the town of Washington, western Pennsylvania, thirteen years ago. In infancy he suffered an attack of spinal meningitis which deprived him of sight and hearing. About the same time his mother died, and his father, unwilling to be incumbered with the care of such a helpless infant, deserted the child.

Tommy was taken to a hospital in Allegheny, remaining there for a long time. He was a problem to the hospital authorities, for he was in due time cured of his illness. Physically he was well, except for his double affliction. What to do with him was a puzzling question for the hospital authorities. There seemed to be no institution fitted to receive him. He was not taken to a blind asylum because he was deaf. An institution for the deaf could not have him because he was blind. So he remained in the hospital, a mass of living clay knowing less than the least of all animals. There was absolutely no approach to his intelligence. He did not know that the world was bigger than the sides of his crib. He only knew that through the blackness something ministered to his physical needs. Night became day for him because of the special attentions of a night nurse. Thus he spent the hours of daylight in sleep and the hours of the night in wakefulness. When he was taken to Boston one of the first difficulties was that of reversing his order of the day.

Helen Keller, then but a child of ten years, heard the story of this blind and deaf boy, in far-off western Pennsylvania, and though it was not known, of course, whether he had any intelligence or not, she felt that an attempt should be made to teach him as she had been taught. She could best realize the fearful blackness, the unspeakable prison in which he dwelt, for she had herself been rescued from it but a few years before. So Helen denied herself the luxuries dear to a child's heart—candy, soda water, ice cream and such—that she might save her pennies to pay the expenses of little Tommy's transfer to Boston. The letters which Helen wrote at this time to her friends are surpassingly beautiful in their simple eloquence as she pleaded for the little boy who awaited the dawning of a great light.

About this time Helen's dog, Lionel; was killed by a stupid policeman, and from all parts of the country and from foreign lands offers of a new dog or of money to purchase one poured in upon her. Even a member of the British royal family wrote to her offering to replace the dog. To each of these friends Helen replied that she did not care for another dog. No other could take the place of Lionel. But if her friends wished to make donations she would be very glad to receive gifts of money for the sake of little Tommy

Stringer. Thus she eloquently presented the case of Tommy far and wide, and largely through her instrumentality he was taken to Boston to the Kindergarten for the Blind, which is an adjunct of the famous Perkins Institution for the Blind, where Laura Bridgeman was educated.

Tommy was at this time five years old. He was wrapped up in a loose garment and was scarcely able to stand upright. His mode of traveling was on all fours, moving backward that he might not bump his head. He was a fierce and passionate little animal, apparently savage in his disposition. His face was blank, and his posture, even when standing, was one of fear and uncertainty. Then began the long, slow process of reaching the mind shut in by such thick walls of affliction. How to convey to him the idea of speech was a problem which Helen Keller and her own teacher at first undertook. Later they were succeeded by other teachers, and for several years past Miss Conley has been the boy's sole teacher. The boy was narrowly watched all the time to discover, if possible, whether there really was a sound mind behind those blind eyes and deaf ears. Then, as he was given food daily, the letters of the manual alphabet were formed on his own fingers and spelled into his hand. Every time that Tommy received a piece of bread his teacher carefully formed on his fingers the letters b-r-e-a-d. Then into his hand she spelled the same word. Day after day, through weary weeks and months, this process was continued in spite of discouragements. After nine months of instruction the hungry child one day put up his own chubby little fingers and spelled b-r-e-a-d in token of his hunger. At last the triumph had been won. The idea of speech had entered the child's brain, and thereafter the process, though slow, was certain, and the child's vocabulary daily increased.

The little fingers which so hesitatingly spelled b-r-e-a-d now use a vocabulary far beyond the range of the average boy's knowledge. The mind which so laboriously received the first word of human speech has become a storehouse of knowledge and of real wisdom. He is an original thinker, and his questions are incessant and his imaginings remarkable. In all the common branches ordinarily taught to boys Tommy is proficient, and it is fair to say that he knows more than the average boy of his age, except in such respects as depend absolutely upon sight or sound. This, too, is in spite of the fact that his education did not begin until he was five years old, and then it had to be carried on through the slow and tedious process of finger speech.

Physically, the transformation in Tommy Stringer has been as great as the mental and spiritual transformation. The shrinking, hesitating little creature that would not walk except backward and on all fours has become the tall, sturdy and handsome lad of confident poise and manly bearing. Physically, Tom is almost perfect. He is as erect as an Indian and as strong and supple as an athlete. It seems impossible to tire him by the most vigorous exercises.

Tommy is learning to speak with his lips. Of course congenitally deaf persons are mute only because they cannot hear. Speech is a consequence of hearing. It is little short of miraculous that this boy, who has never heard the faintest sound, should be taught to speak with his lips so that he may be understood by anybody. This is accomplished by the sense of touch. He is instructed how to hold his mouth and how to place his tongue and then he puts his fingers upon his teacher's lips and throat, and learns the sounds as she speaks them.

Vocal speech is necessarily burdensome and almost meaningless to Tommy. He cannot hear the sounds he utters and can scarcely appreciate the importance of them. To his mind it is far more business-like to talk with the fingers. His teachers adopt every method of increasing his zeal for study of articulation, and many amusing incidents have resulted. Some of his conceits are very odd. Years ago he formed the habit of calling his teachers and intimate friends by the names of animals. Thus Miss Conley is fly and he never uses any other name in addressing her. Another teacher is toad, another a horse, another cow. A friend in this city is fish. Helen Keller is blackbird, and so on through his list of intimates. Recently some of Tommy's friends were married and at this he was greatly interested. He promptly decided that there should be a Mrs. Stringer as soon as he was twenty-one, and her name is to be Jane. He often refers to his married life and has already begun the plans, and made the model for the house in which he is to live. That house is one of his most remarkable creations. It is built strictly for purposes of utility. Whatever Tommy does not like is omitted from it and those things which please him most are there in abundance. It has for instance, two elevators, several bath rooms, a pond in the cellar and a contrivance with a weight attached for a door bell, and no end of other conceits. Before he really built the model of this house with his hands, Tommy talked and planned largely about it. He asked many questions of a friend who had been in Washington and one of them was the size of the President's house. When he learned that it was four stories high he promptly replied that Tommy's house would have five stories.

The making of his model house indicates that Tom is skilled in the use of tools. Not only has he studied reading, writing (in square script and in the Braille,) arithmetic, by means of a special type slate on which he can work hard problems with amazing quickness; history, geography, physiology, botany, natural history, etc., but he has also been taught the use of tools. For three years he has taken a course in Sloyd, by which he has learned to handle with facility and expertness all of a carpenter's tools. He knows far more about carpentering and other mechanical branches than the average man who is not a skilled mechanic. He has made in wood many objects such as a sled, a knife box, a pen tray, shelves and stools.

The sensitiveness of his touch and of his sense of smell almost pass belief. Had Tom, with his almost uncanny accomplishments, lived in Salem days, he would surely have been burned as a witch. The secret of his great accomplishments lies in his inquiring mind. When he is with a person who can speak to him he asks questions without end. He is always wanting to "see" new things and his constant inquiry is "What for?" The awfulness of his affliction, however, is realized only when he is alone in the presence of a person who cannot speak to him on his fingers. Then there is literally no means of communication. The two persons might almost be miles apart as far as purposes of intercommunication go.

The boy's sense of location is phenomenal. After traversing a portion of ground or a building he apparently remembers it accurately thereafter. When at home he runs all about the school and the grounds as freely as a boy with sight. Apparently, when he first ascends a stairway or enters a room he notices the number of steps or the character of the door or even the inclines or inequalities of the ground, and thus is able to find his way afterward. This faculty of minute observation in a large degree takes the place of sight with him.

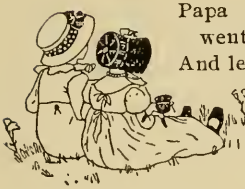
Within the last six months Tom has received his first idea of a Divine being. It was felt that he should not be taught of God until of his own accord he began to inquire. Two or three years ago he began to ask about the disappearance of certain friends who had passed away. He explained their disappearance, however, of his own accord, by saying that they had gone to the "far country." Once he met the word God in his reading—the first time he had ever read it—he paused for a moment in thought and then made the comment, "God is good." The reason for this no one can understand. Within the past few months he began to make inquiries about who made the birds and the flowers and the trees. His first instruction about God came during a geography lesson, when Tom began to ask questions that could not be left unanswered. "Who made this world?" he inquired. "It is too big for a man to make. A man can make a house or a barn or a trolley car, but the world is too big. Who made it?" Then he was told of the great Father, who is the creator of all. His interest in the subject has been profound and many of his questions startling. He now daily uses a little prayer, almost entirely of his own composition, addressed to the Father, who cares for him and gives him so many good times.

He asked his teacher one day where God lived. "Does he live north?" The teacher did not know. "Does he live down south?" pointing in a southern direction. Still the teacher had no answer. "Does he live east or west?" Tom thought for a moment, after his own questions, and then said, "God lives in the far country, up there," pointing upward. No one had ever told him of the common conception of heaven's being above us.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

One Afternoon.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.



Papa and mamma
went out to row,
And left us alone at
home you
know—
Roderick,
James, and
me.

"Now, dears," they said, "just play
with your toys,
Like dear little, good little, sweet
little boys,
And we will come home to tea."

We played with our toys the longest
while!
We built up our blocks for nearly a
mile,
Roderick, James and I.
But when they came tumbling down,
alas!
They fell right against the looking-
glass;
Oh! how the pieces did fly!

Then we found a pillow that had a
rip,
And all the feathers we out did slip,
Roderick, James and I.
And we made a snow-storm, a glor-
ious one,
All over the room. Oh! wasn't it fun,
As the feathery flakes did fly!
But just as the storm was raging
around,
Papa and mamma came in and found
Roderick, James and me
Oh! terrible, terrible things they said,
And they put us all three right
straight to bed,
With the empty pillow-case under my
head,
And none of us had any tea.

—*St. Nicholas.*

How a Little Indian Girl Plays.

ALICE CAREY HEWETT.

LUCY HAWK is a little Indian girl, who lives on a reservation in Dakota. Her grandfather is the loved and honored chief of his tribe, and Lucy is his favorite grandchild. She is a sweet little girl, with willing hands and feet ready to do the bidding of the teacher at the mission school, where she lives for eight months of the year. She speaks English with a pretty accent, and steps about with a quaint dignity and grace that pleases the eye and gladdens the heart.

On cold or stormy days, after the school hours are over and household tasks are done, Lucy turns with a happy heart to the playroom, where she amuses herself by making moccasins for her funny babies, or making dresses for them

from the bits of bright calico which perhaps some child in the far-away East put into the missionary barrel. When tired of the babies, she gets her pebble tops, of which she has a number hidden away in the pockets of her dress, tucked away in a corner of her pigeon-hole in the row of boxes in the play-room, or buried safely under the steps. It is only a common pebble with smooth sides, and a white child would never call it a top; but Lucy drops it with a little twirl of the fingers, which sends it spinning away with a dizzy rush, and she follows it up with her whip, lashing it until she is tired and out of breath, the pebble whirling faster and faster the longer the lashing continues. Sometimes she pastes bits of bright paper to the sides, and then the spinning pebble seems to be covered with rings of color. It is a pretty play, and never looses its fascination for the little brown children.

When at her own home, Lucy goes coasting sometimes, and what do you think she has for a sled? You would never guess. A big buffalo-skin is spread on the snow at the top of the terrace which divides the prairies from the river bottom. Lucy and her sisters find a nice warm seat on the soft fur. The child in front gathers the end over her feet and holds on tight as those behind give a starting push, and away they go down the steep slope, and come to a quick stop at the foot, a screaming, laughing, squirming heap of touzled heads and twisted shawls.

Sometimes the boys slide these steep hills with a barrel-stave under each foot, and we have enjoyed watching their agile jumps and somersaults at the bottom.

Like white children, the Indian boys and girls like to imitate their elders, In their play we see them unfolding their shawls to take the place of the Indian blanket, wrapping their babies and tying them in stiff bundles to be carried on their backs, as they visit or play at "issue day."

Again they will set up their tent-poles in the yard, and use their shawls for covering the picturesque tepee. Then they play at building camp-fires, and cooking feasts for imaginary warriors and hunters.

Boys and girls alike are full of spirits and laughter-loving fun, and they are never tired of listening to stories about white children.—*The Outlook.*

"Father," said a little boy, looking up from his picture book, "if I ask you a question, will you answer it?"

"Certainly," was the affable reply.

"And not get angry"

"Of course."

"Nor say it's time I was in bed?"

"I won't do any of those things."

"Well, what I want to know is where does a snake begin when it wags its tail?"

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A landlord can always raise the rent. That is more than many of his tenants can do.

———o———

"Look at Miss Bunk in her rainy-day skirt."

"Great Scott! She must be expecting a flood."

———o———

Worse—"Do you think Congressman Roberts is guilty of bigamy, Aunt Melissa?"

"Bigamy? He's guilty of trigonometry!"

———o———

Mudge—"I can't help suspecting the sincerity of a man who always agrees with me."

Yarbsley—"I should think you would suspect his sanity."

———o———

Teacher—"What are marsupials?"

Boy—"Animals which have pouches in their stomachs."

Teacher—"And what do they have pouches for?"

Boy—"To crawl into and conceal themselves in when they are pursued."

———o———

"Of course, Maggie, if you intend to get married, that is your business," said the mistress to her cook, "but you musn't forget that marriage is a very serious matter."

"Yes, ma'am; I know it is sometimes," replied the domestic, "but maybe I'll have better luck than you did."

"Henry, the Badgers have a new baby."

"Is it a Helen Gould or a Dewey?"

———o———

He—"Is your husband laying up for a rainy day, my good woman?"

She—"No, sir; but he's saving up money to buy a snow shovel."

———o———

Kind old gent (anxious to teach)—"Do you believe the earth turns 'round Pat?"

Pat—"Oi do whin Oi'm drunk, but not whin Oi'm sober, sir."

———o———

Clerk (in jewelry store)—"Gold ring? Yes sir; step this way, please. Eighteen carats?"

Malvaney—"No, sir, oi've been aitin' onions, ivut's anny o'yure bizness."

———o———

A little four-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping car. Awakening once in the middle of the night his mother asked him if he knew where he was.

"Tourse I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."

———o———

"The minister," observed the church member, as if the idea had just occurred to him, "can take a vacation, but Satan never takes a vacation."

"True," replied the other church member; "but Satan can stand the heat a great deal better than the minister."

"Who was the scientist who made the discovery that baldness is a sign of intellect?"

"I don't know his name. All I know is that he was bald."

———o———

Heredity. The Wife—"I wonder why little Ethel is so disobedient, John?"

The Husband—"I don't know, my dear, unless you marrying me against your parents' wishes had something to do with it."

———o———

Careful Housekeeper—"Bridget, you may get all the preserves we canned last year and boil them up again. I am afraid they have begun to work."

Bridget—"Like enough, mum, like enough: everythin' round this house has to."

———o———

"Tommy," said his mother, "can't you amuse your baby brother for a while?"

"Yes'm," answered Tommy, 'if you'll hold him up at the window, I'll get the boys to come and play in front of the house."

———o———

"I don't like this milk," said four-year-old Mabel at the breakfast table one morning.

"Why, dear, what's the matter with it?" asked her mother.

"It tastes like the milkman had been eating onions," replied the small epicure.

———o———

Little Mike (who has struck a hard spot in his reading)—"Feyther, phwot is an autopsy?"

McLubberty (promptly)—"An autopsy, is ut? Sure, thot's phwin a dead man requists the docthors to cut him up, so that he can foind out phwot is dhe matter wid him."

Little Elmer—"Pa what is brute force?" Pa,—"It's something Boston poets call to their aid when they make banner rhyme with hossanna"

———o———

Mrs. de Fashion (to her new Chinese cook)—"John, why do the Chinese bind the feet of their women?"

John—"So they not trottee 'round kitchen, and botheree cook."

———o———

Newspaper Man—I should like to telegraph home that the commanding general is an idiot!"

Censor—"I regret to inform you that we can permit the transmission of no military secrets."

———o———

The doctor turned a windy corner and stopped a moment to rub his eye. "I seem to have been taking something of a flyer in real estate," he said.

"That's all in your eye," airily observed the professor."

———o———

Hicks—"That lady you bowed to —are you particular friends of one another?"

Wicks—"Oh, no; I have sung with her in our church choir."

Hicks—"I see; only a chants acquaintance."

———o———

Mrs. Neighbors—"I advertised for a plain cook last week, but didn't receive a single reply."

Mrs. Nextdoor—"Take my advice and advertise for a good-looking kitchen lady, and you'll be overrun with applications."

———o———

Farmer Medders—"What's yer son Hiram goin' to do when he gets through college."

Farmer Corntossel—"He's goin' ter stay right here on the farm till he sorter begins to realize that there's one or two things he don't know."

SELECTED MATTER.

Possibilities.

The marble was pure and white,
  Though only a block at best;
But the artist with inward sight
  Looked further than all the rest,
And saw in the hard, rough stone
The loveliest statue the sun shone on.

So he sat to work with care
  And chiselled a form of grace—
A figure divinely fair,
  With a tender, beautiful face,
But the blows were hard and fast
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So, I think that human lives
  Must bear God's chisel keen,
If the spirit yearns and strives
  For the better life unseen,
For men are only blocks at best,
Till the chiselling brings out all the rest.

—*Selected.*

MARTHA WASHINGTON was never in the White House. Abigail Adams was the first "Lady of the White House," 1800–1801. After her came Martha Jefferson Randolph, 1802; Mary Jefferson Eppes, 1803; Mrs. Randolph again, 1803–4 and 1805–6; Dorothy Madison, 1809–14; in 1814 the House was burned by the British. Its next "lady" was Elizabeth Monroe, 1817–25; Louisa Adams, 1825–29; Emily Donelson, 1829–33; Sarah York, 1833–39; Angelica Van Buren, 1839–41; Priscilla Tyler, 1841–1842; Letitia Semple, 1842–44; Julia Gardiner Tyler, 1844, March 1845; Sarah Polk, 1845–49; Elizabeth Bliss, 1849–50; Abigail Fillmore, 1850–53; Jane Pierce, 1853–57; Harriet Lane, 1857–61; Mary Lincoln, 1861–65; Martha Patterson, 1865–69; Julia Grant, 1869–77; Lucy Hayes, 1877–81; Lucretia Garfield, 1881; Mary McElroy, 1881–85; Rose Cleveland, 1885–86; Frances Cleveland, 1886–89;, and 1893–97; Caroline Harrison, 1889–92; Mary McKee 1892–93; Ida McKinley; 1897.

THERE were many State quarrels during the framing of the Constitution; but perhaps the most serious was that between Pennsylvania and Connecticut over Wyoming Valley. This quarrel soon came to blows and bloodshed. Connecticut claimed the Wyoming Valley by right of her charter, and many of her people had settled there before the Revolution. Pennsylvania also claimed it and sent troops there to drive the Connecticut people out. After much strife and cruelty it was decided to arbitrate. Pennsylvania won, and Connecticut moved further northward and took possession of a slice of northern Ohio, then a territory, 120 miles long, and he width of the state of Connecticut. This was called the Western Reserve.

THE most curious among famous pearls is that which, three centuries ago, the French traveler, Tavernier, sold to the Shah of Persia for $675,000. It is still in the possession of the sovereign of Persia. Another Eastern potentate owns a pearl of 12½ carats, which is quite transparent. It is to be had for the sum of $200,000. Princess Youssoupoff has an Oriental pearl which is unique for the beauty of its color. In 1620 this pearl was sold by Georgibus, of Calais, to Philip IV. of Spain at the price of 80,000 ducats. To-day it is valued at $225,000. Pope Leo XIII., owns a pearl left to him by his predecessor on the throne of St. Peter, which is worth $100,000, and the chain of thirty-two pearls, owned by the Empress Frederick, is estimated at $175,000.

THE prizes offered for the three best poems antiphonal to Edward Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," which appeared in the New York "Sun" last July, have been awarded as follows: John Vance Cheney, Chicago, first prize, $400; Hamilton Schuyler, Orange, N. J., second prize, $200; and Miss Kate Masterson, New York, third prize, $100.

THE Royal Academy of Sciences in Turin has offered a prize of 30.000 francs for the best critical history of Latin literature which shall be issued before December 31, 1906. All nationalities may take part in the competition. Only printed works—not manuscripts—will be taken into consideration.

THERE are in the United States today 5,427,767 bachelors and 3,224,494 spinsters. In the West there are ten available males for every maiden, and even in the Northern and Eastern States there are actually more bachelors than spinsters twenty years old and upward. No State in the Union has as many maidens as single men.

SAN FRANCISCO has 3,032 licensed saloons. This give us one saloon for every 100 inhabitants, men, women and children! The moral and physical degeneracy entailed by these 3,000 drinking places is awful to contemplate. The city employs 557 policemen. That is one policeman for each five saloons and a half.

AN English exchange states that a careful calculator estimating the space covered by a dancer finds that in a program of twenty waltzes, four polkas, and two quadrilles, a good dancer would cover close upon 12 miles.

AN organist and choirmaster has just died in Sweden who had held the same positions for seventy-two years without missing a single service. He and his ancestors have played the organ in the same church for 200 years.

A PORTRAIT of Mrs. John Austin, who edited her husband's standard work on Jurisprudence, will shortly be hung in the Law School at Harvard College. This is the only portrait of a woman in the Law School collection.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

TRANSVAAL.—During the latter part of April, news from the Transvaal was very discouraging to the British, for it seemed that the Boers were making firm determinations to rid their country of the enemy. It was reported that the Boers were going to allow the British to enter the Free State without resistance, as they realized that the troops and the cattle would not be able to stand the terrible heat of the sandy plains. Fever and pneumonia are raging in the British ranks and the mortality among the horses has been so great, that it is impossible to supply the demand for fresh mounts. When Lord Robert's report was published, it was read with a great deal of interest. It severely censured several of the present commanders, amongst them General Buller. Roberts claims that the disaster at Spion Kop was due to General Buller's impracticable plans. General Warren changed them on his own responsibility, but with no success. It is reported that there is a possibility of both generals being recalled. General Hamilton defeated the Boers at Houtnek, Orange Free State, on May 3, taking twenty-six prisoners; among the killed on the Boer side were several officers of the foreign legion. Reports from Lord Roberts dated May 4, state his army moved from Brantford towards the Vet River, Orange Free State, and that the division under General Hunter crossed the Vaal River, near Kimberly, without opposition, on its way to the relief of Mafeking. Another brigade under General Barton met with stubborn resistance from the Boers but succeeded in routing them. A special dispatch from Pretoria dated May 12, said: "Lord Roberts has entered Kroonstad, driving the Boers towards the Vaal river. The arrival of Lord Roberts was hailed with enthusiasm by all the British inhabitants. Most of the Transvaal prisoners think that if the Boers are defeated at the Vaal river, they will retreat to Pretoria. In a word they think that the back of the resistance is broken." The latest news cabled from General Buller and dated May 16 is as follows: "We occupied Glencoe yesterday. The Transvaalers have now evacuated Biggarsberg. The Free Staters on the Drakenberg are much reduced in numbers. Trains are now running to Wessel's Neck Station." The Boer Commissioners arrived in New York, May 15. They were met by a committee, and a welcome was extended to them by the mayor of Hoboken.

They will present their appeal to three classes of Americans; first, to those Americans governed by anti-English feeling; second, to the Irish who have also an anti-English feeling; third, to a large number of Americans who sympathize with the Boers because they are fighting for liberty.

PHILIPPINES.—The news from the Philippines is not very encouraging. Aguinaldo, instead of being dead as reported, is said to be in Singapore, where it is thought he is engaged in raising funds to continue the war. The war was supposed to be nearly over, but telegrams from Manila report the last week in April the bloodiest since the beginning of the war. The captured and killed during that week amounted to six hundred and fifty men, but there are so many more dead that have not been counted, it is estimated the Filipino loss will amount to nearly a thousand. The loss on the American side is slight, nine killed and sixteen wounded. The reappearance of General Pio del Pilar is causing considerable anxiety to the commanders in Luzon. He was reported to have been killed a few weeks ago, and it was thought that the natives who were much attached to him, would be greatly affected by his loss. General Otis has started from Manila and his place will be taken by General MacArthur. Before leaving, in an interview with the correspondents, in regard to the work he had done, he said that in his opinion the rebellion in the Philippines is nearing an end. He states that there is no organizied army, but only brigand or guerrilla bands, which are not fighting so much for freedom as for what they can gain on their own account. The fighting still continues with these bands. Although much remains to be accomplished before life and property are safe and peace and order restored, General Otis has laid the foundation on which his followers may build with honor to America.

CONGRESS—The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections reached a decision in the Clark bribery case on April 10, and reported to the Senate on April 23. According to the report, Mr. W. A. Clark of Montana, having secured his seat through bribery, is not entitled to occupy it. Mr. Clark at first refused to resign, preferring the Senate to expel him. In case of his expulsion, the election of a successor would be necessary in his State, and he hoped to be the candidate and be re-elected, thus vindicating himself. Later he changed his plan, and on May 15 resigned. In his farewell speech to the Senate he stated that the investigation had not been conducted in a judicial manner and that the established rules of evidence had not been applied. By resigning, it devolved upon the Governor to appoint a successor, and he being out of the State at the time, Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs (a personal friend of Mr. Clark) appointed Clark. The committee claims that he was not legally elected the first time to the seat, and, therefore, a new election must take place. The House of Representatives has offered an

amendment to the Constitution which provides that United State Senators shall be elected by popular vote the same as members of the Legislature. The resolution was adopted by a vote of two hundred and forty to fifteen. The Nicaragua Canal Bill passed the House of Representatives and is now to be sent to the Senate. The bill as passed, provides for a sufficient appropriation to purchase land from Costa Rica and Nicaragua in order to construct the canal of required width and depth. It also states that the course is to be from a point near Greytown on the Caribbean Sea to Brito on the Pacific Ocean via Lake Nicaragua. It recomends placing the matter in the hands of the Secretary of War as soon as the land has been secured and have him employ the necessary labor to build the waterway. San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua are to be used as far as practicable and the people of Costa Rica and Nicaragua are to be assured of the use of the canal and its harbors on terms mutually agreed upon. Ten million dollars is to be appropriated for beginning it, and the Secretary is to make contracts to that amount. The Hawaiian Bill after passage through both houses was signed by the President April 30. It provides for a Governor and other executive officers, a Legislative body with two branches, a Supreme Court, Circuit Court and other inferior courts, and a delegate to the House to represent the people. He is entitled to take part in debates, but not to vote. No tariff provisions were stated. The Chinese must register within a year, and if not registered at the expiration of the year, will be expelled. The same imigration laws of the United States in reference to the Chinese shall hold good in Hawaii. United States money will be the currency, and Secretary Gage will make the exchange of Hawaiian money for the United States· The Senate has passed a bill providing for a cable from San Francisco to Honolulu. Three million dollars is to be appropriated. It is to be owned by the government, and thus in time the amount now expended for its construction will be repaid. In time it will be extended to Japan and then to the Philippine Islands.

EDUCATION.—An American school for study and research is about to be established in Palestine. Decided progress has lately been made in the plan, owing largely to the efforts of Professor Thayer of Harvard. He has been soliciting subscriptions to supplement those already received from institutions of learning which have pledged annual subsidies for five years. American schools are being successfully maintained in Athens and Rome. It is not surprising therefore, with these examples in mind, there should be a general impulse among scholars toward the establishment of one in Palestine. The educational problems of the South draw increased attention as the conviction grows that they are indissoluble from the race problem. Of this the recent conference at Hampton, April 24-27, gave fresh evidence. The general theme was

the educational problems concerning both whites and negroes. There has been a general quickening of educational interest at the South. The universities and colleges have felt it, as have also the secondary schools, but the need of it is still painfully apparent in the lower schools, particularly in sparsely settled districts. This need is said to be nowhere so apparent as in Mississippi and Louisiana. Contemporaneously with the Conference, trade certificates were granted at the Commencement of Hampton Institute to twenty-five students who have completed industrial courses. This is the largest number which has ever graduated from the Industrial department.

SCIENCE.—Professor Trowbridge has perfected a new method of obtaining X-rays. The currents of electricity which have heretofore been used in making photographs have been fluctuating, making the pictures of uncertain value to the surgeons. Professor Trowbridge has succeeded in getting a steady current, and the pictures taken by his new system are remarkable for the clear and distinct outlines of the muscles and bones of the subject; the discovery will be of the greatest use to surgeons and in the study of anatomy. On June 23, a festival will be held at Mayence to commemmorate the 500th anniversary of the birth of Gurtenberg, the inventor of the art of printing. Almost all the civilized nations will take part in this festival, and it is to be hoped that the United States will be represented. At Bosco Reale on the slope of Vesuvius, near Pompeii, where great silver treasures were found a few years ago, recent excavations have brought to light some of the most remarkable paintings of the Roman period yet discovered. In the grounds of the Del Prisco Villa a great peristyle and four large rooms have been unearthed the walls of which are covered by twenty large frescoes of rich coloring. The figures are life size. It is to be hoped that some process will be discovered to preserve them more satisfactorily than those at Pompeii and in the Naples Museum.

THE DRAMA.—The theatrical season in New York is drawing to a close, although a few well known houses are still open. Six have been closed within a few week. William Gillette in Sherlock Holmes at Garrick's and James Hackett in the romantic drama The Pride of Jennico at the Criterion are the chief remaining attractions. Joseph Jefferson's engagement ended the season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. He played in The Rivals, Rip Van Winkle, and The Cricket on the Hearth. His popularity is undiminished and he has re-asserted his position of the greatest living American actor. Two dramatizations of Quo Vadis are being presented in New York; one by Mr. Strange and the other, said to be the authorized one, by Miss Jeannette Gilder. Mr. W. H. Crane has recently appeared in a clever dramatization of David Harum. The title part is peculiarly fitted to Mr. Crane's style. The Casino Girl at the Casino and a revival of the Runaway Girl at Daly's are meeting with great success and no date has been set for the season's close at either of those houses.

Glimpses of Good Books.

In *Red Rock* the author has given us a vivid bit of the history of the South during the period immediately following the civil war, the "carpet-bag" administration.

We are brought in contact with the best of the Southern types and the worst of the Northern. Good Old Dr. Cary, who deplored the war before its beginning and counselled against it realizing as none of his neighbors did the after effects of such a struggle, is a typical Southern gentleman, honest, true and courageous; Jonadab Leech, dishonest, false and detestable to the last degree is portrayed as the representative of the northern men who went to the South, when the war was ended, for what they could gain. There are introduced into the story a few southern men, not up to the standard, notably Hiram Still, while in the Welches and Capt. Middleton are seen better types of the northerners.

Hiram Still, who was Mr. Gray's overseer before and during the war, has managed to acquire by fraud, Red Rock, the property of his former employer, and much of the neighboring land. One of the most dramatic situations in the book (and there are many) is during the trial of the case of Jacquelin Gray's suit against Hiram Still, to recover the family property, Red Rock. The counsel for Still was Leech, the Judge was one of Leech's political friends and the case was conducted plainly in favor of the defendant. When Jacquelin stated the series of events which had just been disclosed by unexpected testimony and traced Still's action step by step, Major Welch, who had purchased part of the Gray property, rose in the court room and said:

"If your honor please," he began, "I am a defendant in this case, and hold as a purchaser under the other defendant a considerable part of the property sought to be recovered by the plaintiffs. I bought it honestly and paid for it, believing that it was the land of the man from whom I bought, and I still hold it. There have been a number of things since that I have not been able to understand until now. I have observed closely all that has gone on here today, and have heard all that has just been said. I wish to say that as far as I am concerned—so far as relates to the part of the property formerly belonging to Mr. Jacquelin Gray and his brother now held by me—I am satisfied. It will not be necessary for the plaintiffs to take the step that has just been proposed, of filing a new bill. From certain facts within my own knowledge, and which I did not understand before, but on which, what has just taken place has thrown

a full light, I am quite satisfied. And if the complainants will prepare a proper deed reconveying the land—my part of the land—to them, I will execute it without further delay, and will make such restitution as I can. I have lost what I put into it, which is a considerable part of all I possessed in the world. But"—he paused for a second—"there is one thing I have not lost, and I do not propose to lose it. I am not willing to hold another man's property which he lost by fraud." (For the first time he turned and faced the bar. His voice which, if firm, had been grave and low, suddenly became strong and full, with a ring in it of pride.) "I shall expect them to make a declaration of record that every transaction, so far as I at least was concerned, was free from any taint of suspicion." He sat down, amid a deathly silence. The next moment, from all through the court-room, there was a cheer that almost took the roof off. The Judge scowled and rapped, but it was beyond him; and in spite of his efforts to restore order, the tumult went on wildly, cheer after cheer, not only for the act, but for the man.

There is an interesting love story running through the book which comes right before the book closes. Aside from its value as a history of its time, *Red Rock* has a charm which will win its readers. It is written by Thomas Nelson Page and is published by Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price $1.50.

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The Ruins in Yucatan have been visited by several parties in the last few years, but the first to dwell among those deserted mansions, risking his life upon territory that was at the time in possession of hostile Indians, although this is now reclaimed, was Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, accompanied by his wife. Where other persons afterwards passed a few hours, or at most days, these two travelers stayed for months at a time, making plans of the edifices, taking photographs, and molding pliant pulp upon the sculptures themselves so as to afterwards obtain, from these molds, perfect copies of the originals, with every fine line distinct. The intention was, by the aid of photographs, plans, and molds, to be able to erect in any part of the world an entire building like those constructed by the Maya architect, when first completed. From such a structure the student could learn all about the architecture and arts of those ancient people, and also study their beaatifully chisseled hieroglyphs, interesting records of remote times. It had always been asserted that no one could possibly unravel the mystery of those inscriptions in stone, but Dr. Le Plongeon made this his particular aim, and was rewarded by finding a key to their readings so that if students work by means of his alphabet, a good deal may yet be learned regarding a civilization of very great antiquity, and about which nothing was definitely known prior to the discoveries made by the archæologist in question.

Among the two or three Maya books that escaped being burned by the Spanish friars nearly five hundred years ago, is the Troano Manuscript. This interesting old work contains, among many other things,

an account of the loss of a great island in the Atlantic ocean—possibly Plato's "Lost Atlantis." These are among the passages translated by Dr. Le Plongeon. His work *Sacred Mysteries* published by him in 1886, was one of several volumes he has since made ready for the press. That first book is out of print and second-hand copies fetch as much as ten dollars, the original price having been two dollars and a half. Another volume, of which a second edition has just been issued, has been very highly commended in all parts of the civilized world, and in this book, *Queen Móo and the Egyptian Sphinx* may be found a translation of the paragraphs relating to the loss of the Atlantean island, as found in the Troano Manuscript.

Dr. Le Plongeon believes it possible he could find ancient Maya books that have been hidden centuries, were he able to search in certain places. He is of opinion, based upon his own prolonged researches, that the Mayas were the most highly civilized nation of antiquity on this continent at one epoch, a few thousand years ago, and thus many of the Eastern nations were largely influenced by Maya colonists who traveled in various directions, crossing the ocean much as we people of to-day are doing. He finds traces of the Maya language in most of the ancient tongues, particularly in the Greek. Very numerous are the links that connect the so-called old world with America, always spoken of as the New World, but in reality according to geologists, the older.

The religious ideas of the Maya wise men in olden times spread far and wide, and can now be traced in the doctrines of most of the Eastern nations, as can also be found many of their customs, manners, and modes of personal adornment.

It is much to be regretted that each year witnesses some fresh destruction of the interesting Ruins in Yucatan. The Mexican Government prohibits the exportation of antiquities found within that Republic, but takes no steps toward the preservation of those ancient cities, and although comparatively few tourists visit the places where these are, explorers occasionally find their way thither and uneducated mestizo natives who accompany them, have an abnormal love of destruction. This is not all, owners of the land where the Ruins stand use the old houses as a quarry, causing their laborers to deliberately remove the stones that form the perfect facings of the walls, in order to use these in paltry constructions on their haciendas, just to avoid the expense of paying a stone-cutter. In this outrageous conduct they are not interfered with, although by the laws of Mexico the ancient buildings are Government property, not that of the landowner.

The molds and photographs made by Dr. Le Plongeon are particularly valuable in view of the deterioration that has taken place in the buildings even within the last few years, since he worked among them. Some of the fine entablatures have been re-

duced to a mere heap of debris since he photographed them; and fresco paintings of which he made a facsimile copy have actually been scratched from interior walls.

Many of the sculptures that were unearthed by the Doctor were, by him, or at least by his order, again buried out of sight, to save them from destruction; and can be seen only in the photographs made at the time, and used to illustrate his own works. Unlike most of the books written upon American archæology, these being usually compilations, Dr. Le Plongeon's books are absolutely original and rich in new thoughts upon the subject. Moreover they prove clearly that in olden times intimate relations existed between the western continent and the other civilized nations of the world.

Queen Móo and the Egyptian Sphinx is illustrated with seventy-five full page pictures. It can be obtained from the author, Dr. A. Le Plongeon, 18 Sidney Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price $6.00. *Here and There in Yucatan* is by Mme. La Plongeon, Price $1.00. *Queen Móo's Talisman*, A Poem by Dr. Le Plongeon, Price $1.00. *Immigration to America from the Year 500 B. C. to 1462 A. C.*, by Dr. Le Plongeon, is ready for the press and will be sold only by subscription. Price $5.00.

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A book of heroic poetry under title *Songs for Columbia's Heroes*, and dedicated to the Second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, contains seventy-eight war poems portraying scenes suggested by our recent war with Spain. "The Fate of the Maine" is one of the longer poems in the book and is a good illustration of the author's style which is dramatic in its composition and realistic in its text.

There are many exceptionally fine things between the covers of this book. The author is Mr. Clarence Hawkes, of whom James Whitcomb Riley says: "In both man and poet I find a nobility and grace commanding my respect and admiration." A sketch of the life of Mr. Hawkes will shortly appear in TALKS AND TALES, in the department of Successful Blind People. *Songs for Columbia's Heroes* is beautifully and appropriately illustrated. The book can be obtained from the author whose address is Hadley, Mass. Price $1.50.

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TALKS AND TALES.

A MAGAZINE

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WE desire to call the attention of the readers of TALKS and TALES to articles which appear by the following occasional contributors, all of whom are blind.

H. R. W. Miles, Mary E. Sanford, Charlotte M. Hinman, Alice A. Holmes, H. Stennett Rogers, Alfred J. Hosking, Alexander Cameron, Roberta Anna Griffith, Rev. Ghosn el Howie, Syria; Helen Marr Campbell, Clarence Hawkes.

A STUDY OF COWS.

TALKS AND TALES.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, CONN., JULY, 1900. NO. 10.

REV. A. D. WENGER.

ITALY is almost solid Roman Catholic, and southern Italy is exceedingly ignorant. They have known but little more than to obey priests. The people are becoming enlightened, however, since France withdrew her troops from the support of the Pope to fight Germany in 1870, and Victor Emanuel used the opportunity and stepped on the throne and put down Papal authority.

His son Humbert I. is now king. Even the islands of Sardina and Sicily hail his reign with gladness. I saw the king and his fair queen one morning in Rome as they were driven to the capital where they were royally received by a large crowd with cheers and a band of lively music. But we must leave Rome if we would be in real southern Italy.

After a run of six hours the train reaches its destination, "Napoli, Napoli," is the cry. We say Naples. You may think you will know the proper names anyway in a foreign land and language, but frequently you do not. You should be a student every day when in a strange land and learn the people, the language and all your other environments as fast as possible. If you have studied Cæsar's Latin you will not talk Italian. The sooner you learn secunda classe biglietto (second class ticket), il salone de pranzo (dining room) and other necessary expressions, the better it will be for you. It means economy of time and money.

Naples, the largest city in Italy, contains considerably over half a million inhabitants. The streets are narrow, and most of the houses are very high. There is little to attract and interest, and it is hard to muster enough energy to examine the city after having just come from historic Rome,

Besides, you are continually annoyed with the persistent and insolent importunities of beggars, boot-blacks, drivers, guides, and street-vendors, "who often combine the most cringing manners with the grossest attempts at extortion." We have thieves in America, but there are more in Italy and still more in Turkey, as every traveler finds out by actual experience.

Inn-keepers, cab drivers, boatmen and guides regard every traveler as their natural prey. Parts of two days I wandered through the lively but dingy streets more to learn than to enjoy. The people appear to live on the streets and carry on much of their business there. I was not in Naples over Sunday, but Dr. Hessler, of Indianapolis, told me he saw business going on in the streets Sundays the same as on week days. The people had not time to go to church. When the priest came along with his chalice containing the sacrament the people would bow and pray till he was past and then go on about their business. Roman Catholicism in Europe is losing power and appears to be on the decay. In southern Italy and Spain the spiritual condition of the people is perhaps the most lamentable.

The most intereresting place in Naples is the Museum. You are reminded of much of the history of a European country by an examination of the relics in the museums of its capital and other chief cities. In this collection are relics that have come from the Grecian and Roman periods of southern Italy. Here are bronze and marble busts and statues of many ages, ancient paintings, weapons, ivories, crystals, terra-cottas, domestic utensils, coins and vases; also a prodigious amount of relics from the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Let us take the train and run out southeast fifteen miles to Pompeii where are many ancient relics that were not taken away when found. Present Pompeii, a small town of several hundred inhabitants, is without special interest. Past Pompeii, a much larger town without a single inhabitant, is of great interest. Before we examine this city that has been in its grave so long, let us turn our attention to Mount Vesuvius, whose summit is eight miles away.

The volcanic mountain is now over four thousand feet high. Its height varies with each eruption. For five dollars you can go from Naples by carriage and then ascend nearly all the steep part of the mountain by Cook's Funicular railway. It is cheaper to ride horseback but you must make the last long steep ascent on foot. I remember when coming down, a horseback rider who was not yet trained to the shameful extortions of the Italians, passed us. I asked him if he had a nice view. He said, "O yes, but I let them carry me a little piece and had to pay ten francs ($2) for it." These parasites on the traveler will do any favor they are allowed to do and then charge about ten prices and fuss till they get it.

It is cheaper still to *walk* up from Pompeii if you are strong enough. In company with a young German and a guide I went up on foot. The exten-

sive lava beds we passed over are as barren as Sahara desert. There is not a spear of grass or a leaf for miles. Vegetation appears to be slowly creeping up the mountain and may in time clothe much of it in verdure if the slopes are not again covered with fresh lava. The masses of stones along the way all look as though they had come out of a furnace. Only God knows how many thousand years they were in a molten state in the bowels of the earth.

At the new crater where the mountain smokes and steams and the heat waves roll up all about, there are two streams of liquid lava constantly flowing. At first sight you get impressed to flee for your life, but soon your fears subside when you witness its quiet working. With your hat before your face to shield you from the heat, you may press the end of a stick into the dense liquid and see it fly into flame. The temperature of the lava where it boils up to flow far down the mountain till it cools is about 2000 deg. Fahr. From Naples at night these lava streams look like fires in distant mountain forests. This part of the red hot mountain appears to be crusted with streams of cooled lava. The distorted and ragged sheets of stone are black and porous.

Higher up on Vesuvius proper and a few miles away is an awful pit of destruction. From the great mouth of the mountain issue forth a column of steam, smoke and sulphur, fire, brimstone and other substances. You can walk through the loose and fresh ashes right up to the rim of the crater. Then there is but a step between you and death. However much you may wish to see down to the very spot where the stones and fiery substances are ejected with the loudness of artillery from the mouth of this chimney to the earth's great furnace, you are compelled on account of steam and smoke to see only a short distance into the black and sulphurous abyss. It is not a safe place to remain. You are in danger from the shifting of the crust, the crush of falling stones and perhaps a great eruption.

Only in 1872 streams of lava burst forth on every side. On the 26th of April of that year a crowd of spectators were watching the spectacle when a great stream burst forth with such suddenness as to overtake and destroy twenty people. The stream was a thousand yards wide and twenty feet deep. It partly destroyed two villages. In 1794 more than four hundred lives were lost and the lava ran clear into the sea heating the water for a considerable distance. In 1531 came a terrific eruption that destroyed three thousand lives, and hurled great stones to a distance of fifteen miles. One that fell at the village of Somma weighed twenty-five tons. Many other eruptions followed by loss of life, have taken place in historic times; yet people continue to live in a number of villages nestled around the mountain.

We sometimes wonder why the most wicked people live in the most dangerous places. They appear to forget all about God and the hereafter until danger is near. When volcanic eruptions, violent earthquakes and tor-

nadoes come, then the hardest sinners fall on their knees and implore for mercy. He who hath "weighed the monntains in scales" controls them. A French astronomer swept the heavens with his great telescope and said, "I find no place for God." His mighty power may be seen this side the stars in the doings of this mountain. Only the foolish and skeptical wait till danger and death to confess God. At the great judgment all will confess Him and sinners will ask the mountains and rocks to fall on them.

Seventy-nine years after Christ on the 24th day of August, the people around Mount Vesuvius thought the world was speedily drawing to a close. An eruption took place with appalling fury that buried the fertile country far and wide. Cities went under alive. Not only Herculaneum and Pompeii but a number of villages were completely covered.

Pompeii was already an old city of twenty thousand inhabitants. Most of the people took warning and escaped being overwhelmed by the shower of hot water, ashes and pumice stone. The naturalist Pliny perished on this occasion. His nephew, the younger Pliny, in two letters mentions "premonitory earthquakes, day turned into night, the extraordinary agitation of the sea, the dense clouds overhanging land and sea, and riven by incessant flashes of lightning, the emission of fire and ashes, the descent of streams of lava, and the universal terror of men who believed the end of the world had arrived." Sodom and Gomorrah succumbed to a somewhat similar fate when God rained down from heaven fire and brimstone upon them. Herculaneum and Pompeii were lost to the world for fifteen centuries. Only a part of Pompeii has been uncovered. Beautiful gardens now blossom and yield above the housetops of the rest of the ancient city.

It seems strange to visit a well-built and walled city with streets paved with large blocks of lava and find no houses occupied. Stones of walks and streets are deeply worn. Deep depressions are worn in the stones of the fountains where only the hand rested while bending over to drink without a cup. The houses are built of stone, concrete and brick and are one and two stories high. Along the lonely streets where the quiet is broken only by the footfalls of visitors you may visit bath houses for warm and cold baths, hotels, palaces, theatres, bakeries and houses of apothecaries.

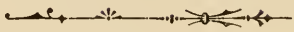
There are the temples of Jove, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, Isis, Apollo, and Hercules with their altars. In one place where an oracle stood I saw the secret hiding places behind it where the priests concealed themselves to reply to the requests and petitions of the people when they came to speak with the oracle. By means of a tube to conduct the voice these impostors made the suppliants believe that the words came from the very mouth of the oracle. There is also a house of obscenity with plain frescoes on the wall. In fact there are many frescoes well preserved on the walls of the rooms of many homes,

Among the relics are skeletons of horses, dogs, cats, mice and chickens. In a kitchen covered by a stone arch I saw the skeleton of a cook that was suffocated. The remains were left lying just as they were found in recent years. In a prison chamber in the barracks for gladiators were found three skeletons and the iron stocks that were on their feet. Sixty-three bodies in all were found in this building. At another place in a vaulted cellar bodies of eighteen women and children were found. In some places the bones were carefully removed and the well preserved cavities filled with plaster. In that way they have succeeded in obtaining the figures and casts of the victims after the death struggle. A number of these plaster casts of human corpses I saw in glass cases in a museum at the entrance gate. Some lie sidewise and others are on their backs. Some were caught while running and nearly all have clenched hands and show facial expressions of terror.

In the two museums already mentioned are relics from the buried cities, such as dishes, lamps, jewelry, scales, weights, mirrors, inkholders, bells, hooks, anchors, locks, keys, coins, household furniture, cooking utensils, carpenter's tools and many other things. This gives us the best and almost the only acquaintance with the domestic life of the first century. Imagine one of our own cities thus buried and then with all its art and science given out to the world by excavation nearly two thousand years hence.

Some of the most interesting of all the relics are the Greek inscriptions in marble slabs. Only uncial or capital letters were used and there are no spaces between the words. In the same way the original manuscripts of the New Testament were written with the same characters and in the same century that Pompeii was destroyed. This furnishes a strong outside proof of the authenticity of the Gospel of Christ.—[*Young People's Paper.*

The Proof of the Pudding.



"BUT what do you want to do?" demanded the general, angrily. "What is the good of a ten-pound note to a pauper? I ask you that, Matilda, and you can't answer me. If you could give the girl a thousand pounds—something that could be invested and give her a fraction of an income—it would be all very well. But what in the name of fortune is the use of staving off the workhouse for two or three weeks with a dole of a ten-pound note?"

"My dear William, you have totally missed the mark," replied his interlocutrix, calmly. "There is no talk of a ten-pound note, for Theodora wouldn't accept money; nor of the workhouse, for she would sooner take service as a kitchen maid than think of such a thing. But the poor child is in great grief; and even if she had the heart to walk from her father's grave into a governess's situation, it wouldn't be decent. All I want is to see her in a place of shelter till she is a little more fitted to cope with the world."

"And may I ask what asylum is going to have the honor of receiving Miss Brakespear?" asked the general.

He was a tall, spare man; his face was like a lion's face, and he had the qualities which are usually supposed to belong to lions. He was brave to audacity, and on occasions he could be generous to a fault; but he was narrow minded, and prone to be irritable. His sister was tall and spare too, but there her likeness to her brother ceased. For she possessed nothing of his impetuosity and cross temper, none of his prejudices and limitations.

It was a question in the neighborhood whether the general's bluster governed Miss de Laury, or whether Miss de Laury's composure and little shafts of satire governed the general. But the general's son, Arthur, and the servants knew, and they consequently possessed their happy souls in peace.

Miss de Laury did not immediately answer the general's question, and he therefore grumbled on.

"I never liked Brakespear," he said. "It was he who ruined Arthur's career, and I've never forgiven him, and I never shall. A fool and a maniac! What did he mean by poking his head into a disease that no man understands?"

"It is very much to be regretted that Dr. Brakespear died before his researches were complete," remarked Miss de Laury. "If he had discovered how to prevent cancer, he would have been one of the world's greatest benefactors."

"Humph! A man has no business to set up for a public benefactor when he has burdened himself with a private family. What did the fellow mean by leaving his daughter on the parish? He was not only a fool and madman —he was a scoundrel!" cried the general.

"Theodore is not on the parish," observed Miss de Laury. "she has £500."

"Five hundred pounds?" exclaimed the general. "How can any woman live on the interest of £500. I tell you the man was a scoundrel!"

"I certainly could not live on the interest of £500, nor can Theodora," said Miss de Laury. "But luckily she is young, and when her first sorrow is past she will be able to work. Besides, there are other possibilities."

"I know; you refer to Arthur. Once for all, Matilda, let me assure you that if Arthur is ever ass enough to marry Miss Brakespear, I cut him out of my will. Isn't it enough that the father has turned my own boy into a medical man? He shall never marry the girl."

"Arthur is enthusiastically fond of his profession, William."

"Exactly. He is going to follow in Brakespear's footsteps and ruin himself in research. But I'll put my foot down upon it at once. Brakespear's influence was pernicious enough. He shall never marry Brakespear's daughter. Do you hear:"

"I hear. But I can't promise that Arthur will heed. Young men usually go their own way."

"Do you mean to imply that Arthur is seriously attached to Miss Brakespeare?"

"Very seriously, I believe."

"Matilda, do you mean to insinuate that they are engaged?"

"Not at all. Arthur would do nothing dishonorable; and it would hardly be honorable of him to propose to a girl before he had finished his education."

"But you imply that he means to propose to her as soon as he is settled in life?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then they may both go to the devil!" cried the general.

"I don't think there will be any need," said Miss de Laury. "Arthur will have his mother's money when he is five-and-twenty, and you cannot rescind your promise of buying him a practice. They will be poor, but poor people are often very happy."

The general sank down in a chair with a groan. His arms hung down; his legs fell apart; there was an air of defeat about his melancholy face and about his long limbs, that seemed unable to bear their own weight.

Miss de Laury went on knitting.

"Tea will be here in a minute," she said, as if tea were her only thought.

"It's so maddening to see one's own son throw himself away—one's only

son," said the poor general, pathetically. "Why couldn't he have taken a fancy to Jessie Thurton? A bright, pretty, piquant creature like that. One would think a young man would jump at such a girl!"

"Yes; the vagaries of love are very strange," said Miss de Laury.

"I can't think how he ever looked at that girl of Brakespear's?"

"She is pretty, William."

"Pretty! She is the most awkward woman I ever saw."

"You make her nervous; you stare at her and glare at her, and ask her abrupt questions; and she is shy and sensitive, and can't bear it. She is exceedingly clever, and very good."

"She can't be good," asserted the general.

"Car je le dis et le repetc."

"On n'est pas bon quand on est bete," he quoted.

"Do you call her bete?" said Miss de Laury, sweetly.

"Yes, I do," maintained the general. "You may try to frustrate me as much as ever you like, Matilda, but I tell you plainly I shall not leave my money to the possible children of Miss Brakespear."

"I don't ask you to do so. All I want is a little breathing time for this poor child."

"Ah, I forgot. You were going to tell me of some asylum, where she could be temporarily received."

"Yes, William. I want her to come here."

The general sprang to his feet.

"Here!" he ejaculated.

His voice sounded like a roar. He was more leoine than ever.

"Yes—here," repeated Miss de Laury.

"No." thundered the general.

"I wish to have her close to me, so that I may advise and help her."

"She shall not come, I tell you."

"And she wants a woman's care, which I can give her."

"But I won't have her!"

"And, in fact, I have set my heart upon it."

"Matilda, I ask you is this house yours or mine?"

"Yours, certainly. But I am the mistress of it and regulate its affairs."

"From henceforth I mean to do that myself."

"Oh, indeed! Well, I wish you joy of it. I often get tired of counting out the dirty table clothes, and giving out the rice, and ordering your gruel when you have a cold, and"——

"Be quiet, Matilda! Of course I don't mean all that. I mean I intend to settle who stays under my roof."

"That you can't do absolutely. You can't keep people from coming, you

can't keep them from going, If you won't have Theodora here, I shall take rooms for myself and her at Simpson's farm."

"You will do nothing of the sort, Matilda. You cannot create a scandal."

"Then I must have Theodora here."

"She will worry me to death."

"You need only see her at meals:"

"She will break everything in the house."

"Not if you treat her kindly."

"Well!" he groaned, "I suppose I must endure it. You are a very unfeeling woman, Matilda, but you never had the slightest sympathy for me. But look here! One thing I do insist upon," he said, beginning to stride up and down the room. "What day does Arthur come home?"

"The 1st of August,"

"Very well then. Miss Brakespear may come here till the 31st of July, but on that day she must go, if I turn her out of the house with my own hands."

"Just so," said Miss de Laury, quietly.

She never celebrated her victories with flags and drums. True, she always told her confidants that she fought with her brother not in order to get her own way but to make him do as he should; so it is to be presumed that the contemplation of the general's virtue delighted her sufficiently. At all events, when her adversary had retired from the field, baffled and defeated, she always suffered him to draw up articles of peace not disadvantageous to himself, making, however, a mental reservation to break said articles when the need should arise. For the moment, however, she bore her honors meekly, without elation or contempt. She was one of those who can conquer and not boast.

Soon after this passage of arms, in which the gallant general was utterly discomfited by one imperturbable woman, Theodora Brakespear was introduced into the general's household. The poor girl was in deep mourning and in still deeper grief. Not only had she lost her father and her home, but she was suddenly foiled in her ambition. Dr. Brakespear had been but forty-five, and it had seemed to him and to his daughter that long before he was old, he must have wrested from the terrible disease, to which he had devoted his whole mind, all its secrets, and not only poured upon the world incalculable benefits, but raised himself to the highest pinnacle of fame. It was not to be. A fall from his horse, serious internal injuries sustained, death rapidly ensuing; such was the history of the gifted man who had given his life to science. Dr. Brakespear's genius lay buried in the grave, and nothing was left to Theodora and the world but a mass of confused notes, which the doctor—in the prime of life and rejoicing in his vigor—had never even attempted to collate. It was small wonder that the child who had

sympathized with him all through her life, who had stood at his elbow and followed his reasonings, who had known his aim and believed in his capability and looked forward to his resignation in the future, should be entirely cast down by his sudden death. It seemed to her as if her beloved and noble father had lived in vain. His life was but as a footprint on the sand: his researches were as if written in water. There was nothing left of all his toil in the name of science and for the sake of humanity; no glory, no usefulness, not even the stepping-stones by which another man might climb to the Ultima Thule that he had missed. The girl sank down beneath her sorrow and her disappointment. There was no one to record her father's undertaking, or to complete it. Who could disentangle his ideas and pursue his endeavor? True, there was Arthur de Laury, who, notwithstanding his youth, had been her father's friend and the recipient of his confidence; but then Arthur had his own way to make, and would it be likely that the general, who had strongly opposed his son's entering the medical profession at all, would ever sanction his devoting his life to pathological research? Theodora folded her hands and tried to be patient, but her cup was very full, and her only comfort in these days lay in a letter which she kept near her and read constantly.

This was Arthur de Laury's simple and manly note:

Dear Miss Brakespear: It is impossible for me to say in words how much I sympathize with you, but I think you know what a great personal loss your father's death is to me, and that I have always revered him as the noblest man I have ever known, and regarded him as my best friend, I wish the honor were mine of being able to comfort you.

It is a grievous thing that Dr. Brakespear's labors have been cut short, and who will follow him? I am unluckily very inferior to him intellectually, yet I have an ardent desire some day to pursue his investigations, with your permission and help.

I hope to see you in a few weeks' time. Meantime my thoughts are always with you. Believe me ever yours most entirely,

ARTHUR DE LAURY.

Theodora's heart bounded as she read and reread these words. But she was young, and she reproached herself that, at this moment, she should care for this young man's tenderness. She could never be happy again, and how could she ever think of love or marriage. Nevertheless, it was because of Arthur that she accepted the invitation of Arthur's aunt, and it was of Arthur that she thought continually while she sojourned under the roof of Arthur's father.

Sometimes, when Theodora thought of her dead father and the blighted past, her eyes were dimmed with tears; but at other times they were radiant with a light that made her pale, grave face beautiful. At such times, the general, who had a keen eye for beauty, was obliged to admire her, and this

forced admiration irritated him. He would like to have found out that she was crooked, or that her abundant hair was false; but there was nothing against her except her shyness, which at times made her awkward. When she was seated and at ease, she was graceful, pretty and attractive.

"It passes my comprehension how a girl so slight as that can be so clumsy," said the general, one afternoon, when Theodora had spilt a cup of tea into her lap.

"You offered her cake as if you were giving the word of command," said Miss de Laury, "I assure you, William, accustomed as I am to your eccentricities, you made me jump. I don't wonder Theodora was terrified."

"But why is she terrified? Jessie Thurton would have chaffed me."

"Jessie Thurton is a very different person. She is a light-hearted. empty-headed, girl; and, moreover, you are always kind to her."

"How can I help being kind to her, with her rosy cheeks and her dimples?"

"Theodora has much lovelier features. She can't help having a less brilliant complexion."

"But she never laughs."

"My dear William, her father hasn't been dead a month."

"I don't care. She has no business to be so gauche. Why, last night she knocked down the chess-table!"

"I don't wonder. When she came to say good-night, you stood up as if you were going to salute."

"And pray, would you have me sit down to shake hands with a lady? Matilda, the girl is an uncompromising blunderer. She is spilling things or throwing them down or falling over them all day. The kitchen maid couldn't be more awkward."

"That is undeniable," said Miss de Laury, calmly. "But it's your fault. The poor child is never awkward with me. I find her a very pleasant companion."

"Why, she never opens her mouth!"

"Not to you. She is naturally afraid of you. She has plenty to say to me"

The general shrugged his shoulders.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and I find it uncommonly heavy," he said.

"Poor, dear Theodora!" murmured Miss de Laury. "I wouldn't have believed, William, that even you would have fostered such an animus against a good girl, merely because she is shy."

"Good!" shouted the general. "I don't believe she's good. There's a selfish, calculating temper behind that white face, or my name's not William de Laury. She's just the sort to leave her comrade on the field—if she'd been a man. Those scientific beggars always do it. They may talk as much

as they like about their love for humanity, but in an emergency it's their own skins they think of.

"Car je le dis et le repete."

"On n'est pas bon quand on est bete."

The general could not dispossess himself of this idea. He hated science. He considered that doctors created diseases by talking about them, and trying to cure them and he preferred that people should die like gentlemen, believing that God's will must be done; he was irate with the man who had spent his time in scientific speculations instead of laying up a provision for his daughter; finally, he thought that the Brakespears, both father and child, were fools, and knaves were pretty nearly synonymous terms. Theodora, whose little hands and feet were wont to do elephantine mischief, irritated him sorely, and she irritated him all the more because she was so undeniably good looking. It was in vain that he told himself that he cared not a fig for a pale complexion and an intellectual expression; good features and a graceful figure cannot be gainsaid. Theodora was distinctly pretty, and the general, who was sore at the influence Dr. Brakespear had acquired over his son, was enraged when he reflected upon the still greater influence that Miss Brakespear was likely to exert in the future.

"Remember, on no pretext whatever, is Miss Brakespear to stay over the 31," he said.

"I should think she would be only too delighted to go," returned Miss de Laury. "The poor child must have had quite enough of your glowering face."

"But is she going?" demanded the general, a good deal nettled, for he considered himself rather a lady-killer.

"Of course—and most gladly."

"I don't know why she should be glad," grumbled the general. "Most penniless young women are thankful to be boarded and lodged for nothing."

"Most young ladies, rich or poor, are accustomed to being treated with greater attention than you have shown to Theodora."

"I have never been rude to a lady in my life," cried the general indignantly.

Miss de Laury raised her shoulders slightly.

"I consider that you have treated Theodora with the most chilling severity," she said. "Your formality, your unsympathetic demeanor, your imperious voice are enough to make the child wish herself in her grave than in your presence."

"She wants to ruin Arthur," muttered the general

"Your worldliness is only equalled by your lack of chivalry," pursued Miss de Laury. "Take care, William! You may suffer great remorse on your death-bed when you remember how you have maligned this innocent creature."

Now the general hated the subject of his death-bed. He was of opinion that it was a topic of conversation almost indelicate, and decidedly unnecessary, and he writhed when his sister spoke of it familiarly.

"If I have nothing worse on my conscience than my behavior to Miss Brakespear, I shall do very well," he said, crossly, "Pray Matilda, keep your strictures to yourself! Miss Brakespear is a great annoyance to me I admit; but I am not aware that I have treated her with any want of courtesy, and I will not have my conduct called in question. I am a truthful man, and I can't pretend to be attached to a person whom I cordially dislike, and you can't expect it. If Miss Brakespear doesn't like me, she can go. I haven't pressed her to stay," said the general, puffing out his cheeks and distending his nostrils.

Nevertheless, he was ashamed of himself. He went off to smoke a solitary pipe, and reviewing his conduct in the light of his sister's words, he saw that he had been unkind to his young guest. She was timid, and he had not reassured her. Certainly she had dared to love his son, but though this was most presumptous it argued that she had good taste. The general had been calling himself a miserable sinner in church for fifty-five years, and now he called himself a miserable sinner out of church. He was more sorry, indeed, for his inhospitality to Theodora than for all the other sins of omission and commission in his life. He had broken all the commandments—in the spirit, if not in the letter—but none of these aberrations preyed upon him so much as the knowledge that he had distressed the gentle girl under his roof. As by a flash of lightning, the enormity of his behavior was revealed to him, and he saw plainly that he had been cruel to the forlorn orphan. He had been stiff when he should have been tender. The poor general blamed himself with the utmost severity; he felt that he was degraded; there was no further hope of self-esteem in this world, or of salvation in the next.

The general did nothing by halves, and when he met Theodora at dinner, he spoke to her softly, and endeavored to draw her into ordinary conversation. But his efforts were unsuccessful. Theodora did not perceive his drift, and was as nervous and monosyllabic as ever. Truth to tell, his affability bewildered her, and she attributed it to caprice, and perhaps to the relief he experienced at her approaching departure. So he strove to make the amende in vain. He who will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay.

The next day was the annual village fete, when every one, high and low, repaired to the grounds of the Hall and made holiday. Of course the general and Miss de Laury always took part in the festivities, and all the servants went too, and the house was locked up. But this year there was Theodora to be thought of—Theodora who could not go in her deep mourning. At luncheon, the general inquired anxiously what was going to happen.

"Theodora says she doesn't mind staying in the house alone." replied Miss de Laury.

"But I don't know that I can allow that," cried the general, bristling with gallantry.

"Oh, please, please!" entreated Theodora, overturning her wineglass in her trepidation.

The general felt as if he had spilt the claret, and hastened to repair the damage. But Theodora was more upset than the glass. Her slender frame quivered, and she furtively wiped away a tear. The general was filled with compunction.

"Never mind, never mind," he reiterated.

But Theodora was too much agitated to perceive that his manner was altered, and she could eat no more.

"Theodora will be all right," said Miss de Laury. "I shall leave you the key-basket, my dear, and you can make yourself a cup of tea when you like."

The general did not see Theodora again, and he went off to the fete a heart-broken man. On this afternoon he felt that a smile from that melancholy girl would be worth more to him than all the rubies of Burma. He was wretched because he had frightened her; he was miserable because she had misunderstood him. At last his troubled feelings became too much for him, and he resolved to slip away and lay his sorrow and his penitence at Theodora's feet. He was not a man to hesitate. No sooner had he made his decision than he put it into execution, and, stealing away like a schoolboy bent on some nefarious design, he posted to his own home as fast as his feet would carry him.

Meanwhile, Theodora lay on the comfortable couch in Miss de Laury's pretty morning room and lost herself in a reverie. She did not attempt to read, but she took Arthur's letter out of her pocket and held it in her hand, thinking about the writer with a great many heartbeats, and regretting that it was not convenient for Miss de Laury to keep her, until after her nephew's arrival, and grieving bitterly that she had been unable to render herself acceptable to Arthur's father.

"The general hates me," thought the poor girl, "and I could never marry a man whose father did not receive me graciously."

She was very sad. Still, it was a beautiful thought that Arthur loved her —and reading between the lines of Arthur's letter, she could not but believe that he loved her—and at least she must be associated with him when he began to pursue her father's investigations, since many of Mr. Brakespear's papers could only be deciphered and explained by his daughter. Thus the hot summer afternoon wore tranquilly away. Theodora who shook with terror when the general spoke to her or handed her a cup of tea, had no fear

of being alone. She had lived in the village all her life, and knew every person in it, and she felt no nervous apprehensions as to her personal safety. She did not imagine that she heard muffled footsteps on the ground or subdued whispers in the hall; she did not start when the clock clicked convulsively; she felt no anxiety when the dogs in the stable yard barked loudly. She lay in the shaded, lily scented room, with the key basket at her elbow thinking a good deal of her dear father's death and of the general's dislike of her, but a great deal more of Arthur and the sweetness of his letter. Perhaps she fell asleep. Who can determine the exact boundary between day dreaming and the dreams of sleep? At all events it seemed to her that Arthur had come into the room, and now stood looking at her. She opened her eyes suddenly. At the foot of the sofa was a man with a shock head and a bad countenance, clothed in ragged and dirty festian, his hands red and soiled, his boots heavy and hob nailed. He was a stranger to her.

"Where is the key of the storeroom?" he muttered, hoarsely.

Now the storeroom was situated half-way up the stairs—a good sized chamber whose window was strongly barred, and where a quantity of valuable plate was kept, as well as the tea and sugar. Theodora had been inside it many times, and she knew that several hundred pounds worth of old family silver lay there—the general's most precious possessions. In an instant her hand was on the key basket. The tramp made a step forward.

"Drop that!" he growled. "Let's see!"

Theodora withdrew her hand, and her visitor pounced upon the basket and poured its contents on the table. There were two or three bunches of small keys, but there was no key that looked as if it unlocked a room. The man looked up. Theodora had moved toward the window.

"Where's that key?" demanded the ugly fellow, striding across the room.

"Here!" cried Theodora, holding it up between her finger and thumb.

Then, quick as thought, she sprang over the low window sill drew the window down behind her, and sped away through the garden like lightning. She had gained but a second. Instantly the tramp threw up the sash and was after her. Patter, patter went her little feet along the gravel walks and through the shrubberies. Thud, thud went the ponderous tread of the rogue behind her! She was fleet, but he was much stronger. She began to pant, but he knew how to run, and he gained steadily on her. Once she looked behind, and saw him closing in upon her. Then she redoubled her exertions, but she was getting exhausted, and there was an agonizing stitch in her side. She was making for the pond. If she could but reach the pond she would be safe. She could swim, and she would plunge into it without fear; but it was known to be deep and the tramp would hesitate to follow. There she would be safe; for even if the tramp hovered on the bank, over the hill, above the

pond, the general and Miss de Laury would presently come, returning from the Hall.

But would her strength hold out? Her feet seemed to be tied together; her breath came in labored gasps; the pain in her side amounted to anguish. Tramp, tramp, came her pursuer! He was at her heels; she felt his hot breath upon her neck; she felt his rough grasp upon her arm. With one mighty effort, and uttering a piercing cry, she threw the key from her as far as she could.

Splash! It had fallen into the water.

Then Theodora fell to the ground, and lost consciousness.

"I'll pay you out for this!" cried the baffled man.

And he kicked the girl's prostrate form—once, twice—with his terrible boots. But not again! The general had seen it all from the brow of the hill, and now—with the roar as of many lions—he descended.

When Theodora came to herself the general was bending over her with a face whose expression she could not mistake. She smiled faintly.

"I've saved the plate," she murmured. "And the key isn't lost. That was only a blind. It was the key of the back door. The key of the store room is in my pocket."

When she falnted again.

. . . . . .

The 31st of July came, but there was no talk of Theodora leaving the general's house. Several of her ribs were broken, and she lay in bed up stairs.

"How is she?" asked the general for the thousandth time, when his sister came down to tea.

"She is going on very well," replied Miss de Laury. "But it will be some time before she recovers from the shock."

"She is a noble girl—she is a fine creature!" cried the general, enthusiastically. "I hope she has everything she wants, Matilda. I wish no expense spared."

"None shall be spared. I am anxious to get Theodora well, so that she may go."

"Go!" exclaimed the general.

"Yes. You said you should turn her out if she stayed after the 31st."

"I turn her out!" cried the general, distractedly. "I turn out that gallant little thing! Matilda, have you taken leave of your senses? Don't you see that circumstances have altered the case? I won't hear of Miss Brakespear leaving my house. And, Matilda," he added, "if Arthur and she are really in love with each other, I will make things easy for them."

"Much better not," rejoined Miss de Laury, her eyes twinkling: "Arthur had much better turn his thoughts to Jessie Thurton."

"Jessie Thurton !" ejaculated the general. "Why she says herself she would have surrendered the key at once !"

"But she is so pretty, William !"

"Not nearly as pretty as Miss Brakespear."

"And she chaffs you."

"Theodora," said the general, softly, "smiled at me like an angel."

"But she is dreadfully gauche," continued Miss de Laury. "She is spilling things, or throwing them down, or falling over them all day. The kitchen maid couldn't be more awkward. Beware, William ! Those scientific people are never good. In an emergency it's their own skins they always think of."

"Car je le dit et le repete."

"On n'est pas pon quand on est bete."

"But she wasn't bete," said the general, impressively. "She had the key in her pocket all the time."—[*Temple Bar.*

WAITING FOR DAY.

HELEN HAY.

Sweet Lady Night is paling white,
  Why lags her lord and master?
She, weeping, lays her jewels off;
  Ah, may he not come faster?

But, hush —the tender, rosy blush
  Her beauty fair adorning,
Her love steps o'er the mountain's rim,
  They kiss—and here's the morning.

A HERO.

MARY O. ELSTER.

TO have, and then to lose, the sense of sight—that is indeed a misfortunes but as Jack Turner had been blind from birth, he knew no reason why his fingers and his ears were not the best of servants. They told him so many things! He was gifted with an active and imaginative mind, his touch and hearing were especially acute, and Jack was a happy boy.

Probably no one knew, so well as he, the exact location of everything in both house and barn. He had examined the woods and meadows with his sister Kate ever since he could walk, and for miles around the farm house; and roads leading to them were quite familiar to him. Jack lived in a country district of New Jersey, where rocks, hills and rapid mountain streams form the most prominent features of the landscape. Morristown was their nearest postoffice, and this was five miles away. But Jack with the aid of his stick, had traveled many times the different roads that led thither.

The Turner family consisted of but three members—the father and two children. The mother had died when Jack was very young. Kate, some five years older than he, had been house-keeper, nurse, teacher, and everything needful in their little home since the mother left them.

A New Jersey farmer, with no income but that derived from fifty acres of rock land, was not, in the days I write of, a very well-to-do individual. Mr. Turner worked early and late, but plain food and clothing were all he could give his children.

Kate had received a little schooling before her mother's death, and since then her father had encouraged her to read aloud to him evenings, while he made shoes, or mended harness.

Books were few, but the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress could be read many times, and occasionally a volume would be lent them by a neighbor.

Jack's education was the most difficult problem; but when the boy was ten years old an uncle in New York sent him a book printed for the blind; and Kate had, with great patience and care, taught him to read.

The chief need now was more books, and they had no money for such expensive luxuries. Jack had also much musical talent, and an accordion was his only instrument, if we except that divinest of instruments, a voice of rare strength and quality.

Mr. Turner often sighed as he thought of what might be done for Jack had he the money to spend upon the boy's education.

In spite of deprivation, however, Jack was happy. He was now fourteen, tall and strong for his age. Much outdoor exercise and homely fare had made him a very manly boy. And now came the event which made him a hero.

A heavy snow had lain upon the ground for nearly two months, but the January thaw had set in; the streams were flowing madly down the channels, and bridges everywhere were put to the severest test.

The "fresh," as the country people called it, was causing much havoc and alarm. Unfortunately, Mr. Turner had business in Morristown which would admit of no delay.

"If I do not get home to-night, children, it will be for want of a bridge at Jackson's. That bridge is said to be unsafe, and may go down. Do not worry about me. I shall stay at cousin Tom's if all is not safe. Take good care of everything here." And taking old Bill, a strong and trusty horse, and the light top phaeton, he set out early in the day.

Some hours later a heavy rain began and the day wore gloomily away with no signs of clearing. At four lamps were lighted, and when six came the children ceased to look for their father, and began to make ready for the night,

Jack was always the one to go if anything was wanted from the yard or barn in the evening. He knew every step of the way, and it gave him pleasure to be of some use. So he now donned his thick coat, cap and mittens, took his stick and started for the barn.

Kate finished her preparations for breakfast, replenished the fire, and being tired and sleepy, put out the light and went up stairs to bed, leaving the door unlocked for Jack.

Jack made his way through the rain to the barn, and was greeted by an impatient neigh from Dolly, the bay mare, who thought her supper late in coming. He gave her the usual allowance of oats and hay, and brought her a pail of water from the well. Bess, the cow, had her share of attention also. His work completed, he went toward the door which opened to the road to see if it was bolted, when the sound of voices reached his ear. Jack's ears were doubly acute by reason of his blindness, and he distinctly heard some one say in a whisper: "It'll make us trouble if they've gone and bolted the door."

Now, though Jack was no coward, a queer sensation crept over him at these words, and he quickly drew himself into an empty stall close at hand. Another voice now spoke: ',Let's look for a light—nobody'd be about here to-night without a lantern." Having apparently satisfied themselves that the barn was unoccupied they tried the door and stepped inside. It was too

dark to see the hand before the face, so that Jack was secure from detection, if he could keep perfectly quiet; but to him who had always lived in darkness, there came no feeling of security. He could never quite understand why people who had eyes could not see with them at all times. Now in his fright he crouched in a corner of the stall, expecting every moment to be attacked. The two men closed the door, and stepping cautiously along the floor a little way, threw themselves down as if exhausted.

"Bah! a nasty night," said the gruffer voice, which somehow sounded familiar to Jack. "I vow I never want to do business again on such a night. I'm wet to the skin."

"A good night for our trade, Jim," replied the other. "It'd be sharp eyes that could see us, and this rain'll leave no tracks behind. In fact, I consider it a sort of special Providence. Then, there's old Turner off at Morristown; can't get home to-night. Lucky we heard him tell Van Buskirk he was going to stay at Peter's. Ha! ha! Want of bridges don't stop us, though it isn't everybody would dare to crawl across that log at Rocky Point, on such a night as this. I think we shall earn our horse. We ought to get something else to make a square job of it. Are you sure there's nothing at the house?"

"I tell you they're poor as church mice, and I won't scare that girl and blind boy, and make nothing by it." Jack started, for he now recognized the voice as belonging to Jint Walters, who a year or two before had assisted his father in haying and harvesting; and who had a bad name for honesty in the neighborhood. "This Dolly'll pay us for our job," Jim continued. "She's no common horse. I've had my eye on her ever since she was a colt; thought old Turner might as well have the expense of raising her. She'll sell down in York for a cool five hundred; but we'll keep her hidden until the thing's well blown over."

"Tell ye what, Jim," broke in the other, "don't let's leave an empty stall to tell tales. We can accidently drop a spark from our pipe, you know; and they'll look for her bones among the ashes."

"Poor Jack! How the hot blood tingled in his veins as he listened. And there was Bess to be burned! the dear, gentle creature who loved him so, and who lay now chewing her cud just the other side of the partition against which he leaned. He could smell her fragrant breath through the boards. Could he not save her from so horrible a fate? But how? For himself, he had lost all fear, as heroes do when danger presents itself to others dear to them. The thought of losing Dolly and Bess withdrew his mind entirely from his own uncomfortable, and perhaps dangerous situation and inspired him with courage. The voices continued: "We'll stay here and sleep till about three. I'm dead broke, can't go any further. After a good night's rest we'll saddle the mare and be over the mountains before daylight.

Let's crawl into the haymow and turn in; no danger of being disturbed." So saying, they felt their way to the ladder and ascended it. Jack waited until he felt sure they were asleep, then crept softly out the back door, which he had left ajar on entering.

What should he do to rescue Bess and Dolly and to save his father's barn.

The nearest neighbor lived half a mile away, but was at present in New York at work. There were other farm houses within a mile, but the roads were almost impassable at such a time as this. Jack did not dare to attempt to reach them.

The main road to Morristown, he knew was fairly good, and a mile this side of the town lived the sheriff, Mr. Garrignes, a particular friend of his father. But his next thought was that the bridge at Jackson's, this side of there, was gone! Like a flash came the recollection of what the men had said about the log at Rocky Point. Jack knew this place well. It was about a quarter of a mile to the right of the Morristown road. The banks of the stream were here high and bluff-like, and a huge tree, growing on one of the bluffs, had fallen directly across the creek, forming a sort of natural bridge, very strong, and so high above the water as to be in no danger of dislodgment by any rise.

Kate and Jack had often crossed here when berrying—she holding her brother by the hand. He had never ventured over it alone.

"But I can, and I will,'" thought he. "If it is slippery, I can crawl on my hands and knees."

Then he thought of Kate. If she was awake, and became alarmed at his long stay, she might go to the barn. So he entered the kitchen and called at the foot of the stairs: "In bed, Katie?" "Yes," answered she, sleepily. Be sure you lock the door." "I will," said he, feeling guilty at this, his first attempt to deceive his sister. He went out the door, locked it, putting the key in his pocket, and with stick in hand turned his face toward Morristown. The rain fell in torrents and the wind drove it into his poor sightless eyes; it ran in streams from his cap brim, soon soaking every garment. Ah! well for Jack that he was blind, for the vain attempt to pierce this Egyptian darkness—the straining to see his way, instead of being content to feel it, would have been the greatest terror of the journey to one accustomed to seeing.

But the darkness had no terrors for Jack, and the excitement prevented his feeling either wet or cold. His blood was boiling, his cheeks burning. To be sure, the stony road was slippery, and many gullies had been washed across it. More than once did he fall headlong into a pool of mud and water; but he only picked himself up and hastened on. He fancied he saw Kate's grief at the loss of her favorites, and thought of his father's despair if the barn should burn. How slow the progress he made! It seemed to him the

greater the effort the less the headway. In his days journeys he had always been largely guided by the sounds of life along the road or in the fields. Now all was silent as the grave, and he found it necessary to keep near enough the fence to reach it with his stick. But this caused him many a stumble over unexpected obstructions, often hurting himself severely, though he advanced with great caution. How long the road seemed! Should he never reach the creek? At last the top of the hill was gained, and he came to where he must turn off toward Rocky Point. A small stake set upon the fence marked the place.

With his stick swinging from side to side he could keep the narrow path leading to the creek. Now he could hear the rushing and roaring of the usually quiet little streams. Slowly, painfully Jack plodded on. Now his stick touches the upturned roots of the great tree. He ties his staff securely about him, so as to leave his hands free. And now climbing upon the wet and slippery trunk, he proceeds to crawl over the water far below. He is drenched, tired, benumbed with cold, yet he does not for a moment abandon his purpose. Dolly and Bess must be saved, and there is only he to do it. He cannot tell how long he is in crossing—it seems ages. Upon the other side, he sinks exhausted, but thoughts of the danger threatening his home stimulates him. Only half a mile remains, and the worst is passed.

Near midnight the Garrignes household were surprised by hearing the bell.

The servant answering it saw a bedrabbled figure, she hardly knew, for Jack Turner. "I must see Mr. Garrignes," gasped he. "He is in bed.' "Call him! Oh, I am afraid we shall be too late!"

The frightened girl ran to Mr. G's room and told him something dreadful had happened at the Turner's. He hastened to the kitchen, where Jack stood dripping pools of dirty water upon the floor, as he told his story.

"Those are the very fellows we've been looking for these two years. We have suspected them all along—now we have a sure thing of it. Do you know you will get two thousand dollars' reward, Jack?" Poor Jack! It was so sudden, and he was so weak from exposure and toil that he fainted quite away.

On recovering consciousness he found himself being driven rapidly homeward. "The bridge is down!" cried he. "We shall take another road," Mr. G. replied. "There is plenty of time and we have fast horses."

The officers, leaving Jack at the house and their horses some distance below, proceeded to the barn, where they found the men fast asleep, and before they could offer resistance, both were securely ironed. Jack crept softly to bed, and Kate slept on, unconscious of danger. Great was her surprise and Mr. Turner's when they learned next day of Jack's adventure. The prisoners proved to be the long-sought horse thieves and Jack received the reward, which all agreed he had fairly earned.

His father insisted that the money should be devoted to Jack's education; so spring found him in New York with Uncle James, under one of the best music teachers, and for several years he pursued his favorite study; after which he received an appointment as musical instructor in an institute for the blind.

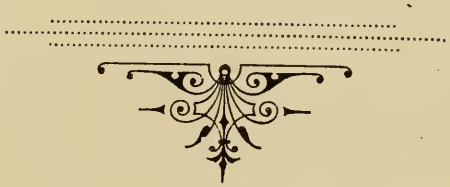
Now when Kate's little daughter climbs upon his knee and asks, "Were you not afraid, Uncle Jack, crossing the creek that dark night on that slippery log?" he laughingly replies: "Why, Edith, to me it was just as light as day!"—[*Union Signal.*

HEART-HUNGER.

ELEANOR M. DENNY.

All day I stood where the thronging crowd went by
With famished heart cloaked in disguising pride,
Disdaining alms, and stifling back the cry
Of agony my spirit scarce could hide.

At night came one whose need was more than mine,
With piteous eyes, and step of weary pain;
For her I poured Love's sacrificial wine,
And lo! my starved heart knew content again.



How One Wife Managed.

OLD saying—"What can't be cured must be endured." New version—"What can't be endured must needs be cured."

A very tired woman was Malvina Weeks, and she said she should never be rested again till she could have the house painted and shingled. Every shower that came over the hills brought hurry and worry with it, for she must take down everything hanging in the lean-to, and set pails in half a dozen places in the attic, and the carpet in the end room had already been taken up because the numerous wettings that it had received were spoiling it, and the brilliant colors were all running together in one indistinguishable blur.

The paint was all off the house in some places and fast coming off in others; in fact, the cottage was in a state of "peel" all over. The neighbors had begun to speak about it, and say to Malvina how nice it would look painted in light colors. And down at the sewing circle one lady had heard that she was going to have her house painted, and another asked "if she'd got to hev paintin' done this fall!"

When she returned from that meeting, she decided she would not attend another till the house was either painted or she could say with truth that she expected it would be.

She had asked and asked John to have it done, and for two years she had asked in vain. First, John must have a new barn, for "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," and then he must have a new binder, for it would save half the time, and he would need but one man.

In vain she told him the house leaked, in vain she told of the peeling paint, in vain she bewailed the new rag carpet ruined by the dripping water, and said how tired she was of setting pails, and how afraid even to go to the nearest neighbor for fear of a sudden shower and no one at home to attend to it.

Now his last refusal was ringing in her ears, and the poor woman, tired out with the numerous cares of a farmer's wife, just sat down and cried. But if you think a woman's tears end the matter, you are much mistaken. The tears are only the beginning.

When she wanted anything done, John was always ready to start for the poor-house, and was quite sure that anything laid out on the house, inside or out, was only so many paving stones on the road to the great, roomy old

farm-house where the dozen or so poor and crippled ones of the town were cared for.

The first time she asked him timidly if he didn't think the house needed paint, he said, "Yes, I do; but we should go to the poorhouse if we got everything we fancied."

When she wondered if he couldn't have the roof patched, he said, "No, he couldn't lay out nothin' this year, for that binder had jest about swamped him, an' he calc'lated he'd have ter go ter the poorhouse if he kep' on spendin' money."

She heard about the poorhouse till she was tired of it, and one day when she was out in the berry pasture, she sat down and looked at the building which could be seen in the distance just over the hill, and, with a queer feeling at her heart, she thought if she did have to go to the poorhouse, it would not be such a bad place to stay in, after all.

Next day she went about her work very quietly, and stole away in the afternoon to Widow Smith's for a little while. The second day she made one more effort. "Don't you think you could have something done to the roof after you get the harvest out of the way, John?"

"If you want to go to the poorhouse, you can, I don't," was the concise answer.

When John came in at night, his supper was ready, but his wife was not to be seen. He thought she would be in in a moment, but after resting a while and seeing no sign of her, he decided to eat, as she had probably been called to some one of the neighbors. On his plate lay a note:

Dear John: I have made arrangements with Widow Smith to come in three times a week and cook the vituals and clean up the house while I am away. ("Good land, where's she goin'?") I was looking at the poorhouse the other day from the Blue Hill pasture, and it did look so nice that I thought if I'd got to go there, I might as well go there now. It has just been painted, and I asked Goody Blake if it leaked, and she said no; and I'm going to ask Mis' Grove to let me keep the end room for you, for I s'pose it won't be many weeks before you'll come, too. That room looks right down on the medder that leads to our back door, and I think if it's empty she'll keep it for you, for she's always ben real accommodatin' ter me.

Don't forgit to take down the coats in the lean-to, and set the pails quick as you can, for it does come in like sixty when it begins. I shall work for my keep there, and if they allow paupers to go vlsitin', I shall come over when I ken.

Your affectionate wife,

MALVINA WEEKS.

"Wal, I never see the beat o' that!"

He ate his meal in silence, trying to digest the fact that his wife had taken his frequent allusions to the poorhouse in earnest, and thought if she

had to enter the house sometime, she might as well take advantage of the condition of her own home and avail herself of its shelter at once. "Who'd a thought she would?" was a question he asked himself over and over as he took the pails and went out to milk.

As he came back, he noticed the scaling paint and the bare sashes, and said to himself, "It looks wus'n I thought it did." Then he remembered his last remark to her, that she could go to the poorhouse if she wanted to, he didn't. She had taken him at his word.

Just at dusk, the keeper of the poorhouse drove up, and stopping before the house, said to the man sitting on the doorstep, "Hello, Weeks, met with reverses?"

"No, not 'specially. Why?"

"Wal, Mis' Weeks she cum up an' talked with my wife alone, and asked if she might stay and help her a spell, an' my wife's real glad she's come, cos she does think your wife knows a leetle the most about doin' pickles an' things of anybody round, an' she put her in the spare room, an' sent me down to see you."

John chewed a straw vigorously while he wondered what Mr. Grove thought, and what excuse he, one of the largest tax-payers in town, could make for sending his wife to the poorhouse. He tried to seem perfectly easy as he said, "Wal, the fact is, I told her she could go. I'm goin' ter hev the house shingled and painted, an' I thought's long's the smell o' paint makes her sick, I'd get her out of the way; but I 'xpect she'll be some s'prised, cos I didn't let on that I was goin' ter hev it done."

"All right, neighbor, I won't say nothin' 'bout it," and turning the horse he drove away, but he wondered, and muttered to himself that "'twas curis doin's, and he bet there was suthin' that *he* warn't told."

However, the next time he passed the Weeks place, there were men at work on the roof, and men paintiug the kitchen inside, and he thought the front room was being papered, but he could not quite tell.

Meanwhile Vina was homesick, and though she went into the end room and looked out on the meadow that she knew reached her home just out of sight beyond the woods, it only made the tears come faster, and she wondered if she couldn't have stood the leaks and the peeling paint a little longer, and then, perhaps, she might have coaxed John.

John was homesick, too, and hurried the carpenters and painters till they made jokes among themselves about his impatience. The home was not home with Vina gone, and he thought perhaps she might get so used to living in a big house that she would never again care for the little house she called home so long.

With fear and trembling he harnessed the horse, put on his best suit of clothes, and started for the poorhouse. "She's awful sot, an' ef she's tuk a

notion she's a going ter live in that big poorhouse, nothin'll fetch 'er back. Mebbe if I told her I'd build a house next year, she'd come." So he tried to go over all the argument he would use with the woman who was more ready to return than he could possibly be to have her.

She sat on the back porch knitting, when Mrs. Grove called her to answer the door-bell, for her hands were in the bread. John Weeks's argument fled, for Malvina threw her arms around his neck and sobbed·

"I've been so lonesome, oh, John!"

And he patted her shoulder and said, "So've I, Viny, so've I."

Then when she could think she said, with a curious expression on her face, "Have you come to stay?"

"No. I say, Viny, I'm willin'—I'll do anything—I'll build a house if you'll only come back to live. Mis Smith can't make bread fit to chew!"

Happy woman that went riding down the valley by John's side, and told him of her stay in the poorhouse. Happy John when they came out beyond the woods, and the cottage with its new paint and bright blinds looked at them, for then Viny put her head down on his shoulder, and cried that she would never go away again, and that it was all wrong for her to go when she did.

And he said very gruffly, "It was all right, and she could go again whenever she wanted to, if she'd only come back when he come after her."

She does not look longingly at the big poorhouse now, and John never mentions it. Malvina has had the sewing circle meet in the parlor, and she took them all over the house, and showed them the new paint and paper, till some one declared, "John Weeks couldn't be called stingy about the house, anyway."

Vina repeated it to him, with this addition: "I do like to have folks think wal of ye, John."—[*The Household.*

The Love Cure.

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

THE windows of the great house were darkened, the door-bell was muffled, and the pavement in front strewn with rushes, while the physician's carriage waited long outside.

In the hushed chamber Mrs. Allison lay still with closed eyes. Doctor and nurse bent over her in anxious ministration, but the expression of the wan features never altered, and, beyond a faint monosyllable elicited with difficulty in reply to a question, no words came from the pallid lips. The watchers exchanged significant glances.

"I will be back in an hour," said the doctor, looking at his watch.

As he stepped into the hall, a waiting figure came forward to meet him.

"How is she now, doctor?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Shall we go into the next room, Mr. Allison?" said he. "I will speak with you there."

The two men sat down facing each other, Mr. Allison grasping the arms of his chair as if to steady himself. The lines of his strong, masterful face were drawn, and drops stood on his forehead.

"May I venture to ask you a delicate question, Mr. Allison?" said the physician. "Can it be that some secret grief or anxiety is preying upon your wife's mind?"

"Secret grief—anxiety? Certainly not! My dear doctor, how could you imagine such a thing?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Allison. It occurred to me only as the remotest possibility. The facts of the case are these: the force of Mrs. Allison's disease is broken, and she is absolutely without fever. Yet she shows no sign of rallying. On the contrary, she constantly grows weaker. It is impossible to arouse her. There seems to be not only no physical response to the remedies employed, but she apparently lacks even the slightest interest in anything, including her recovery. Unless this condition be speedily changed—which appears altogether unlikely—I can no longer offer any hope. The patient is evidently drifting away from us, while we stand powerless to hold her back."

Mr. Allison groaned aloud and laid his face in his hands. The physician rose, and, after a few sympathetic expressions, left him alone.

Meanwhile, in the sick-room, the nurse busied herself with conscientious care about her charge. There was no perceptible movement in the outlines of the quiet form lying upon the bed, and the skilled watcher had no suspicion that behind the shut eyelids and apathetic features mind and spirit were still active.

"It isn't so hard to die, after all," ran the slow current of the sick woman's thought. "It is easier than to live. One grows tired, somehow, after so many years. It seems sweet just to stop trying, and—let go! I have accomplished so little of all I meant to do, but—the Lord understands!

"The children will miss me for awhile—poor dears—but sorrow isn't natural to young people. I'm not necessary to them as I was when they were little. It would have been dreadful to leave my babies, but now—it is different. Helen has her lover—Roger is a good man, and they will be going into a home of their own before long. And Dorothy—so beautiful and such a favorite—her friends must comfort her. And the boys—somehow they seem to have grown away from me a bit. I oughtn't to mind it. It must be so. I suppose, as boys grow into men. It will be harder for their father; but he is so driven at the office—especially since he went into politics—that he can't have time to mourn as he would have mourned, years ago—when we were first married. How happy we were—so long—so long ago—in the little house on Carlton Street, where Helen was born! Henry has been a rising man. Any woman might be proud to be his wife. Somehow I've hardly kept pace with him, but I've loved him—loved him!"

The air of the room had grown heavy, and the nurse set the door ajar. A sound of suppressed voices reached her ear, and she glanced anxiously towards the bed, but the sick woman showed no sign of consciousness.

"I need not close the door," she said to herself- "She hears nothing."

Once more skill and training were at fault. That which, in the nurse's ears, was only an indistinct murmur, to the nerve-sense sharpened by illness slowly separated itself into words which made their way to the consciousness awake and alert in the weak frame, as if spoken along some invisible telephone-line of the spirit.

"O Helen!" Could it be Dorothy's voice so broken and sobbing? "No hope! Did the doctor say that?"

"None, unless her condition changes—those were his words, father told me." The words dropped drearily like the trickling of water in a cave.

"But she was better yesterday!" That was Rob, the handsome young collegian who had been summoned home when his mother's illness began to cause apprehension.

"So it seemed. But she does not rally—she takes no notice."

"But she can't be going—to *die*—and leave us! She wouldn't do such a

thing—*Mother!*" The tones of sixteen-year-old Rupert were smitten through with incredulous horror.

"I don't understand it," answered the older sister. "She is 'drifting away,' the doctor says. O Dorothy? O boys!" she said, in a low, intense voice, "we haven't any of us looked after mother as we ought. We have always been so used to having her do for *us*. I have been miserably selfish since—since I had Roger. I didn't mean it, but I see it all now."

"You haven't been one-half so selfish as I," sobbed Dorothy. "Here have I been rushing here and there, evening after evening, and she often sitting by herself! I must have been out of my mind! As if all the parties and concerts in the world were worth so much to me as mamma's little finger!"

"And I've been so careless about writing her regularly." There was a break in Rob's voice. "There was always something or other going on out of study-hours, and I didn't realize. It was so easy to think mother wouldn't mind. And now—why, girls, I never could go back to college at all if there weren't to be any more letters from mother!"

"I haven't kissed her good-night for ever so long," said Rupert. "I'd got a fool-notion that it was babyish. I always used to think I couldn't go to bed without it. I wonder if she ever missed it. I've seen her look at me sometimes when I started up-stairs. What sort of a place would this be without mother? I never could stand it—never! I should want to run away—or drown myself!"

The door of the sick-room opened a little wider, and Mr. Allison entered noiselessly.

"Is there any change?" he whispered

"Apparently none, Mr. Allison. She lies all the time like this. One hardly knows whether it be sleep or stupor."

"How long"—the strong man, choking, left the question unfinished.

"It is hard to say," answered the nurse pitifully. "But she has lost much within the last twenty-four hours."

The husband knelt at the foot of the bed, behind a screen which had been placed to shade the sick woman's face from the light, and rested his head upon the coverlet.

"My little Nellie!" he moaned, as if unconscious of any other presence in the room. "My rose of girls—my bride—the mother of my children—the heart of my heart! Spare her yet to me, O God! that I may have time to teach her how much dearer she is to me than money or lands or honors! Take her not—"

"Mr. Allison!"

It was the nurse who touched him. There was a quiver of suppressed excitement in her voice. He rose to his feet. His wife's eyes were open—the pallid features illuminated. One wasted hand moved feebly towards him

across the white counterpane. He fell again on his knees, and pressed the thin fingers to his lips.

"Henry—darling"—the faint, thrilling voice seemed to come from very far away—"don't grieve—any more! I am going—to get well!"

Long afterwards the doctor and nurse would sometimes recall together the unexpected recovery of Mrs. Allison.

"It was no cure of mine," the doctor would say. "Medicine had nothing to do with it. She was as nearly gone as she possibly could be without actually ceasing to breathe, when she simply made up her mind to live! A marvelous case!"

Not so marvelous, perhaps, good physician! Only a righting for once of the disordered sequence of this topsy-turvy world!

If the words of love and appreciation which beat so vainly at the closed bars of the coffin-lid were spoken oftener into the living ears, how many other weary feet might turn again from "the valley of the shadow!"—[*Advance.*

A GENTLE WORD.

A kindly word and a tender tone,
To only God is their virtue known:
They can lift from the dust the abject head;
Can turn a foe to a friend instead;
The heart close barred with passion and pride,
Will fling at their knock it portals wide;
The hate that blights and the scorn that sears,
Will melt in a fountain of love and tears.
  What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
    What rivers of love been stirred,
  By a word in kindness spoken—
    By only a gentle word.

From a Trip Around the World.

BY THE FAMOUS TRAVELERS E. AND E. AND THEIR EQUALLY FAMOUS SERVANTS S. AND P.

FIRST DAY IN PARIS.

IF London is entitled to be crowned king of the cities of the world, gay and beautiful Paris is equally entitled to be called the queen of cities. As queen, she certainly enjoys to the utmost her privilege of making herself attractive, for nowhere is to be found a more perfect paradise for pleasure-seekers. Here may be found the freshest thought, the latest luxury, and as the leader of fashion, she has no rival.

In the language of a celebrated traveler, "Each window is an exhibition of art; each square the center of some carnival; at every step we seem to hear the exclamation of the votaries of joy, Triumphal arches here amaze us, columns appeal to us, statues attract us, theatres invite us, and art museums tempt us to behold their treasures, glowing upon canvas or crystallized in the marble. Gardens and parks lure us within their shaded haunts, where music floats among the trees. The boulevards, with their swift currents of tumultuous life, sweeping in opposite directions or circling in brilliant eddies in each open square, confuse and dazzle us as we behold them; while, best of all, historical associations add substantial charms to these ephermeral delights."

As the traveler through Egypt, is everywhere impressed with the greatness of the Egyptian conqueror, Rameses the Great, so in Paris we are repeatedly brought face to face with some memorial, work of art, beauty, or utility of the Great Napoleon, until we feel that the proud spirit of this wonderful genius, still pervades the whole atmosphere of the metropolis of France.

Looking down from the Eiffel Tower, we are in a position to obtain a bird's-eye view of Paris. We see an immense city which is surrounded by ramparts twenty-one miles long and the River Seine which runs through it, winding and doubling so much that there are seven miles of it within the city walls. While here our attention is called to the historic church of Notre Dame situated on an island in the centre of the Seine about two miles distant. We are told that two thousand years ago, both sides of the river were lined with forests, and on this island were the primitive dwellings of the warlike tribe which was vanquished with difficulty by Cæsar in his con-

quest of Gaul. From these brave warriors known as the Parisii, the city gets its name, for upon this island the city of Paris had its beginning. This famous cathedral although a noble specimen of Gothic architecture is not so attractive in appearance as some that may be seen elsewhere, but it is connected with so many events in the history of France that our interest is at once excited. We recall that this building has replaced the altar of these barbarians and the Pagan temple of the Romans. For more than seven hundred years, prayers have been offered from this shrine to God.

We see in our imagination the splendid pageantry of royal weddings and of coronations and hear the voices which have echoed here. The statues of the old French kings, which upon closer inspection may be seen standing above the pointed doorways, are not the original, as they were broken in pieces by the mob at the time of the Revolution and have since been replaced by new. Not only were the statues of her kings destroyed, but religion too, was banished from this ancient structure and it became a Temple of Rationalism. It was due to the wisdom of Napoleon if not to his regard for religion that Notre Dame was rededicated to the service of God. For recognizing the value of religion to a nation, he summoned the faithful priests who had languished for years in the French dungeons, reinstated them, and re-established religion throughout France.

But let us come back to the realization of the present and think of the structure from the top of which we are obtaining this magnificent view. The Eiffel Tower which was the wonder and chief attraction of the Paris Exposition of 1878, still stands as the greatest achievement of engineering skill, reaching by far to the greatest altitude of any structure ever reared by man. "It is astonishing to learn that forty draughtsmen worked for two years on the fifteen thousand different sections of this tower, each of which required a separate design, exact to the one hundredth part of an inch. In one hour, two thousand, three hundred persons can be lifted by the elevators to the first and second galleries and seven hundred and fifty to the top. Upon the steps, and in its corridors, restaurants, shops and theatre, ten thousand people can assemble at one time. When crowded, therefore, the Eiffel Tower is like a vertical city,—a metropolis in a tube a thousand feet in length, and letters posted there by its aërial citizens descend and go forth to the world by all the daily mails."

To see the city in detail, if we follow the example set by most tourists, we will go immediately to the great and by many said to be the most magnificent square in the world, the Place de la Concorde. We will approach this square by crossing a bridge over the River Seine to the northern side. Standing on the bridge and looking directly in front of us, we see the obelisk of Luxor on either side of which are two beautiful fountains; and on every hand handsome statuary on tall pedestals.

Forty artistic shafts in bronze hold up around this area at night their torches of illumination. Advancing until we come within the shadow of this great Egyptian obelisk, we are told that we are standing on the spot where once stood the terrible guillotine which, during the reign of terror in the days of the Revolution, decapitated two thousand eight hundred persons among whom were the French king, Louis XVI and his wife, Marie Antoinette. As the heads of their king and queen and the nobles of France one after another fell into a common basket, the jeering mob filling this noble square, sent up cheer after cheer as though intoxicated and frenzied with excitement and blood thirstiness. But now we see only the gay and fashionable Parisianers, laughing and jesting as they go about crossing this square in every direction; while here and there vehicles of every description may be seen, making altogether a picturesque and lively scene.

Turning to our right we approach as we go to the east, the garden of the Tuileries, which belonged to the royal palace of that name before it was burned by the Communists in 1871. This is now a beautiful park, sparkling with fountains and shaded by long lines of trees. Here several times a week during the summer may be heard delightful military music.

Bordering this park is the Rue de Rivoli where serges a constant throng of tourists from all parts of the world before a mile of tempting shops and grand hotels; and the arches echo to a babel of strange tongues, in which at times the English dominates all others, even French. An American need never fear of not being understood or of being unable to make his wants known in his own language while in Paris. A witty traveler once said, "In Paris when I do not wish to be understood, I speak in French."

Crossing the great square and going westward, we enter a broad and magnificent street, a mile and a third in length, called the Avenue des Champs Elysées. Here for half a mile on either side, are pleasure grounds beautifully laid out and planted with trees; and for the rest of the way it runs between two double rows of trees to the Arch of Triumph of the Star built by Napoleon Bonaparte to commemorate his victories. The reason for its name is evident when one considers its position; for from this as a centre, radiate like points of a star, no less than twelve grand avenues, each one of which is so spacious and majestic as not to lose much by comparison with the Champs Elysées. The entrance to Paris from this side is the most imposing in the world. When Paris fell into the hands of the Germans at the close of the Franco Prussian War in 1871, the conquering army entered the city and marched through this arch of triumph it is said in this way the more to humiliate the French people.

This arch is built in the style of the old Roman triumphal arches, but nevertheless surpasses them in its proportions and in the superb effect that it produces. "Around the summit, one hundred and sixty feet above the pave-

ment, is a series of medallions, each of which bears the name of some important battle-field; and on the sides are numerous marble tableaux in relief, portraying notable events in Bonaparte's campaigns. On each of the pilasters is a colossal group of statuary, the most remarkable of which portrays France calling on her children to take arms in her defense. Another represents Napoleon crowned by Victory. Beside him kneels a suppliant figure, symbolic of a vanquished nation; behind him history records his exploits on her tablets, while over him triumphant Fame proclaims them to the world.

We must now turn the head of our automobile towards the place where we are served with the most delightful and appetizing dishes which the French cooks know so well how to prepare. On our way back we glance toward the Latin quarter where may be found students from all parts of the world.

This capital city is one of the most instructive places in all Europe to the student of religion, art, literature, history, science, education, law, medicine, industry, trade, commerce, and politics.

Thus endeth our first day in Paris. In the next number of TALKS AND TALES, we will give the readers a sketch of our second day's sight-seeing.

I honor the man who is ready to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

"Donzie and I."

HELEN MARR CAMPBELL.

A tribute of affection to my pet dog. Six years ago he came up to me in the street one night, and being evidently alone, and taking kindly to my advances, I called him into the house, and he has been all that a dog could be, lacking the power of speech. I named him "Don Quixote," in honor of his being a "night errant."

Donzie and I, are comrades true;
Ah many the joys we have shared together,
His faith is unerring, his faults but few;
His gratitude springs from love's source ever new;
We'll be friends mid the wind and the weather,
Donzie and I.

Donzie and I have our days of delight,
Ah many's the time we have gathered life's treasures;
His care is so constant, his stand for the right,
Is so brave and unswerving that naught can affright,
We'll be friends mid life's sunshine and pleasures,
Donzie and I.

Donzie and I, have our dark days and sad,
When the slow rain falls and the poor heart seems breaking,
But his trust never wavers, no matter how sad
Be the strife, and the struggle, right loving and glad
Does he follow. We'll share hope's awaking,
Donzie and I.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

A COMMUNICATION.

EDITOR TALKS AND TALES:

Please allow me to dissent from several statements in the article on Tommy Stringer in your June number, credited to the *Washington Star*. I do not think that saying that Tommy's father "deserted" him is warranted. Doubtless the father turned the son over to somebody, or some institution, for care, and what else could a widower working for his daily bread do? That there was no institution fitted to receive him, that one for the blind could not take him because he was deaf, nor one for the deaf because he was blind, is a mistake as any school of either class, in the United States could take him and educate him, if money for the special teacher was provided. I do not know whether any application was ever made to the Institution for the blind in Pittsburg, but I *do* know that the Institution in that city, for the deaf, was never consulted about him, and as the Institution for the blind was in temporary quarters at the time, it was not well fitted then for such pupils. That there is, or should be, special institutions for the education of the deaf-blind, is a bit of nonsense that I regret to see has even invaded the ranks of professional educators.

I happen to know very well, the beginning of Helen Keller's work for Tommy's education, as she heard of Tommy at my house, it was her letter to me saying "that the policeman who killed Lioness, could not have known what a good dog she was, or he would not have done it" (killed her), and my publication of that letter in *Forest and Stream*, that led to the fund for Tommy being raised, and I received the first money contributed, from my friend, C. E. Bunn, Esq., of Peoria, Ill., therefore I feel warranted in saying that no member of the British Royal family offered to replace her dog, although my good friend, George R. Krehl, Esq., editor of *The London Stock-Keeper*, did write that offer to me, and he raised a very respectable sum of money in England for the "Tommy Fund." As a friend of the deaf-blind, I am constantly exasperated by the rank follies of exaggerations constantly published about them, such, for instance as that Helen passed her examinations when she did not know the print the exam. papers were in. The deaf-blind are very interesting, and such as Helen Keller, Linnie Haguewood and Katie M'Girr, are exquisitely lovely (and I think Madeline Wallace must be none less lovely) and Helen, in mentality and beauty of character, is a phenomenon, while Katie's exquisite loveliness of mind and heart comes close to phenomenal, and Linnie's sweetness and strong practical sense, is remarkable even among normal persons, and they do not need any magnifications to make them attractive.

I would add one more point, that it is not generally recognized how great Dr. Howe's work with Laura Bridgeman was; Not only was his the first attempt at systematic education of a deaf-blind person, but the attempt was made right in the teeth of opinions of men distinguished in literature and science, that such education was impossible. At the time Dr. Howe took Laura Bridgeman in hand, James Mitchell, the first deaf-blind person whose case was carefully reported on, was still living in England, and he had been seen and considered by such eminent men as Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Astley Cooper the surgeon, and Mr. Vaughan the eminent oculist, all of whom seem to have concluded that nothing could be done to educate him. This conclusion was the more remarkable in that Mitchell's sister had already taught him so many things, that it should have been evident that a very fair education could have been given him.

It is curious that it does not strike us at once that as the deaf are made to understand talking, by sight, that the deaf and blind, can be taught the same by touch. Which leads to the statement that schools for, and instructors of, the deaf are decidedly the best fitted for the education of the deaf-blind, as the first step in their education must be opening communication with them, that being also the first step with the deaf, and further, there is that hidden sympathy between the deaf, that the hearing cannot take the place of, and the deaf-blind feel this no less than the sighted deaf, and while our schools for the

blind have educated many deaf-blind and have done it thoroughly well, they cannot, in the very nature of things, supply this want of communication with other deaf, that the deaf-blind require.

Yours truly,

Oakmont, Pa., June 1, 1900. W. WADE,

Attention is called to the following which appeared in the "Hartford Daily Courant" and "Hartford Daily Times," May 16th, 1900. The work spoken of in these articles is the outgrowth of the work for the Adult Blind begun in Connecticut.

"F. E. Cleaveland has returned from Washington, where through the efforts of himself and others a bill has been put through Congress for the establishment of an industrial school for the adult blind of the District of Columbia. It is to be known as the Columbia Polytechnic Institute for the Blind, and the bill appropriates $5,000 for the first year's expenses in 'the instruction and employment of the adult blind.' In the articles of incorporation it is provided that there shall always be on the board of trustees at least three of the educated blind men of the country, so that the interests of the blind who are instructed at the institution may be looked after from the view-point of the blind.

"Following are the incorporators: The Rev. Dr. H. M. Couden, the blind chaplain of the House; Senator Joseph R. Hawley; Justice David J. Brewer of the United States supreme court; J. W. Bishoff, the blind organist and composer, who has been the organist for many years at Dr. Newman's church in Washington; The Right Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Washington; Frank E. Cleaveland, the blind lawyer of Hartford; the Rev. James E. Mackin of the Roman Catholic church in Washington, E. S. Parker, president of a national bank and trust company; Judge J. M. Wilson, a prominent lawyer of the district; Lieutenant Commander Fred A. Miller, U. S. N.; H. F. Kauffman, principal owner of the *Washington Star*; Beriah Wilkins, principal owner of the *Washington Post*; the Rev. Richard P. Williams, rector of Trinity Church; the Rev. Alexander McK. Smith, rector of St. John's Church; Colonel Frank S. Colton, U. S. A., retired; Dr. S. O. Ritchie and H. R. W. Miles.

'Much interest was aroused in the work in Washington. Mr. Cleaveland learned of 200 adult blind people in the district, about 40 of whom were in the habit of begging and 16 were in the poor house. All except three or four were dependent upon relatives. Many of these are educated and would be able to maintain themselves with a little chance. Temporary quarters and an exhibition of work have been established at No. 915 E. street, N. W. The association has something over 1,100 members, and a woman's auxiliary

has been formed by about 200 prominent Washington ladies. They will co-operate with the trustees, and it is intended to give a bazar and exhibition in the fall, at which will be shown representations of advanced work by the blind from all over the country.

"Dr. Couden, the blind chaplain, has promised to give Mr. Cleaveland four nights in Connecticut when Congress adjourns, and it is intended that Hartford shall be one of the cities where he will speak."—*Courant.*

The Hartford Times adds to the above, the following: "The work for the adult blind in the United States is essentially a pioneer work. For more than sixty years philanthropic citizens have had their attention directed to the education of blind children, more with the view of ameliorating their condition and giving them the advantage of education than from any thought of their eventually becoming qualified to maintain themselves. The result has been that nine out of every ten have been compelled to rely on the assistance of friends or become public charges and mendicants after leaving such institutions.

"There are nearly 70,000 blind in the United States, and out of this number it can be safely said that 2,000 are self-sustaining. Most of these have never received instruction in institutions for the blind, but 90 per cent. through their own endeavors, have succeeded to a wonderful degree in overcoming the difficulties of blindness by engaging in some self-supporting occupation. The real obstacle in the way of self-support for the able-bodied blind person is the lack of knowledge of occupations suited to them on the part of the public.

"An institution which in itself shall be a model training school and at the same time a bureau of information, located at the nation's capital, where Congressmen and visitors from all parts of the country may become acquainted with the facts and actual needs of the blind, is indispensable to this educational movement.

"Forty years ago a school for the deaf, dumb and blind was established in Washington. Afterwards the blind children were turned over to the Maryland school for the blind. The Washington institution (continued for the deaf and dumb) has proved to be one of the greatest philanthropic achievements of the country, Congress having expended more than $500,000 upon it.

"Twenty years ago Dr. Campbell, an eminent blind physician, made an unsuccessful attempt to found an institute for the blind in Washington, but Congress and the public were not then ready to accept the plan. He afterwards visited England and has established the Royal Normal College for the Blind.

"F. E. Cleaveland was commissioned a year and a half ago by the National Association of Educators of the Blind to visit Washington in the interest of

the Blind, and since that time has visited the city a dozen or more times. In his visits he has ascertained that there are more than 200 blind people in the District of Columbia, and very few of them self-supporting.

"The new Polytechnic Institute has secured temporary quarters and will give an exhibition of work. A bazaar, to be undertaken by more than 200 of the leading ladies of Washington, is to be held in December."

The following letter from Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, explains itself:

U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1, 1900.

DEAR MR. CLEAVELAND:

I am glad to congratulate you upon your success thus far. I shall try to attend the first meeting of the trustees of the Columbia Polytechnic Institute for the Blind, and think I can easily do so.

Very truly yours,

J. R. HAWLEY.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Our Heroes.

"Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right.
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.

Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he couquers,
A cheer to the boys who says "No!"

ROLAND'S PRESENT.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

"WHAT is the matter, dear?" asked mamma, when she entered the room and saw a very dismal-looking little boy standing before the window.

"Nuffin' much, mamma," answered little Roland. But brave as he tried to be, mamma knew that he was almost crying, and taking him upon her lap she questioned him tenderly.

"The boys don't want me to play with them," he said at last; "they say I'se too small, and they are whittling splendid things, and I wanted to whittle, too, and they said they couldn't have me wasting their wood, and I couldn't have the littlest piece, nor any knife nor nuffin'," he sobbed.

"Don't cry, dear; mamma has some nice wood, and you can sit right in here and whittle. Let's spread a paper down, and you and I will have a fine time making things; let's make a boat?"

Roland soon forgot his grief, and, with mamma's help, he made a nice little boat, that floated very well on a basin of water.

"I am sorry, boys," said mamma, "that you are not nicer to your little brother. I hope if Roland ever has any wood he will be more generous with it."

The bigger boys, Fred and Charlie, hung down their heads and looked ashamed.

For their Christmas present, Fred and Charlie had a nice sloyd work-bench with knives and many other tools. Little Roland had a sloyd knife, too, but what do you think he had for his biggest present?

Why, he had a whole bunch of shingles! just think of it! two hundred and fifty shingles, and all his very own!

Now he had plenty of wood, and did not have to ask any of the big boys

for any, instead, they often begged wood of him. I am glad to say that Roland is very good, and gives them all they want.

Such nice times as they have playing together now, all cutting and whittling boats and many other things.

"I think I have just the nicest kind of a present," said Roland one day: "I wonder who tells Santa Claus just what little boys want. I think the mammas and papas must have someing to do about it, don't you think so, mamma"?

"Yes, indeed," said mamma, "I really do think so".—*The Household.*

A little girl in Dublin has thought of a bright plan for doing good. She has suggested that every child in the United Kingdom by the name of Dorothy, which is her own pretty name, of course, shall contribute one shilling toward the establishment of a child's bed in a certain hospital. This suggestion has already met with enthusiasm by many children, and the "Dorothy fund" will probably be more than enough for the purpose intended. The proposal of this little girl has awakened interest in other children also, and "Mary" and "Margery" collections have also been started, with indications of future success. This is a good thought and worthy of attention, and the little girl who first proposed it has doubtless started a plan that will be far-reaching in its results.—*Union Signal.*

THE USEFUL DOG.

A Boston street scene is described by the Herald. The participants were a young woman, a horse and a St. Bernard dog. The dog, as will be seen, had the leading part.

The young woman, with a handful of letters, approached a letter-box, to which some one had, very improperly, hitched a horse. As the woman stepped forward, the horse put his ears down and snapped at her.

Speaking to him was of no avail, and for a minute the woman looked annoyed. Then she looked round, put a silver whistle to her lips and blew a shrill blast. A moment later a big, shaggy, buff-and-white, St. Bernard came lumbering along, with many demonstrations of good nature. She pointed to the horse.

"Hold him, Don," she said.

The dog jumped at the horse, seized in his powerful jaws the nearest rein close by the bit, and by main strength held the animal's head down. The young lady stepped up to the post, deliberately looked over her letters, and slipped them into the box one by one, while the horse was striving with all his might to release himself. Then she stepped back and said, "That'll do, Don," and resumed her promenade.

The St. Bernard released the rein, cleverly dodged a blow from the horse's forefoot, avoided a bite aimed at his back, gave a farewell bark at his discomforted antagonist, and lumbered on after his mistress.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

SELECTED MATTER.

"The Other Side."

We go our way in life too much alone,
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan,
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often, where distress and want abide,
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet to guide,
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten and the sick and sore,
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs;
Instead, we look about—the way is wide—
And so we pass upon the other side.

O friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you, listen to the thrilling call.
You can not in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltlessly upon the other side.

DURING the winter days the wild creatures of the woods and fields and watery places of Florida enjoy sunshine and balmy weather, and there are many queer animals among them, some of which are not found in the north. One of the most curious of these native inhabitants of the "flowery land" is the "trading mouse." This little creature derives its name from its peculiar habit of carrying things away and always leaving something in exchange. It inhabits houses and the woods, and there is nothing that it can handle which it will not try to carry off. If it succeeds it will leave what it evidently thinks is a fair equivalent. Frequently a trading mouse will carry a quantity of beans, for instance, and will leave a pile of weed seeds that it has gathered in the meadow. The object of the mouse seems to be to put something in place of the stolen articles in order that the latter may not be missed. It has been known to steal jewelry and leave small bits

of wood and weed stalks where the jewelry has been. The trading mice are similar in appearance to our common mice and, like them, prefer to travel about in darkness.

"I HAVE seen thousands of persons die under all sorts of circumstances, and never yet have I seen one display any fear of death." This remarkable statement was made the other day by a physician who has practiced many years in Philadelphia, and who has seen a great deal of hospital service. "It is a popular fallacy", he went on, "to imagine that a death-bed scene is even terrible, other than as a parting between loved ones. The fear of the unknown is never present at the last. Even amid ignorance and vice I have never experienced such scenes as a novelist, who strives after realism, will sometimes picture. When a patient is told that he cannot recover and the end is near he invariably seems resigned to his fate and his only thought seems to be of those who are to be left behind. This is true alike of men and women. Those who become hysterical and declare they are not fit to die are the ones who are not as ill as they think they are. These always get well. A psychological reason? Oh, I don't know that there is any. It's just a human trait."

THE statement made public by the Director of the Mint at the opening of January shows that a total coinage executed at the various mints in the United States during the calendar year ending with December 30, 1899, was $139,243,191. Of this amount the aggregate gold coinage was $111,344,220; the silver coinage footed up $26,061,519, and $1,837,451 was in coins of minor form. During December, or the last month in the year reported, the coinage was $9,711,884, of which $7,469,952 was in gold, $1,886,605 was in silver, and $355,327 in bronze and nickle alloy.

ASPHALT is widely distributed, appearing in the form of sand, in veins of rock like coal and in beds. Enormous beds of it are found in Mexico, and in Vera Cruz there is a mountain twelve hundred feet high composed of it. The big source of supply, however, is a lake in the island of Trinidad. It is about three miles in circumference, and it is believed to float on water. Though teams are driven on its surface the whole mass is in constant motion about several vortices and at them trunks of trees are uprooted and after a while disappear. The depth varies from eighteen feet at the edges to seventy feet in the middle. Over two hundred thousand tons of asphalt have been taken from it.

THE clock on the Philadelphia city hall is the highest in the world. It has the largest dial. If the dial were out of the way and tracks were laid, two trains could pass each other running through the holes. The glass in the four faces is fastened there by a ton of cement. The glass, if laid on the ground, would make a walk a square long and ten feet wide. The

minute hand finished its year's journey by completing a one hundred and ten mile trip on New Year's day. It is expected that this minute hand will travel one hundred and ten miles annually for many years to come. The clock is strong and the minute hand of phospher bronze and weighs 250 pounds.

THIS is how base ball started; The devil was the first coacher. He coached Eve, and when she stole first, Adam stole second. When the servant of Isaac met Rebecca at the well she was walking with a pitcher. Sampson struck out a good many times, when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian. Cain made a base hit when he slew Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a home run. David was a long distance thrower. Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.

THE first doll known to history was made for the simple-minded monarch Charles VI of France. It was a wax figure made to represent Poppœa wife of the Roman emperor Nero. Poppœa soon became popular with the members of the court and many wax figures were ordered. They were called poupees, a corruption of the first name and the modern French word for doll. The old English word is "poppett" or "puppet"

IT is estimated that in his evangelical work Moody traveled 350,000 miles and preached 170,000 sermons to 7,000,000 people.

THE fire losses in the United States during the year of 1899 reached the enormous total of $153,597,830 the largest on record in any year except 1871, the time of the Chicago fire, and 1893, when large fire losses followed the panic.

AUBURN hair is enjoying popularity at present, and history avers that women with auburn hair have wielded a strong influence in all ages. The women familiar to history who belonged to this sisterhood were Isabella of Castile, Helen of Troy, Catharine I. of Russia, Joan of Arc, Elizabeth of England, Mary Stuart, Anne of Russia, ex-Empress Eugenie, Lucretia Borgia and Beatrice Cenci.

IN the reign of Edward III. all the brewers and bakers were women, and when men first began to engage in these occupations it was thought so strange that they were called men-brewers and men-bakers.

THE new pension legislation will add twenty thousand pensioners to the rolls, and involve an expense of $2,500,000, according to the estimate of the Pension Commissioner.

UNTIL you have learned to control your thoughts you will never be able to live a Godly and righteous life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

THE whole first edition of Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop's book, "Korea and Her Neighbors," was sold out on the day after its publication.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Jones—"I say, Miss Brown, how is it that you are always out when I call?"

She—"Oh, just luck.."

——o——

Nellie (aged five)—"Our family is awfully exclusive. Is your?"

Bessie (aged four)—"No, indeed! We haven't anything to be ashamed of."

——o——

"Dearest," she murmured, "I'm so afraid you'll change."

"Darling," he answered, "you'll never find any change about me." Which was painfully true in a double sense.

——o——

"No," said the conscientious candidate, "I'd like very much to secure the nomination, but I cannot tell a lie."

"Oh, that's all right," answered the old politician, "here is pen, ink and paper—you can write it."

——o——

"My little man, aren't you pleased to have a new baby brother, or did you want a little sister?"

"If it was all the same to the Lord, I preferred a goat."

——o——

Ethel (studying grammar)—"Say, Reggie, if a man druggist is called a pharmacist, what would you call a woman druggist?"

Reggie—"A pharmacister, of course."

Little Miss Wayup—"Is your butler English?"

Little Miss Highup—"N—o, but his clothes is."

——o——

"Your bookkeeper is subject to fits of ill humor, isn't he?"

"No; he has widely isolated attacks of amiability."

——o——

"Ma, the minister is coming."

"What makes you think so? Did you see him?"

"No, but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."

——o——

Terence—"How wuz de show last night?"

Micky—"Aw, it wuzzen't no good. De villain reformed 'stid o' gitten' killed."

——o——

Old farmer to his son: "Now don't fergit while ye're in the city to git some uv them 'lectric light plants we heern so much about. We kin jis' ez well raise 'em ourselves an' save kerosene."

——o——

Mamma—"What is Willie crying about?"

Bridget—Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's."

Mamma—Well, why didn't you let him go?"

Bridget—"They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet."

Maxim—"How did Tweeter behave under fire? Did he shrink?"

Gatling—"No, I don't know as he shrank; but he evidently tried to make himself as small as he could."

———o———

"Sir," began the book canvasser, "I have a little work here—"

"Sorry," interrupted the busy man, "but I have a great deal of work here. Good morning."

———o———

City Editor—"We ought to get a new heading for the weather column. 'Local Forecasts' is about played out."

Assistant—"How would 'The Unexpected Always Happens' do?"

———o———

First Tramp (in the road)—"Why don't you go in? The dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail?"

Second Tramp—"Yes; and he's growlin' at the same time. I dunno which end to believe."

———o———

"Yes, it's a fine machine," said the neighbor who had been examining Mr. Ferguson's new bicycle. "What's the length of the crank?"

Mrs. Ferguson answered for him: "Five feet eleven and three-quarters," she said, eyeing her husband dreamily.

———o———

Customer (in a restaurant)—"See here, waiter, I've found a button in this salad!"

Waiter—"That's all right, sir; it's a part of the dressing."

———o———

"I'll be glad when I get big enough to wash my own face," said little Willie, as his mother finished the operation.

"Why so, dear?" she asked.

"'Cause then I won't wash it," replied the precocious youth.

"I disown you!" cried the angry parent. "I shall cut you off with a dollar."

"Yes, sir," replied the erring son. meekly; "and might I have the dollar now?"

———o———

An Acceptable Father-in-law—"But how can you marry her? You are too poor even to pay your rent."

Jack Uppers—"Oh, but I expect payrental assistance."

———o———

Little Ethel, (in tears)—"Oh, ma, Georgie has eaten all the apples and not given me any."

Mamma—"What a naughty boy. He promised to give you the lion's share."

Ethel—"Yes, ma, but he says lions don't eat apples."

———o———

"Don't you know," she chirped over her teacup, "that you remind me of the bread mother used to make," The old joke in such a new form staggered him.

"In—in what way?" he gasped.

"Why, you are so crusty."

———o———

"Miles—"There is a man over in that museum who has lived for forty days on water."

Giles—"Pshaw! That's nothing. I have an uncle who has lived for nearly forty years on water."

Miles—"Impossible!"

Giles—"Not at all; he's a sea captain."

———o———

Davy—"Cousin Kit, what is a microbe?"

Cousin Kit (reading a book and not wanting to be bothered)—"Oh, it's a thing that gets into things."

Davy—"Well, the baby's a microbe, for every time I go down stairs, she gets into my things."

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

CHINA.—The break-up of China, which has been so long discussed, seems about to be realized. Through the action of "the Boxers" in trying to rid the country of foreigners, and the feeble attempts of the government in subjugating them, it has necessitated the sending of foreign troops to Chinese soil to protect aliens. For the devastation of their property and massacre of their subjects, the powers will demand restitution, and this will inevitably be in the nature of accessions of Chinese territory. This so-called society, "the Boxers", was ostensibly formed some years back for gymnastic practice, but really has been drilling and preparing for this final outbreak. Secretly the Empress and her followers are favorably disposed toward the society and their object. Their battle-cry is "China for the Chinese, down with the foreigners". This mass of ignorant Chinese has laid the cause of all its misery to the foreigners, especially the missionaries, upon whom they at first bent all their wrath. Now it extends to all foreigners and native Christians. On the other hand, the Empress, who exercises complete power over most of her subjects, sees in the foreigner with his readiness to execute his progressive ideas an enemy to her retrogressive policy, and the fall of her empire. The Boxers first took the offensive last October when they murdered many Christians and a few missionaries in the province of Shantung. The Powers compelled the Government to punish them. An edict issued for their disbandment resulted only in their re-union a short time later under the present name. Formerly they were called "The Great Sword Society", now they are called "The Universal Society of Boxers," or, "the Boxers". They number about eleven million. They continued harassing the native Christians and missionaries more or less all winter, and finally in May the world was appalled by the news of their open revolt and the subsequent killing of over seven hundred Christians, the tearing up of a railway near Peking and an attack upon a steamer on Yang-ste river. The Government troops were sent to subdue them and prevent the further demolition of the Peking railway, but made an unsuccessful attempt to scatter them. The Powers now deemed it advisable to land their own troops in the interest of their subjects residing in the besieged section, and detachments of British, French, Japanese, Italian,

German and Russian troops, together with marines from the American flagship Newark marched from Taku to Peking to protect the residents and legations there. Russia has 11,000 men at Port Arthur, and will assume the whole responsibility of quelling the revolt, but that the Powers will not allow as she is secretly accused of partly instigating the present trouble in order to secure the much-coveted northern part of China, including Korea, as a reparation for the losses she might sustain. The Powers will act conjointly in subduing this mob. Reports received but not confirmed owing to the cutting of the wires between Shanghai and Peking, and also Tien-Tsin ,claim that the mob has fired all the legations which are built close together, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, massacred many native Christians and missionaries, and even cut to pieces the German minister Baron von Kitteler. There are over twenty foreign war vessels massed in Chinese waters. Word has come that the Taku forts fired upon some of these warships in the harbor and received a responsive fire which ended in their surrender of the forts. The Ninth regiment (U. S. A.) has been ordered from Manilla to Taku. Japan is sending over 2,000 troops, while England, it is claimed, is making preparations to send a division of infantry, three batteries of artillery and a siege train from the Natal. The present policy of our Government is merely the protection of her citizens on Chinese soil, and prevention of the division of Chinese territory.

TRANSVAAL.—On May 18th, definite news was received of the relief of Mafeking. The siege had lasted two hundred and fourteen days. The relief force was under the command of Col. Mahon whose column was joined to Col. Plumer's. The troops at Mafeking were under the command of the intrepid Baden-Powell, whose military genius, personal character and magnetism inspired the little garrison with such undying courage. On the receipt of the news the scenes in London surpassed even the demonstrations after the relief of Ladysmith. For twenty-four hours the streets were crowded with excited people, cheering, singing and waving flags. All of the Royal residences, Baden-Powell's home and school and the Lord Mayor's residence were serenaded, and next to "Bobs" no Englishman living is more idealized by his countrymen than the defender of Mafeking. Natal has been cleared of the Boer forces. On the 31st of May, Lord Roberts entered Johannesburg without much opposition. The Boers had evidently become disheartened, for all the guns had been removed from the city except three. Although the place had been easily captured, Lord Roberts rested his army a week before advancing, waiting for a sufficiently large store of supplies. This having been obtained, the army advanced to Pretoria, which had been left defenceless. A few Boer troops were encountered on the march and were successfully overcome, but the forts around Pretoria were abandoned and the guns re-

moved. In the Orange river colony the British have recently met with losses, and the Boers still declare that the occupation of Pretoria does not mean that the war is over. But that the end is approaching seems evident from the fact that Lord Roberts has sent the Natal volunteers back to their homes. June 16, President Kruger was at Machadodorf and is quoted as saying that "wherever he is, is the capital of the Transvaal, and fighting will continue as long as there are five hundred armed Boers left."

CONGRESS.—The National House of Representatives has lately been the scene of several strong debates on the Trust question. The Republican bill for a constitutional power to regulate the workings of corporations, associations and partnerships as it now regulates interstate commerce, was under consideration. The chief delay in voting on the bill was due to the fear lest a speedy settlement of the question might take away one of the stirring battle-cries for the coming political campaign. A vote defeating the bill was passed on June 1st. Twenty-seven state legislatures have already legislated for the control of trusts. The first session of the 56th Congress was concluded on June 7th. This Congress has really accomplished considerable legislation, although whether for good or bad, time alone can determine. A brief review of the more important facts is as follows: A bill establishing the gold standard was passed early in the winter and became a law on March 14. The Porto Rican tariff bill, which became a law on April 12th and went into operation on May 1st, was widely condemned by those who are not, and by many who are, connected with the political party now in power. The establishment of civil government on the island was also accomplished, as well as a provision for a form of government for the territory of Hawaii. The Free Homes law gives to homestead settlers on lands purchased from the Indians since 1889 the privileges enjoyed by homestead settlers on other lands. A law was enacted to give to Alaska a civil code and a judiciary system. The treaty between the United States, Germany and Great Britain by which final disposition was made of the Samoan Islands, was ratified as was the convention signed at the Peace Conference at the Hague for the settlement of international controversies by arbitration. Extradition treaties with Peru and the Argentine Republic were made operative and our own extradition laws were amended so as to cover the case of Neely, who is under arrest for the embezzlement of Cuban postal funds. The appropriations of the session make a total of about $709,000,000. The pension laws were so amended as to give additional benefits to Union veterans of the Civil War, and also to the dependent widows of veterans. The Clark and Roberts cases were treated in uncompromising fashion. The Army bill, the Anti-trust bill and the bill for an Isthmian canal were thoroughly discussed, but remain for

definite disposal during the next sessions.

EDUCATION.—The greatest summer school in the world is Chautauqua, and to it belongs a large part of the credit for the summer movement in education. Last year it had an enrollment of students that reached the total of 2,202, and the probability is that the number will be largely increased this year. The course continues for six weeks, and includes a broad range of subjects. Since the Chautauqua movement became successful, other summer schools in the United States have been begun and maintained. In every state of the country there is a Chautauqua of one kind or another. In some places there are special music schools; in others, there are schools for economies and outdoor study. Last year there were travelling schools in the wilds of the far West. The plan is to provide thoroughness on the side of instruction and well-balanced and stimulated general public life on the side of recreation and popular education. The American Federation of Labor has announced the contemplation of establishing an institution for the education of labor unions. The subjects to be covered are English and American history, constitutional law, political institutions, municipal government, political science, theoretic and applied economics. The object is to furnish an opportunity for systematic study and to equip leaders in the labor movement with a thorough scientific knowledge of the various departments of economic and political science. If this is carried out, with lectures and instructions given by the most competent specialists, it will not be long before the trade union secretary and president and the walking delegate will be as well informed and fully as capable of discussing the economic questions involved in labor controversies as the most experienced corporation manager. The proposed institution, if established, will put them on an equal intellectual footing with the employers and professional economists. While they lack the wealth of the one and the scholarship of the other, they will have a practical experience and a touch with the laborer's life that neither of the others possess.

SCIENCE.—The railroad companies in the West and Southern states are extensively using the electric head-light, by which brilliant illumination any object is plainly perceptible at a distance of over half a mile under favorable conditions of the atmosphere. In these states the tracks are not separated from the adjoining fields, and farmers allow their live stock to run at large, consequently the companies are compelled to pay large sums annually for animals killed by the trains. This invention is sure to be a great help to the railroad companies. The twin-screw steamer "Grosser Kurfurst," arriving in New York after her first trip across the Atlantic, is the latest evidence of the remarkable swiftness of the vessels belonging to the North German Lloyd Steamship Company. This

vessel is one of the rapidly increasing transatlantic steamers which besides having extensive accommodations for passengers, has also a large freight carrying capacity. She is one of the largest steamships afloat. A telegraph line from Hedjaz to Syria is under contemplation. This will give access to Arabia thus bringing Mecca and Medina into communication with the outside world. At Bosco Reale on the slope of Vesuvius, near Pompeii, excavations made recently have brought to light some of the most remarkable paintings of the Roman period ever discovered. A large peristyle and four large rooms have been excavated, with walls covered by twenty large frescoes of more careful execution and rich coloring than have been seen before. The figures in the frescoes are life size.

MUSIC.—Teresa Carreno will return next season to this country. She will be the soloist at the first concert of the Philharmonic society. Mark Hambourg sailed for home last Wednesday, May 30. He played in this country during the past season more than one hundred times. Leonora Jackson closed her American tour at Wilkesbarre. Pa., after a very successful season. She visited many American cities, and everywhere praise was bestowed upon her. She sails for Europe and will remain there until the season of 1901–2. The boy soprano with the marvelous voice, Earl Gulick, has made wonderful progress during the past season. He has received letters of congratulation from many noted people of the musical world. Emma Calvé has decided to leave the opera stage and become an actress. Her ill health has enfeebled her system, and consequently damaged her voice. She says that she shall appear for the last time in "Bruneau" and Zola's "L'Ouragan" at the Opera Comique next winter.

Glimpses of Good Books.

In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim is the rather cumbersome title of Mrs. Burnett's latest book which, coming from her pen, cannot be other than a masterly production. And yet, after reading it, one is permeated with the horror of life and the pity of it! Poor, sweet Margery, the young girl who dies, leaving a fatherless child, how our sympathy goes out to her. Pure and good—in spite of her shame—of whom her mother says, "She filled the whole house when she was here, and yet she was only a quiet little thing."

When Latimer, Margery's brother, who had shielded her through all her trouble and kept it all from the mother, learns that Baird, his friend of twenty years, was the father of Margery's child—he (Latimer) shoots himself.

A man living near where Margery died had found some letters and held them until in after years he meets Latimer when he delivers the letters to him for a price. It is then that Latimer makes his discovery. He shows the letters to Baird asking him to deny them if he will. "Do you think I shall deny it? It is true, I have sat and listened to your talk of her and thought I should go quite mad. You have told me of her tortures and I have listened," * * * "You have crucified me. You have crucified me by her side, that I might see her die—that I might hear her low little piteous voice—that I might see her throes and terrors. And I love her—and remember every look of her loving child's eyes—every curve and quiver of her mouth. Through all the years I have been crucified, knowing I had earned all that I felt." "Are you going to kill me? Baird said. "No," said Latimer, "I am not going to kill you, I am going to kill the man who loved you, and found you his reason for living. It's all done with!" Margery's child was adopted at it's birth by Tom De Willoughby, one of the best of characters even created by a novelist. The child's life is happier than Margery's. Her love story is idyllic and although the ending is sweet for Margery's child and happy for Tom—the sadness of the tragedy in the opening chapters and of Latimer's whole life on account of it—remains in the heart of the one who reads *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim.*

The happy notion of collecting from various well-known writers the history of the way in which they earned their first guinea has occurred

to Miss Maud Churton, and the result of her inquiries may be found in "Pearson's Magazine." Mr. Conan Doyle earned his by a story in "Chambers' Journal" in 1878, called *The Mystery of Sarsassa Valley*, for which he was paid three guineas. "Sarah Grand" also earned her first guinea—which was thirty shillings—from "Chambers' Journal," with an essay on *The Binding of Chinese Women's Feet.* Mr Bernard Shaw's first guinea was fifteen shillings, but he does not say how he earned it. Mr. H G. Well's first money came from the "Family Herald;" Mr. Crockett's from a Glasgow newspaper; Mr. Rider Haggard's from the "Gentlemen's Magazine," for an account of a Zulu war-dance; Mr. Clement Scott's from Tom Hood's weekly, "Saturday Night;" and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's from an article in one of the "Illustrated London News" publications. Miss Churton has not always met with complaisance: Mr. Jerome and Mr. Anthony Hope declined politely to enlighten her, while Ouida wrote: "If Miss Churton does not succeed in literaature, her failure will certainly not be due to want of effrontery."—*City and State.*

From the complexity of the Chinese alphabet, instruction in reading and writing covers a period of from six to twelve years. The Rev. W. H. Murray, principal of a school for the blind at Peking, has put into actual service the Braille system for teaching the blind to read, based on the 408 sounds of the Mandarin Chinese, the language spoken by four-fifths of the 300,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese Empire. He found that with this system the blind could be taught to read in about six weeks. It followed that illiterate sighted persons also could be instructed with equal facility, and it has become a matter of popular education. The details regarding the development of this application of work for the blind to the educatiou of the sighted are told in a very interesting manner in a book by Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, recently published in London, entitled *The Inventor of the Numeral Type for China.*

The hero of *The Black Wolf's Breed*, by Harris Dickon, is a young soldier of Louisiana, who goes on a secret mission to Versailles and who is the hero of numberless encounters and hairbreadth escapes. He enjoys an interview with Louis XIV, and seemingly has no particular reverence for royalty. The author has mixed royalty, Indians, adventurers, knights and ladies, sqnaws and courtiers in a sort of literary hash, but as most of us like hash when it is well served, *The Black Wolf's Breed* has become deservedly popular. The book adds another to the already long list of recent historic novels. Mr. Dickon is a young Southern lawyer and evidently has before him a successful career as a novelist. The illustrations are historically correct and are vigorous. C. M. Relyea is the artist. *The Black Wolf's Breed* is published

by the Bowen-Merrill Company the same firm who brought out *When Knighthood was in Flower.*

Two books comes from The Young People's Paper Association which are both helps to better living. *A Talk with Church Members* by Daniel Kauffman and *Fitfalls and Safeguards* by M. S. Steiner. There are many practical suggestions in both these books and the readers thereof cannot fail to be impressed with the truths so plainly set forth. Many times a thought expressed in language not quite familiar to us brings the truth home to our consciousness just at the time we can accept it. Many a young life might have been turned from a downward course if his attention had been called to the dangers in his way; and many an older life might be bettered by an arrest of thought. We commend these books to our readers. Price of each is 50 cents. They can be obtained from The Young People's Association, Elkhart. Ind.

For many a day, we have not read so jolly a book as *The Lunatic at Large* by J. Storer Clouston. It is a story of the adventures of a "mild" lunatic who escapes from the asylum in which he has been placed by a doctor in whose company the "lunatic" is supposed to be traveling. The "lunatic" makes the acquaintance of Baron Rudolf von Blitzenberg and acts as "showman" for the sights of London while the Baron foots the bills.

The startling situations follow each other with rapidity and one laughs from the start to the finish. The escapades of the" lunatic" serve as a cure and the doctor who was false and the doctor's friend who traveled in place of the "lunatic" are caught. Appleton's Farm and Country Library. Paper, 50 cents.

Bird Notes Afield is a series of essays on the birds of California, by Charles A. Keeler. The climatic conditions of the state are so varied that many species of birds are found. There are many birds in California with names familiar to the student, but they differ somewhat in appearance from the Eastern birds. The robin sings as sweetly in the redwoods of California as in the elms of New England; the meadow lark whistles as cheerily in California fields as in the East, and Bullock's oriole measures up with the Baltimore oriole.

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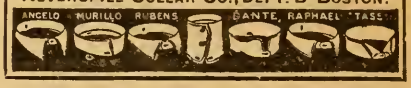

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TALKS AND TALES.

A MAGAZINE

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PUBLISHERS NOTES.

According to our usual custom we give to our subscribers a larger magazine for August and omit the September number. Much of our work is done by our blind pupils and we follow this course that they may have a much needed rest through August. This issue ends our third year and we want to thank our friends who have been with us from the beginning for their encouragement. We trust our subscribers have become interested in our work for the adult blind and will renew their subscriptions promptly.

Will subscribers please notify the editor of former, as well as new, when changing address.

As wrappers are addressed a month ahead of publication one number of TALKS and TALES may be sent out after notification has been received of discontinuance or change of address.

Will subscribers kindly send name and address in each letter. It is not unusual for us to receive a dollar with *no name.*

THE FAMOUS STOVER COAL BANK, MORGAN COUNTY, MISSOURI.
(The coal vein in this mine is 72 feet thick.)

TALKS AND TALES.

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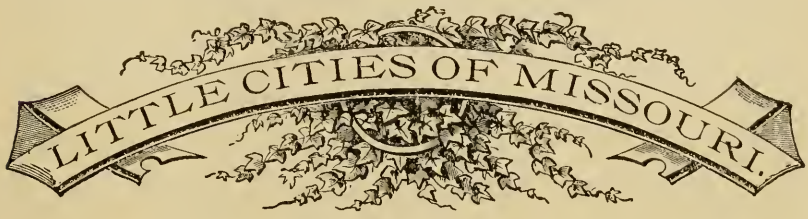


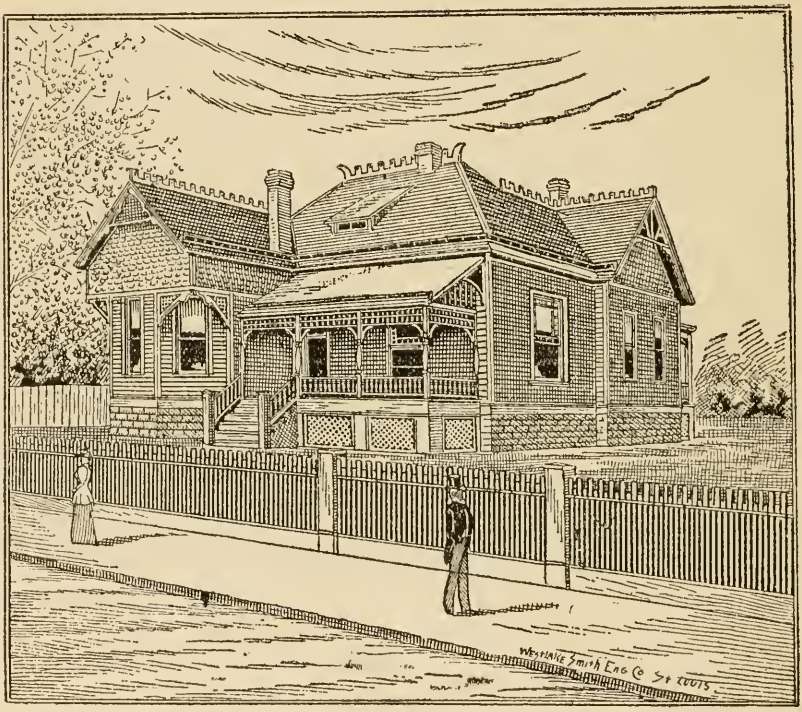
ADELINE E. HALL.

CITIES of size in the United States possess the same general characteristics. They have parks and public buildings, avenues and business streets and alleys, aristocratic neighborhoods for the aristocrats, quiet, respectable neighborhoods for the middle class, and slums for the uneducated, the uncultured, and the unfortunate, and each city has more or less of a cosmopolitan element which affords the traveler some sense, if ever so little, of being at home. Everything considered, small towns are the better subjects for study. They have a charming individuality. They reflect bits of the world at large, not the whole. They follow without question, time honored customs never observed elsewhere. They possess originality of thought, strong and vigorous. In their simple common sense and conservatism there lies a force, much of it commonly dormant, which is very nearly the measure of the actual principle and power of the nation.

Residents of large places have acquired a habit of talking about "little country towns;" they might with propriety speak of little country cities were they here in Missouri. This state with its area of 44,000,000 acres is divided into 114 counties, Cooper is the central county, and in the heart of Cooper is the tiny city of Bunceton. It is miles from anywhere, on a branch railroad, with jus four trains a day passing through, two in the morning and two in the evening, time in this locality being divided according to Genesis, the evening and the morning making the day. The trains are long and mixed. There are cars and cars of sleek, fat cattle making mournful complaint in their crowded quarters,, and beautiful, spirited horses, and strong, sturdy mules, and grunting coal black porkers, and thousands of bushels of corn and wheat in season, and innumerable tons of baled hay. At the very end is a

mail and baggage car combined, and one little passenger coach where people may sit and wait patiently, while the engine is detached and more cars of valuable freight are added at each small station. The matter of connection with trains on the main line is of no special importance. The amount of business done in most of these country cities is all out of proportion to the size of the place.

Bunceton is prettily built on side hills, with timber on the north and rolling prairie on the east, south and west. The famous Ellerslie stock farm owned by the Wallace brothers, and Ravenswood, Captain Charles E.



A MODERN DWELLING.

Leonard's beautiful home, is on one side, and Clover Leaf, with its hundreds of rich acres, the farm of Mr. Will H. H. Stephens is on another.

The old plantation houses were two stories high, but the modern dwellings, both in town and out, being less substantial, are frequently built lower, the better to endure the high winds of which the cyclone cellars in the rear are graphically suggestive.

A house may have only three rooms but there is always the detached summer kitchen, the realm of the black cook, who finds her lodging at

night, somewhere on the south side in Darkeytown, that special section allotted to the race, and within the precincts of which an unalterable custom confines their little habitations.

The streets are fairly well made and well shaded, but the sidewalks are narrow platforms built on all sorts of levels. Nothing but guardian angels hinder the people from stepping through holes where the boards are off and breaking their bones, or worse yet, from plunging off unexpected steps in the dark, and sacrificing their necks, for the street lights are few and feeble and far apart.

The entire population is less than 1000 but there are two state banks with combined assets of about $200,000, and two weekly newspapers voicing the sentiments of the two leading political parties of the country. The place has it's mayor and common council and certain rights and privileges of self-government. There is a court house at every county seat and the vote of the county may place one at any hamlet or city, but this ordinarily is not done and every document of a legal nature that is drawn in Cooper County has to be taken to Boonville, the county seat, to be recorded. All marriage licenses must be secured there, and physicians must send there at stated intervals, the vital statistics which they gather in the practice of their profession.

The inconvenience of this arrangement seems to be little realized by the native Missourian. One young couple became conscious of it this spring, when Boonville was quarantined for small pox. They were to have had a house wedding in Bunceton but the marriage license was unobtainable and therefore the ceremony could not be performed in the county. As there were objections to postponing the event indefinitely, a trip of forty miles was taken to Sedalia, the county seat of Pettis county, where a license was procured which they could legally use in that city.

Bunceton is probably a fair type of the cities of its class throughout the state, although there are few radical differences between those at the extreme north and those at the south. The nearer the free states of Iowa and Illinois the more prejudice there is against the colored race. This is in a measure due to the strong German element in the north, there being in some localities whole German settlements more or less influential.

COOPER COUNTY BANK.

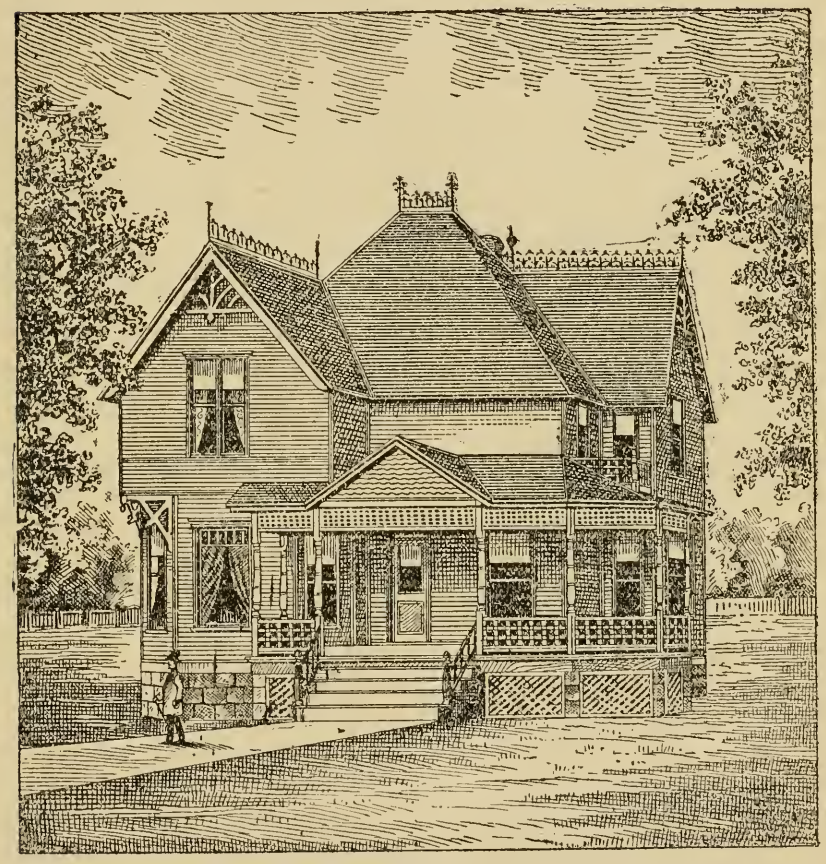
In the southeastern and southwestern parts of the State where various minerals are found

in abundance, there is a large floating population of all nationalities. Busy, bustling Joplin, and the beautiful, residential city of Carthage have grown up around the big zinc and lead mines but in this county, that is in Jasper and in Newton, Dade, Lawrence, Barry, Christian, Greene, Webster, Wright, Howell, Morgan, Phelps, Dent, Crawford, Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, St. Francois, Madison, and others, where zinc, lead, iron, copper and coal, one or more, are found in abundance, there have sprung up little cities which are in most respects counterparts of the mining towns in any of the other states, except that the blacks in the southern counties are especially numerous. Throughout this section they are universally well treated, however in Eldorado, in Cedar county, not a darkey in any capacity whatever is allowed in the town. The city is noted for its mineral springs and is a fashionable resort.

This intolerence of the blacks is frequently manifested in the north. In Vandalia, in Audrian County, a place of 1,400, there is probably not over one hundred colored people all told, and these are old residents. A new family is never permitted to settle. The unwritten law of the town forbids. These unwritten laws of the state are fully as effective as are her statutory laws, and they are perfectly well understood. Certain penalties are decreed for certain offenses. The black man who dares a crime has full knowledge of the punishment sure to follow. Lynch law in this State is protective in intent, and here, is possibly as justifiable as the slower process of taking human life by means of judge and jury and electrocutioner's chair or hideous prison gallows. The Missouri southerner, not the man of German extraction, or the man of northern birth, but the man of southern parentage and southern breeding, understands the Missouri darkey. He is severe only when the darkey is vicious. He deals with him generously, indulgently, wisely. He believes in his education and pays his taxes to that end with willingness, and he watches closely the mental development of the children whose freedom has cost him a fortune. The man on the spot is the man who can best solve a perplexing problem, grant that he is interested, has fair reasoning powers, and an ordinary love for humanity. No person of different environments, however intelligent and philanthropic, can deal with the race difficulties as can those christian men of the present generation whose guardianship of this people comes to them as a sort of purified birthright.

The little cities in the southeast along the Mississippi River are in the cotton district, although the area planted to cotton has in the last few years, extended, all through the southern counties, owing to the completion of new lines of railroad which afford better facilities for transportation. On the sunny slopes of the Ozark mountains in Texas, Wright and Howell counties, apples, peaches, pears, plums and grapes grow to perfection. The amount of business and money which the fruit industry brings into the little cities

can be roughly estimated from the fact that twenty counties alone in southwest Missouri have a total fruit acreage of nearly 200,000 acres. From Barton and Jasper counties blackberries and strawberries are shipped by the train load. Sarcoxie, a place of only 1,200 in the latter county, is one of the four greatest shipping points for strawberries in the world. Scott and Clark counties make a specialty of watermelons.



RESIDENCE OF MR. EMIL MOORE, CASHIER OF BUNCETON BANK.

Linn Creek, Camden's county seat has a resident population of less than two hundred. It is located on the beautiful Osage River famed for its pretty islands, it's deep gulches, it's high cliffs. It is Camden that boasts of the natural limestone bridge one hundred feet long.

Columbia, a well laid out city in Boone county enjoys much popularity as the seat of the State university and of three colleges for women. The oldest college for women is Howard-Payne at Fayette, and there is another

good college at Liberty in Clay county. The State university with its twelve hundred students is co-educational. Its buildings are artistic in design, commodious and well equipped. It has its academic department, its departments of law and medicine, its agricultural college, its school of mines and metallurgy, and its department of military science and tactics, which formerly existed as the Missouri state military school and in addition its graduate department and a school of journalism. There are good preparatory schools in many of the little cities, and scattered through the state there are, probably, two hundred fairly good high schools, half of which fit for college.

The public library has yet to make its appearance in the little city, and the new woman is not here. There are strong reasons for her non-existence. The Missouri woman has enjoyed a life of comparative luxury. Pinching poverty she does not know. The staple articles of food are raised in abundance on the big farms, the crops are uniformily good, there is produce or stock enough to sell to provide the ready money needed, and she is surrounded by servants, often former slaves or the children of slaves once owned in the family. The few town residents who do not own and work farms are profitably employed in the banks and the stores and in various other ways and it is only among the improvident blacks that there is actual want. Men marry young. If a woman is left a widow at an early age, she goes home to her people. An older woman is sure to have a son who will come to the front and assume the responsibility of the head of the family. Missouri men exercise a care over their women-folk which the average eastern man unscrupleously shirks. There is no need for the woman to be a bread winner. There is no need for her to do a thousand and one things which the eastern woman of moderate means, is compelled to do habitually. It naturally follows that she is less independent, less self-reliant, more retiring in her manner and unconsciously, allows herself to be a little more sluggish mentally. She is contented with her conditions, having no inclination to mix or meddle with the affairs of the big, outside world because the lines have fallen unto her in pleasant places, but she has latent power, and were she brought face to face with those questions and conditions which have stirred women in the east, she would shake off her apathy, and rise in grandeur and strength to grapple with the problems which have roused others to an energy and activity sometimes indiscreetly directed, but which has eventually, brought about those reforms whose object has been the uplifting of the unfortunate ones of the sex, who would be the helpless victims of tyrants but for the safeguard of some liberal customs and laws.

Missouri, owing to her inexhaustible natural resources, ranks as the fifth state in the Union. If along any line she lags behind the east, it must be remembered that the settled condition of things existing there, has not

existed here for the same length of time. No state suffered worse during the Civil War. She was torn with factional strife, having been prevented by the German vote from joining the secession. From every town she sent men to each army. She was impoverished that both federals and confedates might have horses and supplies. Her citizens were mal-treated and outrageously robbed and murdered by an unprincipled home militia, delegated by the government at Washington, to preserve the peace which they, themselves, with armed power, continually disturbed. The wild hoardes of robbers and bushwhackers, Morgan's men, and Tarleton's men, and Anderson's men swept over the counties, again and again, ravaging and plundering at will, shooting down unhesitatingly, the courageous man who offered resistance. It is marvelous that Missouri in so few years, has been able to bring order out of the fearful disorder, to establish enduring harmony among her own, and deprived of her slaves upon whom she depended and in whom large fortunes were invested, to rise to that degree of prosperity which has rightfully earned for her the title of "Imperial Mistress of States."

COULD WE BUT KNOW.

Could we but draw back the curtains
  That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
  Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
  Purer, than we judge we should
We should love each other better,
  If we only understood.

If we knew the care and trials,
  Knew the efforts all in vain;
And the bitter disappointment,
  Understood the loss and gain,
Would the grim external roughness
  Seem, I wonder just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
  Should we pity where we blame?

O, we judge each other harshly,
  Knowing not life's hidden force,
Knowing not the fount of action
  Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evils
  All the golden grains of good—
O, we'd love each other better,
  If we only understood.

—*Selected.*

MISSING MA.

MARY E. MITCHELL.

"'LONZO!"

"Yes, ma."

"Be sure you sweep up every day!"

"Yes, ma."

"Don't forget to have Dick learn his Bible Saturday night—and, Lonzo, don't let that dog into the kitchen!"

Alonzo's face fell.

"Why, ma! I was lotting on having Wag 'round! Seems as if he'd be sorter company for me while Dick's at school."

"For a full-grown man, you're the biggest calf I ever see, if you be my husband! That dog ain't going to get into bad habits through my being away. Land! It's an awful care leaving a man to look out for things, and no telling what messes he'll get into!"

Alonzo's figure drooped a little, as he leaned on the upper rail of the fence. The patient, forward stoop of his shoulders did not come from age alone, although he was "getting along" in years, and his hair was more gray than brown.

He gazed anxiously down the dusty road. Why didn't the stage come? He had heard so many instructions! They began two days before, when his wife first made up her mind to go to Pine Center and visit her sister's married daughter, and they had continued since, until his head was in a hopeless muddle.

The drawing-string of the strict discipline in which he lived was only pulled the tighter about him, now that he was to be left alone for a few days.

"I laid out your Sunday clothes along of Dick's on the spare-room bed, so you wouldn't be cluttering up the bureau drawers. I'll be at home Wednesday, whether or no!" So his wife had said.

Alonzo did not quite understand what there was depressing about that "whether or no." He was sure he should miss his wife sorely.

"If Jason Lunt comes in with that pipe of his, you keep him out of the house. It's good weather for setting out-of-doors, and I aint going to have the kitchen smelled up with tobacker. You ought to be thankful to me, Alonzo Whitcomb, for breaking you of that habit!"

"Jason won't be in," answered Alonzo, mildly. "He's going to the

Center, too, this morning. He said last night he might be gone a couple of weeks."

"So much the better!" remarked Mrs. Whitcomb, adjusting her bonnet. "Now, 'Lonzo—"

"Here's the stage, ma!" interrupted her husband, with suspicious alacrity, as a heralding cloud of dust appeared at the curve. "You better get out to the side of the road, so's to be all ready. Jake's terrible particular about being on time. Sharp work, running that stage!"

The lumbering vehicle drew up in front of the gate. Mrs. Whitcomb laborously climbed in, while her husband passed up her numerous bundles and bags.

"You better leave the washing for me!" she puffed, as she ponderously planted herself on the back seat. "But if you're dead set on doing it, take the tub with the paint wore off, and—"

"Good-by, ma! Good-by!" hastily interposed Alonzo. "Take care of yourself!" and he made off toward the house.

The stage rattled on, by the orchard, by the pasture, toward the high-road. Alonzo had hardly reached the kitchen when the faint sound of his wife's voice reached his ears, and he turned.

The stage had stopped at the crest of the slope. Jake was impatiently flicking his horses with his long whip, while Mrs. Whitcomb leaned far out, waving a frantic handkerchief in the direction of her husband. Alonzo curved his hand about his ear and bent in a listening attitude.

" 'Lonzo,—eat—the—pie—on—the—top—shelf!" The words were faint, but unmistakable.

"Yes, yes, ma, yes!" shouted Alonzo, and escaped to the kitchen.

Everything there was in perfect order. The kettle sang cheerily on the shining stove; the clock ticked loudly on the high, old-fashioned dresser; the flies buzzed longingly on the outside of the window-screens, and the sunshine lay warm and radiant on the yellow-painted floor.

"Lor, how still it seems without ma bustling 'round!" thought Alonzo. "I'm going to miss her powerful."

Alonzo worked in the garden until Dick came from school. Dick was an orphaned nephew—a good-natured, ordinary sort of a lad, who respected his aunt and kept out of her way, while he felt a strong sense of fellowship with his uncle.

The simple dinner stood ready to heat, and it did not take long for the hungry man and boy to dispose of it. Alonzo carefully washed the dishes, scrupulously observing his wife's ways, and conscientiously hanging the dish-towels in their accustomed order. But he could not get on friendly terms with the dish-mop.

"Puttering thing!" he muttered, discarding it.

"It's awful lonesome without ma!" he continued, trying to remember whether the molasses jug sat on the end of the shelf, or in the closet next to the sugar-firkin.

"I declare, it seems just as if she might be in this minute to say something she'd forgot!"

This uneasy feeling wore away a little, as the day went on, and when the afternoon stage drove by without even a message for Alonzo, he unconsciously breathed more freely.

That night, when supper was ready, he stepped into the pantry. On the upper shelf stood a pie—relic of last week's baking, the top sunken, the crust soggy. Beneath stretched a row of tempting circles, fresh from that morning's oven, flaky and crisp, the toothsome filling overrunning its boundaries, forming a delicious, candied edge. Alonzo hesitated for a moment, took the aged pastry, deliberately slipped it into the refuse-pail and set one of the new pies in its place. Then he drew a long breath.

"She said eat the one on the top shelf first?" he remarked to himself, as he took it up again. "And I will!" he added, succintly, as he put it on the kitchen table.

"Pie!" exclaimed Dick. "Pie for supper! Cricky!"

"We need something to keep us from being lonesome," responded the uncle. "We're going to miss your aunt dreadful bad!"

Dick helped himself to a generous segment. He did not regard his aunt's absence in the light of an affliction.

Alonzo's faithfulness in regard to dish-washing lasted over Saturday's breakfast. He also swept the kitchen floor and blacked the stove. After dinner, however, he regarded the dishes with disfavor.

"Aint any sense in it!" he said to himself. "Messing with that sink three times a day! Those dishes can just as well set until supper."

Nevertheless, old habits were strong upon him, and he gave a guilty start when a wagon drove up to the side door that afternoon. It proved to be only a friendly neighbor with a basket of doughnuts.

"Wife thought maybe you'd like a taste of fresh victuals. She fried 'em this morning. How you getting on, 'Lonzo?"

"Oh, so-so! These will be mighty welcome to Dick and me. Thank your wife kindly. Yes, we're getting along after a fashion. Of course I miss ma powerful," responded Alonzo, cheerfully.

That afternoon the sea "took a turn" with the weather. The smiling world was blotted out in a dull, gray drizzle, and the chill fog penetrated the house. Dick, coming in, stopped and stood open-mouthed, to see his uncle carrying an armful of wood into the parlor.

The parlor was a state apartment; its comforts—and discomforts—were not for family use; only "company" brought the splendors of its haircloth

furniture, marble-topped table and oval-framed photographs of departed relatives into full light and knowledge. Now the blinds were wide open, the shades pushed up, and Uncle Alonzo was filling the open Franklin stove with wood! No wonder Dick gave an involuntary whistle.

Alonzo turned at the sound, and a faint flush came into his brown cheeks. "This room needs drying off," he began, as if in apology. "Dreadful damp fog."

He bent down to coax the feeble, half-hearted flame which seemed loath to burn on the little-used hearth.

"It's kind o' lonely in the kitchen without ma," he continued. "I thought we'd sit in here to-night. I always wanted to see a fire here; just to enjoy it by ourselves, I mean, when there wa'nt company; but your aunt's so drove. It ain't in reason to ask her, when the kitchen's so comfortable and handy. We'll miss her less here, where it aint so familiar."

Dick grinned. He was not a brilliant boy, but he could "see through a grindstone when there was a hole in it."

"It's a kind o' cozy in the parlor," said Alonzo, after supper. "I guess the dishes can wait until morning." So the supper dishes went to keep company with the dinner dishes in the sink.

It was cosy in the parlor. The big lamp shed a genial radiance over wax-flowers and worsted tidies. The fire once persuaded to burn, did its duty cheerfully and crackled in a hearty, sociable way. Uncle Alonzo produced a long unused backgammon board, and instructed Dick in the mysteries of the game. "Senseless fooling!" Mrs. Whitcomb would have called it.

In the middle of the first game, a little whine was heard without. "That's Wag," said Dick, eyeing his uncle doubtfully. "Shall I let him into the kitchen?"

"No," answered Alonzo, slowly, his hand arrested in the act of shaking the dice-box. "No, your aunt said he wa'n't to come into the kitchen, not on any account. She didn't mention the parlor, though. I guess you better bring him in the front door, Dick."

It is impossible to state what Mrs. Whitcomb would have said and done could she have seen Wag test every chair and each corner of the lounge, and at last settle himself, with a doggish sigh of content, on the hearth-rug!

Dick's bedtime, half-past eight, came and went unnoticed. Ten loud strokes of the kitchen clock startled the players into guilty realization.

"Whew!" said Alonzo. "I aint set up till this hour, I don't know when. It's dreadful late doings for you and me, Dick: I solemnly promised ma you'd learn your Bible to-night, and I don't see but you'll have to. What's your lesson?"

"Got to learn a psalm, Uncle 'Lon, and I'm awful sleepy!"

"I don't see any way out of it, Dick, boy. Can't you find a kind o' short one?"

Dick produced his Bible and searched. "Here's the one hundred and seventeenth," he answered, a little doubtfully. "It's the shortest I can find."

"'Taint always length that makes a thing good," responded Uncle Alonzo; but he looked slightly dubious when, after a few moments, deep study, his nephew recited it to him.

"It's a mighty good psalm." he commented, "and there's lots of meaning in it, but I suppose your aunt would say it was a little short for learning purposes. It's the best we can do, to-night. Seems as if we ought to be in bed. We won't mind to get up very prompt to-morrow morning."

Sunday dawned clear and radiant. The mist had been swept out of existence by a northwest wind, which left the air as pure as crystal. The sky was deep September blue; here and there a bright patch of leaves or a glowing bush bespoke the glories to come. It was a day to live in, to be glad in, and Alonzo felt a strange stirring in his heart as he stepped out on the back porch, after a late breakfast, and looked over the orchard slope to the pasture-lands and the range of hills beyond.

"It's a pretty day!" he said aloud. Then he turned to the kitchen. "Aint more than time to get ready for church. The dishes will have to wait. Lucky we've got plenty!" And the sink received another instalment.

Shining and decorous, in best black suits, uncle and nephew set through the long sermon. Alonzo felt a double sense of responsibility without "ma" to keep him awake.

Sunday afternoons were seasons of dreariness to Dick. His Sunday-school book never appealed to his boyish soul, and Mrs. Whitcomb saw no necessity for relaxation of mind or body. So it was with no lively auticipatoins that he arose from dinner. "We've got a job with all those dishes, Uncle 'Lon! Let's begin on them right off!"

Uncle Alonzo looked at the piled-up sink; then his eyes wandered to the window, which framed a tempting and far-reaching landscape.

"No," he said, slowly. "I recken there's room for a few more 'Taint always we have a day like this; kind o' seems as if we ought to have advantage of it some way or other. I thought maybe we'd go up to the woods. It would be a good day to climb Black Top."

Dick never forgot that Sunday walk. The stimulus of the early fall air, of unaccustomed liberty and a sense of possible wrong-doing mounted to their heads, and Uncle Alonzo became no less a boy than Dick. He strode on in fine freedom; he talked of boyish escapades; he brought out his store of half-forgotten wood-lore, until Dick stared in amazement at this silent, subdued uncle, transformed in a boon companion.

The boy had never been so far afield with him before; week-days were

too busy, and Sundays unthought of for walks or good times. In the crisp air, through changing autumn woods, they walked; and a new world, as well as a new man, was revealed to Dick, for that Sunday afternoon the lad caught a glimpse of the beauty and mystery of nature, to which his young, careless eyes had hitherto been closed.

On the clear height of Black Top they rested, the horizon sweeping to a full circle before them, A look of care-free enjoyment came over Uncle Alonzo's face, as he stretched himself, in restful abandon, on the rocks. It was after sunset when the two, footsore and happy, reached home.

"We'll just take a bite and turn in, Dick," said Alonzo. "There is no time for cleaning up to-night,"

About ten o'clock Monday morning Alonzo was leaning on his front gate. Behind him, in the kitchen, was a sink piled high with unwashed dishes, an unswept floor, and many other evidences of neglect; but he heeded them not at all.

Dick was at school and all was quiet. The bright morning air brought no hint of duties undone, and Alonzo's heart swelled with an irresponsible sense of the enjoyment of the moment.

The next instant his wandering thoughts were brought back to his surroundings by the rattle of wheels.

Jason Lunt drove up the road, and catching sight of Alonzo, drew rein,

"Morning, 'Lonzo!" he called. "How you getting on?"

"Oh, I'm managing!" responded Alonzo, cheerfully. "Of course I miss ma pretty considerable. But I thought you was over to Pine Center, too?"

"Well, I was; but Dave's boy was taken sick and I thought I'd better get out. I saw Eb Lawson, where your wife's stopping, this morning, and he says Mis' Whitcomb's set on coming home to-day. She'll be along in the afternoon stage, I guess." And so saying, Jason drove on his way.

A look of dismay swept over Alonzo's face. "This afternoon's stage!" he repeated. "I thought it wa'n't till Wednesday!"

He walked up to the house and surveyed its interior. "I'll be glad to see ma," he announced to himself. "I'll be powerful glad to see her, of course! There's a good day's work here. You see I was calculating on Wednesday. I'm pretty sore after that walk yesterday, but I guess I can manage it."

He began on the dishes; it was a long and weary task.

"I didn't know there was so many!" he remarked, stopping in the midst of his labor and regarding the pile before him.

The scrubbing of the floor was pretty painful to his stiff joints, but by the time Dick came home from school, kitchen and pantry were in perfect order.

"We'll take a bite on the back door-steps, Dick," announced his uncle,

mopping his brow. "I don't want any crumbs around. Your aunt's coming home this afternoon."

Alonzo worked as he had never worked before. By half-past two, exhausted, but clean and brushed, he sat down on the steps to wait for the stage. Every trace of fire had been removed from the parlor stove; the backgammon board was stowed away, and not a hair told the tale of Wag's permitted intrusion. The beds were made with mathematical precision, the floors were swept, and the whole house was in as immaculate order as when the mistress left it.

"I guess," remarked Alonzo to himself. "I won't tell ma I was expecting her. It might spoil her surprise."

Up the dusty hill toiled the stage.

"Things aint changed much since I left," remarked Mrs. Whitcomb to herself, as she gazed on the orchard and pasture. "I expect it'll strike 'Lonzo all of a heap when he sees me before my time; but there, when any one's visited going on to four days and talked everything out, it's time to go home, I say! Besides, I must allow, I did want to see how 'Lonzo got along when he thought I wasn't looking. 'Lonzo's good, as men go—but as for housework, there aint one of them to be trusted!"

Here the little white house came in view, with Alonzo sitting on the steps in apparent ignorance of the approach of his helpmeet.

"Yes, 'Lonzo," said Mrs. Whitcomb, as she puffed up the walk to the kitchen door, "Almiry was dead set against it, but there, I wanted to get home! I couldn't rest easy, thinking how lonesome you was."

Here Mrs. Whitcomb reached the door and cast critical eyes about the kitchen. Not a speck of dust, not a disarranged dish could her searching gaze discover.

"You walk kind o' lame, 'Lonzo," said Mrs. Whitcomb, noticing his limp. "Hope you didn't set outdoors last night."

"No, ma," replied Alonzo. "I was into bed at half-past seven. I noticed I felt a little lame, but that's nothing."

"Well, I'm glad you didn't tackle that wash. I suppose you didn't get time?"

"No, ma," responded Alonzo, laconically. "I didn't."

"Well, I must say," reluctantly admitted Mrs. Whitcomb, a little later, coming from up-stairs, where she had been making a careful tour of inspection, "you've kept things pretty tidy, for a man!"

"I hope," said Alonzo to himself that night, "that I aint laying up any sin of deception to my charge. It aint any use telling ma everything. It would only worrit her!"—[*Youth's Companion.*

PERSIS SALTER.

EMMA A. OPPER.

WILBUR KNAPP and Jerry Tomlinson, classmates at Westbury College, lounged in the college library and talked.

"Say," said Jerry, "some of the freshman girls are great, aren't they?"

Jerry Tomlinson was expected to be funny; that was his specialty in the select set of which Wilbur Knapp was easily the chief. The college felt pride in having the young fellow among its students, which was due to the fact that his rich father had a fancy for educating his son where he himself had been educated.

"Jay isn't the name," said Jerry. "You can see Green's Hollow sticking out all over them. That Salter girl is from Needham's Corners. Do you know her, Knapp?"

"I've met her," said Wilbur.

"She discounts the rest of the co-eds," said Jerry. "She doesn't board; she hires a room, and cooks her own meals. She drove over here with a stove and a splint bottomed chair, and a frying pan. She does her own washing—fastens her books to the wash-board and studies while she's doing it," said Jerry, giving his humor its way. "She brought a bushel of dried corn and a bag of dried apples, and that's what she lives on. She uses tallow dips, because kerosene's costly."

Wilbur said nothing, and Jerry went on: "How about the dance? The Wheelocks have invited me to go with them in their carriage. It will save my new pumps."

"I thought you might be going horse-back, Jerry—Peter Gleason's horse," Wilbur responded. That was a reference to a recent rough, practical joke in which Jerry Tomlinson and two freshmen had been concerned, and Jerry had been prime actor.

The boys parted laughing. They went in opposite directions. Wilbur Knapp glanced into the next alcove as he passed it, and saw a girl sitting there. She was not reading her volume. Her trembling lip was bitten between her teeth, and she had the strained look of tears held back. She was Persis Salter.

As Jerry Tomlinson walked away, his mischievous fancy was playing with thoughts of Persis and Wilbur. Persis Salter and Wilbur Knapp! The contrast struck him forcibly—the richest fellow in college and the poorest

girl, the swellest fellow and the most countrified girl. Jerry let his sportive imagination loose, and by the time he had reached his room in the dormitory he had an idea.

The coming mid-year dance was the great affair of the winter. Jerry Tomlinson sat down, chuckling; chewed his pen a minute, wrote a formal invitation to Persis Salter, and signed Wilbur Knapp's name to it.

"She can't dance, it isn't likely, and she'll write him a note and refuse, and I'd like to see Knapp when he gets it!" Jerry ruminated. "He's a snob, anyway, Knapp is. He thinks he owns the college, and has a mortgage on the town. He wouldn't be seen with one of those country girls, and he'll be puzzled and angry!" He folded the note and hurried it into the mail box.

That day Persis Salter had not a minute to herself till late in the afternoon, and then she threw herself on her lounge, and wiped from her face the hot tears.

"I am a fool to care!" she sobbed. But she had a hard cry. Then she rose, lighted her lamp, and went to work with her books.

The room was homelike and bright, and strewn with girlish trifles. The tea-kettle on the stove took nothing away from the cheerful look of things, and the remainder of the housekeeping outfit was behind a screen festooned with the college colors.

Persis Salter, if she had not come to college on a basis of stern economy, could not have come at all; and her not coming at all was out of the question. She was filled with an eager ambition to get an education. She meant some time, to be, by teaching, a substantial help to her family, who worked hard and lived scantily on their stony farm.

She looked with wonder upon the young fellows like Jerry Tomlinson, who came to college in a heedless spirit, and spent their father's money freely, and did as little studying as possible. *She* was making the utmost of every advantage, and working steadfastly toward an end.

Louise Babcock came running in with her Latin books for an hour's study before supper. She had picked up a letter for Persis in the hall below, and she tossed it to her. Persis read it twice. Then she handed it to Louise Babcock, without any comment.

Louise, reading it, clapped her hand over her mouth to stop a scream. "Knapp!" she cried, "Wilbur Knapp!"

The two girls looked at each other, breathless. "I don't understand it," Persis said, simply. "I hardly know him." Two or three times he had opened a class-room door for her; once he had restored a book she had dropped, and talked a few minutes.

"You've met him," said Louise. And her flutter of astonishment subsided. She did not see why Persis Salter, sincere and sweet, and self-relying and womanly, was not in companionship his equal. She felt an unselfish

gladness, and a thrill of triumph at her sudden, unlooked-for distinction.

"Of course you'll go!" she said. "You can dance, can't you?"

"Some," said Persis. She was lost in unconquerable wonder; but a dawning pleasure filled her. It was not all for herself, either; she thought how proud a thing this would be to write home to her mother.

"We'll coach you a little. I'll bring Mary Ames over here—she's a good dancer. You'll want your white dress done up. I have a white feather fan, and I'll let you take it. Yes, I shall—you needn't say anything! Knapp!" She caught Persis by the shoulders and shook her in fresh excitement. She stayed an hour but they forgot their studying. They sat on the lounge and gave themselves up to conjecturing and discussing; in sheer girlish joy.

The next afternoon Wilbur Knapp received a note from Persis Salter. She thanked him for his kind invitation to the mid-year promenade, and accepted it with much pleasure. He had only a brief moment to give to his blank amazement, for he had to attend a recitation. Hurrying along, he pondered. "It's a joke somebody's played on her," he reflected; and his perplexity yielded to indignation. His wrath was not on his own account, but on Persis Salter's. "It's contemptible!" he said hotly.

What fellow had done it? His suspicions went instantly to Jerry Tomlinson, and when Jerry overtook him, and slapped him on the shoulder, he pulled away from him. He had no proof, and he had to hold his tongue. He had something else to say, though.

"Did you know Miss Salter heard what you said about her yesterday?" he demanded.

Jerry halted. "She didn't!" he gasped.

"She was in the next alcove; I saw her."

Wilbur went on to the class-room. Most of the sophomores were taking Professor Burrell's new course in Italian literature with the freshmen, and this was the recitation.

Naturally, the object of his most fixed attention was Persis Salter, coming in with another girl. He noticed that she was taller than the other girl, and that she carried herself well. He thought of what Jerry had said about her,—the wash-tub and the rest,—and he put to himself the question why grit was not as good a quality for a girl to have as for a man. He wanted to fling something heavy at Jerry.

Professor Burrell did not dismiss the class when the recitation ended.

"I have to speak to you," he said, "about an occurrence of last Saturday night—a piece of wanton mischief. Doctor Waterman's horse was taken out of his stall and put into the barn of Peter Gleason, a pedler, and Gleason's horse was left in Doctor Waterman's stable."

Most of the class smiled. Doctor Waterman's horse was an animal of

fine form and action, and of good blood, the pedler's, a poor, old, sway-backed rackabones.

"Doctor Waterman has suffered annoyances before from the students, and he naturally lays this at their door. He has made a complaint to the faculty. We have had poor results on former occasions," said the professor, sarcastically smiling, "from circulating papers of inquiry among the students to be signed yes or no, and the question will be put direct in all the class-rooms which I now put to you, Were any of you concerned in this affair, or have you any knowledge of the perpetrators?"

The affair and its perpetrators were an open secret among the boys. They commiserated the professor's guileless simplicity. The two guilty freshmen, being callow, felt uneasy and nervous; Jerry Tomlinson stretched out his legs and stuck his hands in his pockets and smiled.

Professor Burrell scanned the immovable faces and repeated the question sharply. "If any of you had any part in it, or any knowledge of the person or persons who did this foolish act," he said, "it is your duty to admit it."

Then a strange thing occurred. Persis Salter rose in her place. She was pale. Professor Burrell's self-possession failed him. He stared at her.

"Miss Salter?" he uttered. "We are not to suppose, Miss Salter, that you had any hand in the business?"

Nobody smiled. The expression on Persis Salter's face made every student sober; they strained their ears for her answer. "No," she said, "but I was out late that night,—I was studying with one of the girls,—and going home I saw somebody putting that old horse into Doctor Waterman's stable. And I saw who it was." Then she sat down.

She had said simply what her scrupulous conscience had made her say. There was nobody in the room who did not divine it. There was breathless silence in the room.

"I will see you privately, Miss Salter. Will you remain?" said the professor, and dismissed the class.

Jerry Tomlinson marched out with his chin in the air. Nobody but Wilbur Knapp and the two frightened freshmen ventured to speak to him. Wilbur's comment was brief.

"She'll give you away, Jerry," he said, "and serve you right!"

"Guess that's so," said Jerry, grimly. He snubbed the two freshmen. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded with scorn. "It was I she saw; you two weren't in sight. Let me alone. Scat!"

He lingered until the class had dispersed; then he went and sat down on the outside steps and waited. He drummed with his feet, and whistled; but the whistle was hollow bravado. His heart was filled with dismay.

That girl in there with the professor had a grudge against him. Even if it were one of the fellows, he could not have been sure of him; and this was a

girl—a girl he had roughly ridiculed, and who had heard him. Now she had a fine chance to pay him back—a rare chance, and she would take it. Any girl would. She could tell why she did it, and nobody would blame her.

He suddenly realized what it might mean. He had concerned himself in half a dozen pranks, some worse than this. He had done little serious work, and he was partially conditioned. It was not unlikely that the faculty might find its patience exhausted, and send him home.

He had been willing to go to the end of his tether, but he had not meant to go beyond. He thought of his father and mother,—he saw them as they would look if he should come home to them expelled,—and a wave of sickening feeling swept over him.

He sat there doggedly till Professor Burrell and Persis Salter came out and parted; then he joined the professor.

"Did Miss Salter tell you who the fellow was?" he asked; and he braced himself for the answer.

"She did not," the professor replied. "She did not see fit to do so. She had satisfied her conscience, it appears, by declaring that she knew the guilty party, and she chose to stop at that critical and interesting point. She has shown a feminine delicacy of scruple mixed in with a masculine faithfulness to college ethics. It is a singular case. I think I shall refer it to Professor Tuttle; he knows all about moral philosophy," said the professor, humorously.

Jerry Tomlinson tried to speak. He tried to make the light remark which was in order. His ready tongue failed him. He was astonished to feel a lump in his throat—a swelling and a tingling.

With a compelling impulse, he turned and faced the professor. He was scornful of himself and defiant of consequences. "I'm the fellow," he said, bluntly, "and any other girl in her place would have said so. She had mighty good reason to."

He turned off abruptly at a corner, and made for the dormitory. He broke in at Wilbur Knapp's room, and sat down on the table.

"She didn't give me away," he said.

"She didn't?" said Wilbur.

"Not a word. I've told the professor myself, though, and if I'm shipped home, I'm shipped. It won't be Persis Salter's fault. She's a great girl Yes, sir, she's great."

Wilbur whittled a pencil. Jerry fidgeted; he looked the anguish he felt. "Say! If--if you hear anything from her, if you get a note or anything—"

"I've got it," said Wilbur.

"I—see here, Knapp—"

"Oh, I knew it was you!"

"What are you going to do about it?" said Jerry. With a degree less of abasement he would not have asked it, but his pride was in suspension.

"Do?" said Wilbur. "I'm going to take her. And if you want to know it, I'm glad of the chance."

Jerry Tomlinson had a problem before him. He thought upon it at intervals thereafter, and his conclusion was unsatisfactory. Persis Salter, from Needham's Corners, was not the kind of girl he had thought she was.

She was something different, something more. And Wilbur Knapp was not, after all, a snob; he was a gentleman. He had found out what Wilbur Knapp and Persis Salter were; what was he himself? He knew several terms which he thought applied to him fitly, and he applied them all.

At the mid year dance he asked Persis Salter for her card, and took two numbers. They danced the first, and talked about the smoothness of the floor, the decorations, the mid-year examinations, the football team. The second they sat out, at Jerry's request. Every college student present had a keenly interested eye on them. For everybody had the facts now; everybody knew that Persis Salter had refused to inform against Jerry Tomlinson.

"I've got something to say to you, Miss Salter," said Jerry. "A good deal."

"Don't!" said Persis. She looked well in her crisp white dress. She was thrilled with half-incredulous pride that such a part in the great merry-making should be hers, and she had all a girl's delight in it, besides; and she brightened and bloomed.

But Jerry had his say. He got through it somehow, without flinching. He spoke of his talk to Wilbur Knapp in the library. He did not make a set apology; he felt that the case was beyond that. Persis knew what he felt, and from the sweet seriousness of her face he drew his first desperate shred of comfort.

"I owned up to the horse business, you know," he ended, "and the faculty sent me word to come and see them. If they'd found it out through you, Miss Salter, I think they'd have expelled me. I owe it to you that they didn't—that's the amount of it. Seeing I owned up, they let me off with apologizing to Doctor Waterman and Peter Gleason and promising to keep straight the rest of the year. And I'm going to. You may not believe it, but I am."

He could not have expressed it, and he did not try; but he felt that if he amounted to anything after that—and he meant to—he should owe it mostly to Persis Salter.

One thing remained a locked secret in his breast. That was the matter of his own responsibility for Persis Salter's invitation to the dance.

Louise Babcock exulted openly. In her heart she dived boldly into the future, and out of all the possibilities that might be evolved from this college episode, pounced with confidence upon that which best pleased her. It was Persis Salter, and she held that it was all natural enough, and she admired and rejoiced.—*Woman's Journal.*

"DULCE DOMUM."

IVY M. BOLTON.

HIS name is not written in the records of the great, or his life told among those of England's heroes, yet a truer hero never lived than our "little lad," the youngest and frailest of us rough boys at Winchester. So I, his friend, write this chronicle that all the boys of Winchester may learn to honor his name and perchance some other lonely lad may be made braver and truer by the story of Harold Marston.

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I well remember the day he came among us, a shy little lad, scarce looking his twelve summers, with his slight form, sweet, grave face and wonderful halo of short golden hair. How we all laughed when we saw him, yet very shame kept us from bullying him as we did every one else. Not that Harold Marston was a coward. O no! Often and often has he stood against the whole school and fought a boy double his size to prevent injustice or to save a poor dumb animal from pain. We none of us knew his story, save that he was an orphan, and Harold never spoke of himself; only sometimes when the boys sang "Dulce Domum" have I seen those dreamy gray eyes of his fill with tears, and half suspected all was not well, though the depth of loneliness he hid beneath his bright, cheery manner I never guessed.

Why he chose me, Wilfred Northingford, as a chum I know not, for I was the scapegrace of the school and five years his senior; yet between us there existed the friendship that comes but once in a life time.

We did not understand him at all, he was usually so shy and quiet, and at the time of the great Armanda we were the more astonished at his enthusiasm.

"O Will," he said eagerly one day, "if I were only strong enough to fight even one battle for my queen and country! It would almost content one to die, if one died a hero."

"'Tis not so easy to die, lad," said Giles Coleburn, an unpopular boy and one of the bullies of the school. "I'll warrant it is for reward and glory that you wish to fight. I have no patience with boasters."

"'Tis for Queen and country," cried Harold, eagerly. "It would not matter about aught else, reward or none, if one's life saved hers."

"Pshaw!" said Giles, tauntingly. "Easy enough to boast of what one could do when one is too small to perform. Mark me, Marston; if the oppor-

tunity should come you would be the first to fail. A boaster is always a coward !"

"Stop that, Giles," I began, hotly, but Harold checked me.

"Come on, Will, he's not worth minding, and maybe I might turn coward at the critical moment, as he says."

It was a summer evening, and all Winchester was rejoicing. Bells pealed from every belfry, flags waved from every house, for the Great Armanda was defeated and Queen Elizabeth was in the town.

The school was in the wildest excitement; hither and thither rushed masters and boys, reckless of everything in the general confusion; and no wonder, for at curfew Queen Elizabeth herself was coming to hear "Dulce Domum," our famous song.

Tired, at length, Harold and I slipped away to the deserted corner of the quadrangle by the postern door. Never shall I forget the beauty of that evening as the setting sun lighted up the school, glimmering on the gray old cloisters and the oak trees, making the shadows fall in deeper contrast on the velvety turf, while as we looked through the half-opened postern, the whole town, with the stately cathedral in the midst like some guardian spirit, seemed bathed in rosy glow. But the most unearthly thing of all was Harold's face as he sat there in the sunlight, with such a depth of wistful longing in his eyes that it almost frightened me.

"Hall," I said at last, "what is the matter with you to-night? You are more stupid than an owl, staring into vacancy as if you were moon-struck. Let us go in, they will begin 'Domum' in a few minutes and then hurrah for Good Queen Bess."

Harold laughed. "I am glad she is coming," he said; "perhaps she may notice you, Wilfred, and make you great and famous, as we have so often planned."

"Of all dreamers, Hal, you are the worst," I exclaimed. "Now I prophesy something very different. The Queen will be much more likely to notice your yellow curls and general moon-struck appearance, and when I am a poor scholar at Cambridge you will be a great man at the Court."

"I should rather you were famous," said Hal, rather wistfully. "I care not for the Court. I could not make it better, as you could; 'tis only home I want. O Will, I do long for it so when we sing 'Dulce Domum." You all have homes but me and I am all alone since mother died. Nobody wants me' "

"You have your uncle," I said.

"He does not want me," responded Hal. I am always in the way and his home is not Dulce Domum."

As he spoke it flashed upon me that here was the reason of certain black bruises and hours of pain Harold had endured, unknown by all save me, and I clenched my hands viciously at the thought of the man who would strike a

little lad like that. But Harold spoke again and there was a strange hope in his voice. "I shall reach it at last, Will, when my work is done, and it will be 'Dulce Domum' then, such a 'Dulce Domum' as I never even dreamed of before, and something seems to tell me that you will be great, Will, and will teach people to live nobly,"

"I teach people!" I exclaimed. "I fear not, Hal; I am not good, like you."

"O Will, you are; you are brave and good. You will never be a coward and you will ever fight for the right and you will conquer as I could never do," said Hal with strange persistency.

"You must not talk this way, Hal," I said, rather huskily. "You must help me to grow good and we will fight for the right together, and together we will have 'Dulce Domum.'"

"Yes, some day we shall have 'Dulce Domum' together," said Harold, and I marveled at the happy light in his face.

"Hark, Hal," I said, "there strikes the curfew, and even now I can hear the tramp of the guard; we must go."

"Hush, Wilfred! What was that?" whispered Hal.

"Are all here?" said a gruff voice on the other side of the high stone wall.

"All," replied another voice, in a distinctly foreign accent. "Moreover, the Queen rides with but five guards to-night and we can surely rush in and overpower them. The Armanda may be lost but its object is yet to be gained. A dagger's point to-night will more than retrieve that calamity."

I stood stunned at the words.

"Hal, Hal, what shall we do?" I whispered. "'Tis a plot to murder the Queen, and they will kill us if we try to warn her. Let us tell the master."

Harold's face was pale but resolute. "There's no time for that! She is almost here now. I will warn her," and before I had time to collect my thoughts, Hal had dashed out through the open gate. Swiftly he ran, as a hoarse cry warned him he was discovered; a sharp arrow pierced his side yet still he rushed on, on.

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The Queen was safe! Her stately composure was hardly stirred; her face, calm and unperturbed. She stood in the entrance hall of the school looking around at the knots of frightened boys, quieting them almost by her very look.

Then as a little group near the great west window attracted her attention she swiftly crossed the room to where I and the headmaster bent over Harold Marston. Her proud face softened, and kneeling beside the win-

dow seat, she rested the boy's fair head against her shoulder. But Harold never stirred.

"Is he dead?" asked the Queen.

"Nay, madam," said the grave headmaster, "but he is sorely wounded and can scarce live long."

Just then the great eyes opened and Harold looked around. "Where am I?" he asked feebly, then catching sight of me, "Oh, Will, I have had such a strange dream. I saw you great and famous; for the Queen had taken you to Court, and they said it was all through me!" Then a troubled look came into his face. "Oh, I remember now! The Queen was hurt. O Wilfred, will it never come true—my dream? Will she never make you great?"

"Little lad," said the Queen, and her proud voice trembled, "the Queen lives, for you have saved her, and will do whatever you desire."

"I saved the Queen!" cried Harold, his whole face alight with joy, "then I really did serve her, though I am too small to fight, and I am not a coward, after all."

There was a sob and Giles flung himself beside Harold. "Oh, Hal! Hal! forgive me," he sobbed, "that I ever called you a coward; you who are braver than us all."

"Don't cry, Giles," said Harold, rather wonderingly. "It is all past and forgotten now," and as Giles sobbed the more: "Be kind to him, Will; tell him I did not mind."

I threw my arm about Giles, and Harold spoke again. "Oh, Will; it's like a dream; all is well now—only—make Will great—promise to help him to be great. Oh, promise."

"I promise, little lad, said the Queen, amid her falling tears, as she kissed the broad, white brow. "Yet is there nothing you desire for yourself? Nothing?"

"Only 'Dulce Domum'" said Harold, softly. He lay back contentedly in the Queen's arms. "It is all as I wished," he whispered; "I only wanted to serve you, to die for you."

The Queen sobbed and kissed him again.

"No one has kissed me like that since mother died," he said raising his eyes full of loving reverence to hers.

Then suddenly a great light came into his face and raising himself he stretched out his arms.

"Oh Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum!" he cried joyously.

The sunlight streamed in the old west window bathing the still form and happy face of our little lad in golden glory, and as the fair head rested once more on the Queen's shoulder we knew that Harold was indeed at home.
—[*Union Signal.*

"Children of Light."

ELLA BEECHER-GITTINGS.

"I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

It was a hot July day and the door behind the pulpit of the little country church stood wide open and faced the congregation, revealing to them a peaceful landscape of undulating plain, rimmed at the distant horizon with mountains of hazy blue.

At the suggestion of the text, Florence Murton lifted up her eyes, but before reaching the hills they rested upon a rough pine bulletin board bearing in huge, gaudy letters the admonition: "Chew Battle-Axe Plug!"

With a shiver of disgust she dropped her eyes again to her open Bible, but could not readily recall her mind to the beautiful psalm. The chill of disgust was followed by a fever of indignation at the vandalism of the ubiquitous advertiser of nauseating merchandise. It was bad enough to encounter such signs in the streets and alleys of money-getting cities, but to have these restful rural solitudes disturbed by them was unbearable. Only the day before in a picnic excursion they had crossed an exquisite mountain stream in the midst of such scenery as hushes every trivial sound and rebukes each sordid thought, and lo! the sides of the bridge were fairly covered with advice to "Use Wizard Oil" "Smoke Durham Tobacco," "Drink Anheuser-Busch Beer," and so on through the whole exasperating list. Farm buildings were hideous with the black and yellow paint of these advertising fiends, and even the rocks in the mountain fastnesses were defaced by them. And now as if that were not enough, the peace of her Sunday worship must be broken by that hideous bulletin. Surely something ought to be done about it. Somebody was to blame. But "somebody" was intangible, elusive. Supposing she should try to-morrow to find out who was responsible for this particular signboard, and by what legal process, if any, it could be removed—people would only laugh at her and she would have her labor for her pains. Nevertheless, she tingled to her very finger ends with the desire to do something about it.

"Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good."

It was the minister's text and Florence pulled herself sharply together and tried to listen to the sermon. But the thought of "Battle-Axe Plug" persisted, and with it a queer consciousness that she was the illustration of

the first part of the text, and was being "overcome with evil." She felt sure that on each succeeding Sabbath she should see nothing from the open church door but that disconcerting sign. She was still thinking of it as she walked to her boarding place, along the quiet country road, so intently, indeed, that she scarcely saw Rex Bancroft approaching from the crossroad. She started visibly at the sound of his voice as he said pleasantly:

"Good morning, Miss Murton, and a 'penny for your thoughts.' Since our paths meet, may I walk with you while you tell the object of you 'brown study?' "

She could not well refuse, notwithstanding that she remembered the injunction of her motherly hostess: "I would not have much to do with that Bancroft boy—not that I know anything so very bad of him, but he's sort of reckless and scoffing and don't always keep the best of company, and he smokes cigarettes to beat anything."

There was an odor of tobacco about him now, and had she not been so absorbed, she would have seen him throw away his cigarette as he touched his hat to her. She put as wide a space between them as courtesy would allow, but the fumes were strong enough to give a hint of asperity to her tone as the answered:

"I am just returning from church, where the service has been spoiled for me by the rapacity of the tobacco trade."

Rex noted with a sidelong glance that her delicate nostrils were dilated, as if to indicate her consciousness of the taint in her present atmosphere, and he wondered if the whiff of his cigarette was really strong enough to counteract Parson Bromley's sermon. He was just nettled enough to wish to force her to plainer speech.

"I was never good at guessing riddles, Miss Murton. I'm afraid you will have to explain."

She told him of the disturbing sign and her burning desire to do something about it. Rex was relieved. He hated to think that so well-bred a girl as Miss Murton seemed, could be guilty of a personal thrust.

"Yes," he assented nonchalantly, "I often think that 'the children of darkness are wiser for their generation than the children of light.' "

The unexpected reply flashed three thoughts into Florence's mind. He had noticed and thought about the signs. He quoted Scripture. He hinted a possible remedy. Surely he was not so light headed as her landlady made him out to be.

"You mean ——?" she queried.

"Why, you see the tobacco trade, the patent medicine industry, the circus management and all the rest of them are in dead earnest. They want the public patronage and they advertise. You could not help knowing about them if you would. Take the tobacco business, for instance. Its advocates

say, Chew! Chew! Smoke! Smoke! They make out as good a case for it as they can, and placard it everywhere. Its opponents form societies and hold meetings, attended mostly by people who agree with them already, and sometimes in a gingerly, apologetic way admonish the victims themselves; but they don't come out squarely and advertise their ideas so as to compel attention. Bulletin boards, bridges and fences are as free to one side as the other, I suppose. You see that black-roofed barn over there with the familiar yellow legend, 'Use Wizard Oil?' The owner didn't care a rap for looks, and he accepted the offer of free paint for his barn. He would have let a Scripture text go on just as readily."

"But it costs a good deal to paint barns and—"

"That's just the point. There's where 'the children of darkness' have the drop on the 'children of light.' They've got the cash and it's a matter of personal interest to them—but here we are at your gate and I smell the chicken frying for dinner. Don't fret over what you cannot help—it makes premature wrinkles. Good morning," and with a half mocking smile, but courteous bow, Rex passed on.

"It's a matter of personal interest to them."

All that Sunday afternoon as Florence lay in the hammock under the pines, these words repeated themselves to her. Was that the secret of Christ's unique life? Philanthropy—or, to speak more moderately, altruism—was not a side issue, but a business, "a matter of personal interest," and He counted not the cost! Careless Rex Bancroft would never guess what a sermon in a nutshell he had preached that morning.

"My tithing money is all spent this month," she reflected, "but I suppose if I made it a matter of personal interest, I should be quite willing to use what is left of my allowance. It would not paint a barn, perhaps, but I wonder if it would put up a bulletin board—big enough to hide 'Battle-Axe Plug' from the church door at least. I wonder if Mr. Bancroft could tell me. I want to do it quietly and not talk about it much beforehand."

The next morning Rex Bancroft smiled and whistled over this note:

"Dear Mr. Bancroft:—I've thought over what you said yesterday, about the 'children of light,' and I've decided to hide that ugly sign in front of the church door. I believe you can help me if you will. If not too much trouble, will you drop in on your way from town this afternoon and let me ask you some questions?

"Pardon this liberty from an almost stranger, but it is '*Pro bono publico*,' which ought to excuse it.

"Very truly yours,

"FLORENCE MURTON."

The consultation with Rex Bancroft was followed by a visit to the trustees of the church; then a carpenter was hunted up, and more conferences were held, and all the week mysterious work went on in Florence's room,

and sometimes her fingers betrayed blotches of paint when she came hurriedly to her meals. At length on Saturday night, the carpenter, Rex Bancroft, Florence and her landlady, who had been let into the secret, spent a busy hour in the church yard, and by moonlight set up the screen which astonished the worshipers on the morrow. It pleased as well as astonished. Standing a few feet from the door, just near enough to effectually hide the obnoxious signs by the roadway, yet so distant as not to shut out the hilly landscape beyond, it was indeed a thing of beauty. A large square of white canvas stretched upon a frame, whose standard was hidden by twining evergreen vines, bore in artistic lettering done in softest shades of green:

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

The same delicate vine bordered the canvas and trailed over a mound of stones in which the screen was set. On the reverse side the passersby read:

"The Lord is good to all and His tender mercies are over all his works."

"The fear of the Lord prolongeth days, but the years of the wicked shall be shortened."

Once entered upon this work, Florence scarcely knew where to stop. She bought illuminated texts and had them placarded all about the country, side by side with the obnoxious tobacco and patent medicine signs, so that the same eyes which read, "Buy Your Calfornia Wines at ——." read also, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"Use Root Beer for that 'Tired Feeling,'" was accompanied by "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Nor did she stop with illustrated texts. She went to the still greater expense of having substantial tin plates lettered with statistics, from schools, colleges, etc., setting forth the devastating work of the tobacco habit on mind, morals and body, and these were tacked on bridges, fences and bulletin boards side by side with the advertisements of choice brands of the deadly weed. The work of posting was quietly done, often at night, and before the summer was over she had gathered about her quite a band of helpers, who, catching the nineteenth century spirit of organization, formed themselves into a club, with the letters "C. O. L."—"Children of Light."

Yet when her trunks were packed in early September and she was preparing for her return to her city home, she questioned, half doubtingly. "Did it pay? I suppose I ought to trust results entirely to Him, but I should so like to know if one single person was really helped ——"

There came a ring at the door. Rex Bancroft had called to bid her good-bye.

"I think" he said, with a slight tremor in his voice, but a steady light

in his eyes, "that you ought to know before you go, what this C. O. L. business has done for me, so I present you these souvenirs of a pleasant and profitable summer and hope you'll come again next year. Please don't look at them till you get on the cars. Good-bye. Oh! one thing more—I'll probably be in your town sometime this winter and if you don't mind, I'd like to look you up."

On the cars Florence opened the envelope Rex had given her and drew out two pledges—one the triple pledge against tobacco, alcohol and profane language, the other a C. E. pledge. Both were signed "Rex Bancroft, *nee* Child of Darkness."

Florence bowed her head upon the seat in front of her to hide the happy tears, while she whispered softly:

"Exceeding, abundantly, above all we ask or think."—[*Union Signal.*

ONE KNOWS.

LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

Not for our looks, but for our deeds, should we be prized.
The purest, fairest hearts on earth are oft disguised
'Neath homely faces, yet one knows
By its sweet breath where blooms the rose.

The Itinerant Parsonage.

C. A STEPHENS.

IF anyone had asked me, twenty years ago, to pick from all the young men of my acquaintances the one least likely to become a minister of the Gospel, I should, without hesitation, have named Jackson Williams. For Williams was a very plain youth, of a shrewd, practical turn of mind, sharp at a bargain and given to acquiring property. He was of that type of young man who eventually becomes wealthy in small village communities: he was afflicted, moreover, with a confirmed defect of speech, which in itself would seem a fatal obstacle to success as a clergyman.

At the age of twenty-two, "Old Jacky," as we called him, married Rosilla Cahill, whom we all knew as the brightest, quickest-witted girl in town, although not, perhaps, the most beautiful. In mind she was not a little like Jackson, but was more merry-hearted and humorous. In discussing, at their wedding, their prospects in life, their friends were agreed that they were certain to prosper; or, as one expressed it, "Nobody need worry about Jack and Rosy! Why, they will own the whole town by the time they are fifty!"

A few months later Jackson Williams attended a series of meetings, presided over by a great revivalist. He experienced a profond change in his convictions of duty, and determined to devote his life to the active promotion of religion. In the following autumn he began to study for the ministry at a seminary, and in due course entered on his labors as an itinerant minister.

It was suspected that his young wife was much dissatisfied with their changed prospects; but if so, she refrained from expressing her feelings, even to her intimate friends, and set herself faithfully to become a helpmeet to her husband in his chosen vocation.

The ideal, popular clergyman of the present generation appears to be a personally graceful, eloquent, emotional man. Jackson Williams was no such man. In the pulpit he was conservative and dry in all that he said or advised, and his defect of speech helped his cautious words in making him appear lacking in zeal and eloquence.

The ideal minister's wife, too, seems to be an easy-going woman of a social, sympathetic nature, not much distressed about house or home, but inclined to take life calmly and float with the tide. Rosy Williams was the reverse of that type. She longed for something permanent and stable in life, and lay awake nights planning how she might save twenty-five dollars a year

from her husband's meagre, uncertain salary. When their children, Dolly and Jackson, Jr., began to go to school, she became even more solicitous to shield them from the ill consequences of their itinerant life.

But fate seemed against her. Jackson Williams rarely remained for more than a year on one "circuit" or parish. The presiding elders of his conference had discovered his useful qualities as well as his defects as a preacher. Wherever there was a church which was financially weak or lacked a parsonage, or was in need of repairs or of reorganization, there they sent Jackson Williams.

In such a place his shrewdness, thrift and good hard sense came into play, with the result that often in a single year, always in two, the church was repaired or rebuilt, or a new parsonage erected or the church committees reorganized and stimulated to activity, as the case called for. But as a consequence of the expenditures which he got his parishioners to make on the church, he usually left to go to another similarly degenerate place, with half his small salary in arrears and his wife in despair. For there were numerous "run down" churches in our State, and the presiding elders kept my poor friend going.

At Link's Mills, where the Williamses were stationed during the year 1898, the condition of affairs had, as usual, been bad. The old parsonage had been burned in October, 1897; and after the fire it was discovered that, owing to the neglect of the church stewards, the insurance had been allowed to lapse months before.

Yet during that year Jackson Williams had contrived to get a snug little parsonage of five rooms built and paid for, at a cost of only five hundred dollars besides his own labor. On the other hand, when he went to attend the annual conference at Lancaster on April 4th, his salary was fully five hundred dollars in arrears.

Mrs. Williams stayed at home to care for her family, in some faint hope that they would not be sent to another circuit, since they had but recently moved into the new parsonage. These hopes were short-lived.

On the evening of the seventh a letter from Williams informed his wife that she must again pack their household goods. "But we have not far to move this time," he added. "It is only five miles. They are going to send me to Marston, down at the foot of the lake. But the church there has no parsonage," he added, " "and I suppose that we shall rent a house until I go ahead and build one, as I did at the Mills."

It would be difficult for any one, except an itinerate minister's wife, to realize the bitterness of soul which fell on Mrs. Rosy Williams as she refolded her husband's letter. But as calmly as possible she explained to Dolly, aged fifteen, and Jackson, Jr., aged thirteen, that they must stay at home from school on the next day to help her in packing.

Dolly burst forth in lamentations, "Our new, pretty house that papa made! Have we got to leave it, mother?" she cried.

"Yes," replied the mother, sadly, "and leave the most of your father's salary, too, I fear."

"And live in some old dirty place down at Marston, as we did a year ago at Simonton!" cried the little girl. "I don't care! I think it is too bad! I think this house belongs to us—or ought to!"

Mrs. Williams thought so, too. Something of her girlish spirit suddenly revived, and it bore fruit that evening in an exploit which will not soon be forgotten in that part of the State.

The weather was still very cold. Snow lay on the ground, and the two feet or more of ice on the lake had not as yet been broken up, or thawed perceptibly. Just across the lake from Link's Mills, a crew of loggers with their teams were "browing" spruce logs. At sunset they were not a little surprised to see the minister's wife approaching on the ice. Her errand was soon made known. She wished to hire them to draw the new parsonage to Marston, and she wanted to have the job done before six o'clock on the following morning!

The foreman of the crew laughed, and returned an evasive answer. Finding that the men could not be induced to attempt such a queer and doubtful job, merely for hire, Mrs. Williams then told the whole story, and appealed to them to help her through with her project. This appeal put a different complexion on the affair. It tickled the humor and, no doubt. touched the hearts of the lumbermen.

"We'll do it, ma'am!" exclaimed the foreman, grinning broadly. "You get your crockery down off'n the shelves and your stovepipe cool. We'll be over by nine or ten, and fetch chains and skids and a couple of logs for 'shoes' to haul it on."

The church at Link's Mill stands a little apart from the village proper, and is separated from the rest of the place by a pine grove where there is a cemetery. The new parsonage stood a few rods beyond the church. If passers along the road saw teams arriving there late in the evening, they paid little attention. Loggers' teams often passed.

The loggers worked quietly and quickly. Before eleven o'clock the little new parsonage, with the minister's wife, family and household goods still in it, started on its singular journey—first down to the lake shore, then out on the ice, and so onward to Marston, where the people were greatly astonished and mystified next morning to see it, set close to their weather-beaten meeting-house, and making it look like an old soldier who has suddenly married a very young wife!

Smoke was rising blithely from the chimney, and all curious inquirers at the door were met by Mrs. Williams in person, who cherrily informed

them that she was their new minister's wife, and brought her parsonage along with her!

The people of Marston could find no fault with such a windfall, but the people of Link's Mills were greatly agitated.

A member of the church, a farmer, driving into the village with vegetables next morning, was the first to notice the absence of the parsonage.

"Wal, I'll be planted and hoed!" he gasped. "What's missin'?"

"Brother Blodgett, d'you know our parsonage is gone?" he asked of the first person he met, who chanced to be one of the church stewards.

"Gone?" was the surprised ejaculation. "Where could it go to?"

"Dunno; but it ain't there, sartin."

The steward hastened to the church. Sure enough, all trace of the parsonage had disappeared! With dazed faces, the two then went in quest of other brethren and told the strange news. Few would believe it until they had gone to view the vacant site for themselves.

A crowd gathered, wondered and searched. It was not until nearly noon that the facts became known. Many were very angry, and a meeting of the church-members was held that evening to decide what should be done. Legal proceedings were talked of, but meantime the story had gone abroad, and the public generally applauded the exploit.

When the Rev. Jackson Williams returned from conference, Saturday, to preach his farewell sermon at Link's Mills, he was as much astonished as anybody to find his family moved to Marston, and he offered to restore the parsonage; but a certain indulgent regard for Mrs. William's "cuteness" at length led the church members to offset the house against their late minister's unpaid salary. Mrs. Williams now regards this parsonage as her own exclusive property, and has been heard to say that if their next circuit is not more than twenty miles from Marston she shall take it along with her.—[*Youth's Companion.*

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND.

ALICE A. HOLMES.

Farewell, good friend across the sea,
Our wishes warm will go with thee,
Oh, may no perils dark betide,
Thy transit o'er the ocean wide,
But pleasures sweet unmingled rise,
And scenes enchanting greet thy eyes.
Thy heart grow lighter day by day,
And sunshine cheer thy homeward way,
And when thy journey safe is o'er
And thou hast gained thy native shore,
And wife and friends and kindred dear,
Have welcomed thee with love and cheer,
And all is well with thee and thine,
And prospects fair upon thee shine,
Oh, waft to us on friendship's wings,
The visions bright that memory brings
Of thy sojourn in this fair land
Where gold rewards the willing hand;
And freedom sweet supremely reigns,
And equal rights the law sustains,
And stars and stripes in triumph wave
To guard the faithful, true and brave,
Adieu once more, forget us not,
Whate'er in future be thy lot.
But should thy heart in anguish yearn,
For freedom's land, return, return;
And she will give thee welcome true,
And thou no more may say adieu,
Her gracious precepts all obey,
And at her shrine allegiance pay.

Kruger and South African War.

EMILY P. COLLINS.

TO fairly estimate the character of Paul Kruger we must know something of the antecedents of the people from which he sprung, as he, like the rest of mankind, is largely the product of heredity and environment.

Cape Colony was settled in 1650 by the Dutch East India Company, and forty years after there was a large immigration from Holland, also of French Huguenots who came to enjoy religious liberty, as many came to America, like our forefathers, for the same reason. Cape Colony passed under British rule in 1814, but the people mostly of the Dutch reformed church disliked being Anglicized and considered themselves so oppressed that they began to leave their possessions and move northwardly to the Orange river country, while others went to Natal on the Eastern coast, but all beyond British territory. Some of the oppression of which the Boers complained was in the interest of humanity, as the freeing of their negro slaves, in whom like our southern brothers, they felt that they had a vested and just property right. This was thirty years before slavery was abolished in this country. But these industrious Dutch farmers had only got their lands well improved when a small British force landed on the coast of Natal and claimed possession. The Boers then chiefly left and moved northward and settled again, having, for three years, alone and unaided, had to fight and subdue the savage Zulus. Then Lord Napier, Gov. of Cape Colony, proclaimed the Buffalo river as the northern boundary of Natal.

This included the Boer settlements and rather than submit to British rule, they moved again. Most of them went west across the mountains into the Orange river country and others on the Vaal river.

In 1848 by proclamation the British annexed to her territory the Orange river country. The Boers thus repeatedly driven from their possessions took to arms under Gen. Pretorius, with varying success, but were at last defeated. In the meantime the native savages became so murderously hostile that all white settlers found they must unite to resist them or be annihilated. The union took place and Britain in 1854 officially recognized the independence of the Orange River Free State. The Transvaal about the same time formed a government of its own. Both of these states are republics just like our own, and just like our own there are sex oligarchies, their women all being

subjects. In 1870 diamonds were found on both sides of the Vaal river which separates the two republics. People from all countries flocked there and the next year Great Britain, against the indignant protest of the Free State, by proclamation annexed the diamond fields to her possessions, to which she had as legitimate right, as to have annexed the coal fields of Pennsylvania in our country. About the same time gold was discovered in the mountains of the Transvaal state which attracted an influx of people especially from Cape Colony. These men had no interest in the state except to fill their pockets with gold and then go home.

The Boer government would not allow the treasure of their country to be carried off without some remuneration and so the Uitlanders were taxed, a fact of which the miners bitterly complained, not having any show in the government that imposed the taxes. Some were denied the right to naturalization because they refused to abandon allegiance to their native country. The different invasions of the Free State, especially the outrageous Jameson raid into the Transvaal showed the Boers that they would be subjugated or driven out of the country again, unless they resisted the aggressors. They decided upon the latter course. Then they began building, not exactly a Chinese wall to keep out invaders, but fortifications on their frontier at strategic points, making every defense possible against the invasion so openly threatened by the Tory press and politicians of England.

Early last summer England called troops from India and began massing her regiments and munitions of war in Cape Colony, and on the frontiers next the Free State. President Kruger asked why they were doing this, Salisbury told him (in diplomatic language) "it was none of his business but he would find out." Then Kruger offered to withdraw all his troops from the frontier if the British would do the same, and then leave all their differences to arbitration. Previous to this Kruger had asked for arbitration. This was refused, but the British Government notified the Boers that it was about to formulate terms of its own for their acceptance.

The Boers waited some weeks for those terms that never came; and till the British reserves were called out, and Parliament had assembled to vote men and money to subdue the Boers. Two days after that, Kruger sent his ultimatum demanding the withdrawal of the British forces.

As no heed was paid to this, President Kruger said it was equivalent to a declaration of war by the British. So he struck the first blow, but it was in reality a defensive one for had he waited for the British to occupy all the strategic points, he would have been bound hand and foot and resistance impossible.

It needed not Lord Salisbury's arrogant and insolent late assertion to prove the fact, for it was evident from the first that the intention of England's tory government was to subjugate the Free States and reduce them to British

colonies. I know nothing of Paul Kruger's career till he was elected President of the Transvaal. His character seems to represent fairly that of the Boers as a race. Impartial writers who haveso journed among them, declare them to be an honest, peaceable, industrious people, sternly religious like our Puritan forefathers, but not so intolerant.

They burn no Quaker's tongue with hot irons, and Catholics have their churches unmolested among them. They have no laws recognizing slavery and their Kaffir herdsmen are no more slaves than our Western cow-boys.

It is a sad commentary upon the intelligence of an enlightened nation that all the suffering, ruin and waste of war should spring from the selfish greed of a few mercenery men like Cecil Rhoades who could subsidize the English press and mislead the people into an approval of this deplorable war. As "London Truth" says, "It is sad that the best blood of England should be sacrificed just to make Pretoria a Hebrew and a speculators oligarchy." Guided by a Gladstone England would have been spared the shame of this war for conquest and gold.

Advent of a Baby in the Orient.

REV. GHOSN EL HOWIE.

FOR many weeks past the professional successor of Shiphrah (Ex. 1:15) has been a frequent and volatile visitor at our house, making particular and most friendly enqniries after the condition and health of "the Sit," (the Lady), and asseverating that whenever her professional services should be needed, nothing on earth should prevent her attending upon "the Sit."

It so happened however, that when the exact time arrived she was at the other end of the town. A servant was despatched to seek her and in a short time returned with Im Abden, whose importance and profession is enhanced by the fact that she is the daughter and sister of famous priests.

It was about five p. m., when she made her way through the thoroughfare to reach our residence, and in spite of our previously repeated inj unctions and entreaties, Im Abden, either by looks or words, involuntarily it may have been, gave broad hints that she was called to attend "the Sit."

Together with Im Abden, I admitted into the house Im Michael and Im Asad whom we looked upon as 'Mothers in Israel," whose services on such an occasion might be needed. This being done I locked the outer iron gate, put the key in my pocket and feigned temporary self-imposed deafness, otherwise all the friendly and neighborly married women would have thronged us as the manner of the people is on all such occasions. We have known them to come in such circumstances in large numbers and occupy every available inch of space, not only in the house generally but even in the room where, in our judgment, the presence of anybody who is not present in a professional capacity is neither desirable nor proper. We have known some of them to bring their work with them and to be spinning, sewing or knitting, but worse than all, specially in the sea-board cities, we have known many of these friendly matrons to smoke without ceasing and in addition to the vitiation of the air generally fill the space with clouds of tobacco smoke. They talk about a variety of subjects, usually not more than five or six speaking at once, while the others listen.

Strange and harmful as such customs must appear to us, the people here regard them with complacency and when, on one occasion in a public lecture I referred to this practice disapprovingly, I was the following day remonstrated with by some of the intelligent people of the town.

At nine p. m., Theodora Spurr, our fifth daughter, announced her advent into the world in the usual way.

I knew at once that the child belonged to the here unwelcome sex, for had it been a boy, triumphant shouts, screams and even screeching of hallelujahs, inside the house and beyond the walls would have split and rent the air, again and again and this would have been a signal in some cases at least for the firing of guns, beating of drums and fifty other noisy signs of joy.

In this case however it was otherwise. The half hour following the first cries of the child was simply terrible even to recall. The four or five women in the room without a word on the part of anybody, seemed to be suddenly and terribly seized with lockjaw and by the invisible yet real power of sympathy, the dreadful spell of disappointment and gloom was extended to me. I struggled and had to struggle desperately before I could shake myself free from the bonds and influence of that strange magic, however, I did break the silence but could evoke only words of bitter regret from those friendly mothers who attended us, and soon the neighborly folks who had lingered outside guessed that the child was a girl—got them away into the town "as people being ashamed, steal away when they flee in battle.!'

Although Theodora Spurr is fifty-eight days old now and thank God is doing well; notwithstanding all that we have said and done to show our disapprobation of the feelings and views of our native friends on this matter and our endeavors to prove to them that in the long run not sex but moral worth is the standard of the human being, they still look upon us as objects of pity and actually seek to condole with us.

(The philosophy or reasons of this state of things shall D. V. be explained in a later article.)

At the age of ten or twelve hours the child is washed and salted, that is powdered all over with ground salt, sometimes, (and this only lately begun) it is washed with salt water instead of coating it with powdered salt. This custom appears to be as old as the days of Ezekiel (xvi. 4,) and even then the omission of it, that is of this salting, was regarded as a blameworthy and injurious omission.

The first few days of the baby's life it is profusely powdered with ground myrtle leaves, elsewhere, Sarah F. Howie said: "The baby's toilet is very simple. After having put on a little cotton dress, it is wrapped in a large square handkerchief made for the occasion and to a corner of which is attached a long baud, this is wrapped round and round the little form until it has the appearance of a mummy, a chrysalis or perhaps being long, stiff and straight, it might remind one of a rolling pin, a handkerchief tied round its head and a band across its forehead leaving only its eyes and lower part of the face visible. Thus "all meanly wrapped in swaddling bands," the strange little bundle is placed on a cushion by it's mother's side on the floor, exhibiting the most ancient custom and costume ever known and still extant.

Mt. Lebanon, Syria.

VERSES ON A GOLDEN WEDDING.

HELEN MARR CAMPBELL.

My lute right joyously, I tune
  To soft love-chords, that I may sing
A madrigal of life's fair noon,
  When merrily the church bells ring.

Now golden organ notes are heard,
  Like stray thoughts caught from highest heav'n;
While rapturously the soul is stirr'd,
  Of her, whose troth for aye is given.

O blessed time, Oh happy day,
  That crown'd two lives with holy peace;
Though fifty years have passed away,
  Thy rainbow glories never cease.

And so 'twill be through all the years,
  For love's true measure can't be told;
Come cloud or sunshine, smiles or tears,
  It glints, and gleams, like purest gold.

Physical Exercise for the Blind.

ROBERTA ANNA GRIFFITH.

IN a recent number of TALKS AND TALES the reference to the physical accomplishments of Helen Keller sounded the keynote, it seems to me, of much of the remarkable success of that remarkable girl, and should have set every one, who is interested in the true welfare of the blind, to wondering if the physical development of the blind, as a class, is keeping pace with the mental. During the past twenty years, many blind men and women have competed successfully, with their more fortunate brothers and sisters, and forced a prejudiced, skeptical world to acknowledge them competent professionalists, teachers, tradesmen, and laborers, in many important fields of industry; and naturally, our pride in them has given rise to thorough confidence in the system of training, which made such achievements possible; and this is right. Both the educational and the industrial institutions, throughout the country, have done a great work; and those, who have so generously devoted themselves to the cause, are worthy of all praise. Nevertheless, any one who has seen much of the blind, and studied their needs, capabilities and possibilities must admit, that with a few more advantages, in the institutions and at home, and a helping hand, now and then, when the schooldays are over, those who now succeed, would be but a small percentage of those who would be sure to make creditable places for themselves among the bread-winners of our country.

The most important of these innovations is, unquestionably, along physical lines. It is not meant by this that our schools should curtail their educational branches, in order to devote more time to the trades. I mean merely that the students should have every physical advantage possible, and that a fair portion of every day should be given to bodily exercise. The gymnasium and the playground are quite as essential as the schoolroom; and no pains should be spared, to impress each boy and girl with the fact, that their prosperity and happiness in life, depends fully as much upon their physical, as upon their mental capabilities.

The value of physical culture is too widely understood to require special mention here. The fact that it has so thoroughly demonstrated its right, to walk hand in hand, as it does, with mental and moral culture, in the best schools everywhere, and forced the business, social, and even the domestic

worlds to recognize it as a necessity, proves it too important a stepping-stone to success to be lightly regarded by those who have the real welfare of the blind at heart; for they, of all people stand in need of every physical advantage obtainable.

The blind, as a class, are hardly the equal physically, of the seeing. This is due in part, to constitutional weakness, and in part to the unnatural lives most of them seem constrained to live. In many cases the disease which caused the loss of sight caused other infirmities, or at least, left the system more susceptible to them than it would otherwise have been. In other cases, blindness itself has brought with it, such intense grief and discouragement, its victims have little heart to struggle back to the world, from which they fancy their misfortune excludes them. With by far the greater number, however, the lack of physical vigor is due entirely, to the ignorance, and to the mistaken kindness of friends, and to their failure to appreciate their own needs and capabilities. Yet, when they fully realize the inestimable personal advantages they are sure to derive from healthy active bodies, firm muscles and reliable nerves, few, I think, will refuse to strive for them.

The seeing too, the friends and associates of the blind everywhere should be taught the injustice and folly of the popular belief, that, though the blind may do some things well, their sphere of usefulness and amusement is too limited to admit of their participating in the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of ordinary people. This belief is as cruel as it is false. It has been the cause of more heartaches and failures, among the blind, than any other obstacle against which they have to contend. Indeed, it is the rock upon which most of those who have been brave enough to struggle for a chance to earn their own way in the world have come to grief; and it must be annihilated. This, however, will not be accomplished until the blind as a class are able to prove, not only, that they can do the work they seek as well as their seeing competitors, but that their loss of sight is fully made up for in perseverance, endurance and general alertness, qualities which do not thrive in sluggish blood and feeble bodies.

All the energy and brilliant achievements of those who rise superior to their condition, really do very little toward downing the prejudice against blind workers in general. They are always considered exceptions. Even those who applaud them most, are apt to think them incapable of performing the simplest duties of life. What we want is the confidence imposed naturally in other intelligent men and women; and to obtain it, we should be willing to exert ourselves to the utmost.

There is no good reason why the ordinary blind man should not mingle freely with other men, sharing most of their pursuits and pastimes, interesting himself in whatever they are interested in, and making them feel that he is one of them. Neither is there the least excuse, for any blind woman of

average ability, shrinking from society, and giving the best of her energies to fancy work and trifling nothings. There is very little about the work in most of our homes, from the cooking to the domestic sewing, and the care of the children, in which she cannot take an intelligent part; and if she will but exert herself a little, she will soon be made to feel herself quite at home in the society of her neighborhood.

These may seem very trivial things to some; but indeed, they are of the utmost importance to the blind, both as individuals and as a class. Participation in the simple affairs of everyday life will when the schooldays are over do much to secure for them the exercise without which neither mind nor body can remain healthy. It will, also, do more than anything else to suppress their peculiarities; while at the same time the personal contact in a practical way that it will necessitate with those about them cannot fail to make them better understood and appreciated. After all, is it not in the faithful performance of life's little duties that other men and women acquire strength and experience for its larger responsibilities? Why then should the blind, whose resources are so much more limited, and whose need is so much greater, not avail themselves of the same opportunities, in fitting themselves for useful members of society whatever their station in life may be.

From a Trip Around the World.

BY THE FAMOUS TRAVELERS E. AND E. AND THEIR EQUALLY FAMOUS SERVANTS S. AND P.

FIRST DAY IN PARIS.

OUR first day in Paris has given us an idea of the general appearance of the city, and the position of a few important points like the Arch of Triumph, the Garden of the Tuileries and Notre-Dame. On the second day, while we sit at our coffee and rolls in the garden of our hotel, we almost decide to go to the Exposition, till common-sense comes to our aid and says:

"If you once go inside the Exposition walls, you will never be willing to take a day off for anything else, and you will wake some morning to find that your steamer sails the next day and you know nothing of Paris except the streets between here and the gate. You may never come back to Paris, and you should see something worth remembering in the city itself." Common sense, finding us reasonably docile, goes on. "You need some standards to judge the Exposition by. Before you look at modern pictures, see some of the best that this world can give you in the Salon Carrè. Before you try to appreciate modern furniture and ornament, go to the Hotel Cluny and see what the Renaissance could do. Before you walk through galleries of modern sculpture, see the Venus of Melos and the Winged Victory. Fill yourselves with them, and then when eyes and brain can bear no more, spend the rest of the day in amusing yourselves in a river-steamer or in feeding the animals at the Jardin d Acclimatation."

We turn into the Rue de Rivoli and then down the Rue du Louvre till we come to the courtyard of a great grey building with a roof such as we call French. It is early, there is no crowd and the collections are free. There are so many rooms that it takes two hours to walk through them without stopping, and the most important thing for us to remember is what *not* to see. Unless we are Egyptologists, we can leave the long halls of Egyptian antiquities and go on to the right, where, white against a crimson curtain in a little room of her own at the end of a long hall, is the lady of our dreams—the Venus of Melos. There she is, white and still, so still, so beautiful, in the hushed room far away from the noise and glare of the streets, that we kneel before her as before a shrine, and are not ashamed of the tears that came to our eyes at the sight of her, as they came to Heinrich Heine's on his last visit to the world outside his room. We stay with her until her beauty has

begun to impress itself upon us, then without trying to look at another statue except the Winged Victory on the staircase, standing with wind-blown draperies just as she has alighted on the prow of a ship in a great naval battle, we go to the Salon Carré, the small room full of treasures, and look at whatever we are hungriest for—old friends whose faces are familiar through photographs, or pictures of whose richness of color and minuteness of detail no photograph gives us an idea. To this last class belongs Van Eyck's Vierge au Donateur, a man in the Flemish costume of the fifteenth century kneeling before the Virgin and Child. In a photograph it is dark and indistinct. In the original the colors that were put on more than four hundred years ago, are as fresh as if they were painted this morning. The Virgin wears a red robe with a border where the jewels fairly sparkle, and are painted with the greatest minuteness. The child in her lap holds a jewelled sceptre. The angel above has a blue robe and a wing shading from yellow through red-brown, and covered with peacocks' eyes.

Not far from the Van Eyck is Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa, greenish in tone, with the inscrutable smile that puzzles every one who looks at her. She kept her thoughts to herself, but she had a great deal of enjoyment out of them, and if we sit and watch her awhile with the morning light on her hair. her hands and her face, we may be able to form a theory about what was the secret of that smile.

The great Veronese, the Marriage Feast at Cana, is the largest picture in the room. It is a splendid Venetian feast of the fifteenth century, with nothing sacred to appeal to one's religious sense, the figure of Christ and the Madonna being almost unnoticed among the crowd of gorgeously attired figures, which are portraits of sovereigns of the time, and the great painters who were the artist's friends. In the foreground among them are musicians, children, a negro slave or two, and dogs. The eye is carried back through rows of columns to a balcony, where there is another group of feastus and a tall tower stands out against the blue Italian sky. An effective use was made of such a balcony in the setting of the wedding-feast scene in the Taming of the Shrew at Daly's a few years ago.

There are pictures by Raffaelle, too, that we see for the first time to day. His Madonnas are often insipid and uninteresting, and La belle Jardiniére in the Salon Carré is not one of the greatest. The two larger pictures, one in another room, are both types of the victory of good over evil. One is St. Michael slaying Satan, the other St. Margaret coming unharmed from the jaws of a dragon.

"In going down the long hall leading from the Salon Carré one's attention is caught and held by the sweet blooming face of the little Spanish Infanta Margarita, as Velasquez saw her more than two hundred years ago, when he fixed her lovely childish beauty on his canvas, to delight for ages all

who shall see it. The little maid stands smiling in her quaint gown, her right hand resting on the table by her side, while the other holds her gloves. Her soft light hair is tied at one side by a rose-colored ribbon. The texture of the hair is beautifully rendered, as is also that of the round face with its large blue eyes and pretty mouth. The dress is white, with stiff black lace trimmings, relieved at the neck and wrists by knots of rose-colored ribbon like that in her hair. Chains of gold are about the neck and wrists and across the front of the dress. Nothing more simple and sweet can one find, hunting through all the rooms of the great old palace, than the portrait of this little princess, whose brief history can be summed up in very few words. The daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, she married at fifteen the Emperor of Austria, dying in 1673 at the early age of twenty-two. One of her descendants figures in history as a claimant to the Spanish throne in the war of the Spanish Succession." We have seen this morning six pictures and two statues, every one of which will give us pleasure to remember all our lives. We shall not weaken the impression they have made on us by looking at more, and we go out into the hot sun that glares on the yellowish-white building stone of Paris, and after luncheon take a cab for a franc and a half to the Hotel de Cluny, a relic of old Paris, in the richly decorated architecture of the sixteenth century, now used as a historical museum and full of furniture and ornaments of the time. How near it brings Mary Queen of Scots to see the "White Queen's Room," which was her's when she won the white weeds of a widowed queen of France!

In another room is an interesting collection of state coaches, sleighs and sedan chairs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The museum is full of furniture, pottery, tapestries, ivories and goldsmith's work, from which an historical imagination can reconstruct life in Paris four hundred years ago. The building adjoins the site of a Roman bath, probably erected about A. D. 300.

We stay in the Museum till it closes at five, and then, for we are not far from the Seine, go to the nearest bridge and take a little river-steamer full of a merry French middle-class crowd. We go as far as Anteiul, beyond the suburb of Passy, where Benjamin Franklin once lived, and back through the sunset to dine and stroll on the boulevards.

Sketches, from Our Exchanges.

STAR DISTANCES.

PROBABLY you know that the stars are suns, and that they look like mere shining points of light because they are so far away. The nearest is so far that a cannon-shot fired in Adam's time from the Garden of Eden, and flying continually with undimished speed, would even now hardly have started on its journey. It would be as if a train bound for another town had just pulled well out of the station

On a summer evening you may see Arcturus high up in the south or southwest in June or July, and father down in the west in August or September. You will know by its red color. That star has been flying straight ahead ever since the astronomers began to observe it, at such a speed that it would run from New York to Chicago in a small fraction of a minute. You would have to be spry to rise from your chair, put on your hat and overcoat and gloves and go out on the street while it was crossing the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Liverpool. And yet if you should watch that star all your life, and live as long as Methuselah, you would not be able to see that it moved at all. The journey it would make in a thousand years would be as nothing alongside its distance.

Many, perhaps most, of the stars are really much larger and brighter than the sun. Canopus, as it appears to us, is the second brightest star in the heavens. It never rises in our nothern latitudes; to see it well you would have to go at least as far south as the Gulf States. Although it shines to us only as a very bright star, it is really thousands of times as bright as the sun. If our earth should fly as near to it as it is to the sun, the whole sky would seem to be ablaze, and everything combustible on the earth's surface—forests, houses and fences—would be burned by the fervent heat as if thrown into a hot fire. But the distance of Canopus is immeasureably great, so that astronomers have not been able to learn anything certain about it. The most interesting conclusion from this is that Canopus, although it is only a star in the sky, is really thousands of times brighter than the sun.

Canopus is not the only star of which this is true. Rigel, in the constellation. Orion, is a star of the first magnitude; yet its distance is beyond all that the most powerful instruments of astronomy can fathom.

There are now about sixty stars of whose distance astronomers have been

able to get some idea. The distances of a few of the nearest of these have been measured with some approach to exactness, but the farther a star is, the harder it becomes to secure exactness in such measures.

THE LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama Islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three-story house. It is usually known as a ceiba, or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree. For no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty buttressed trunk of the ceiba. In the hurricane of last spring all the palms and many of the other trees of Nassau were overturned, but the great hurricane tree, although it lost all its leaves, did not lose so much as a branch. Its trunk throws out great curving wing-like branches, some of them twenty feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches throw a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer hundreds, even thousands, of people gather in the cool of its shadow. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present and even the oldest negro in the island cannot remember when it was a bit smaller.

BREAD OR BEER.

"Bread is strength, beer is weakness." There is in the United States every year about sixty-five million (650,00,000) bushels of grain used in making beer. The grain will weigh on an average about fifty-three pounds per bushel, which will make forty pounds of bread; so that the sixty-five million bushels of grain would make thirty-nine hundred million loaves of bread that will weigh one pound each. If we employ one hundred bakers to bake this bread, and each man can make one hundred loaves every hour working ten hours a day, it will take the one hundred bakers one hundred and seven years to bake the whole batch and have them work three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. If we hire two men with a horse and cart to haul them to the station, each man hauling away one thousand loaves for ten hours every day, it will take both five hundred years to haul them to the station. Suppose one hundred men should eat one loaf at each meal, and have three meals a day, it would take them over thirty-five thousand years to eat the whole batch of bread that would be made from the grain which is destroyed to make beer for the United States one year. Talk about hard times! Close the

saloons, breweries, and distilleries, and four-fifths of the poverty, misery, pauperism, and crime would disappear.

Of adult persons in this country, one in every fifteen is a drunkard. Eight drunkards die every hour,—*The Crisis.*

DRIFTWOOD FROM MANY SEAS.

ONE of the greatest curiosites noted by travelers in Alaska is the wonderful haven of driftwood on the coast between Yakatag and Kyak Islands, some twelve hundred or fifteen hundred miles northeast from Seattle. The constant deposit of logs and driftwood in this particular spot, which has been going on for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, is due to the phenomena of the tides, the Pacific gulf stream, the mysterious ocean currents, and the peculiar formation of the shore lines at that point. Logs and timbers are readily identified there as having come from Japan, China, India and other parts of Asia, as well as from California, Washington and other parts of the American continent. There are fine logs of the camphor tree, the mahogany, the redwood and the pine in this driftage. Some of those from the state of Washington contain the names of the men who felled the trees and the sawmills for which they were destined but never reached. Logs eight feet in diameter are in this novel woodyard, and some entire trees 150 feet long are there, uplifted by the roots, cast into the sea by some terrible tempest and sent floating round the world. Other persons on the beach descry big trees floating shoreward, with fantastic roots above the waves; like some sea monster. One beach after another has been formed by the floating timbers, and a little distance back from the shore the deposits are so old that the wood in some places is petrified while a little deeper in the earth it has turned into coal. The newer logs are without bark and as hard as stone, due, it is thought, to their long immersion in salt water. They have all taken on a whitish appearance. In places the timbers are piled twenty feet high; at other points they rise to a height of only four or five feet.

Under this wonderful beach is found large quantities of dark ruby sand, rich in fine particles of gold, for the separation of which no successful process has as yet been discovered.

SACRED THORN TREE.

SIX miles northwest of the quiet little episcopal city of Welles rises a lofty peak, called by the Celtic natives of west Britain a "tor." It is conspicuous for miles around, with the tower of an ancient chapel on its top and with a neat little country town and the ruins of a noble old abbey.

Sufficient evidence remains to show that the abbey was of vast proportions occupying in all 60 acres of ground. It was founded by Saxon kings and further endowed by the Normans and Plantagenets. The grand chancel and its fine chapels were built in the finest style of later Norman architecture,

but now little more than crumbling walls and pillars testify to the once great beauty of the abbey.

The porch of St. Joseph's chapel however is in a fair state of preservation. Outside there grows the famous Glastonbury thorn that blossoms but for one day in the year, and that Christmas day. This tree has a strange history.

During his long journey from Palestine, St. Joseph of Arimathea visited the district, he and his twelve companions having been sent by St. Philip, the apostle, to convert the then heathen nation of Britain and to cast out the Druid superstition.

St. Joseph and his followers found their way to Glastonbury, then known as "Yhiswytryn." They were all a-weary, and arriving on the summit of the hill, Joseph, who was using a hawthorn stick as a walking staff, stuck it into the ground, and it burst into bloom. The present Glastonbury thorn is an offshot by continued grafting of St. Joseph of Arimathea's walking staff.

HOW ELIZABETH WAS DRESSED.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S love of sumptuous apparel indeed grew with her years and the leading fashions the courts of Europe furnished her with designs for new dresses, which she would continually cast aside for others such as her fancy might suggest. On all occasions she dressed in the richest costumes, adorned with brilliants, precious stones and jewelry of the rarest workmanship. Even in her old age she continued to dress like a young girl, afraid of nothing so much as of being thought old. "Upon the subject of her personal beauty she would smilingly accept the most extravagant flattery," says Carte, "however fulsome it appeared to everybody else." When Paul Hentzner saw her, she was in her sixty-seventh yrar. Being a German, he observed her with an eye wholly unclouded by any sense of reverence for the divinity which hedges round a monarch. Indeed he was so ungallant as to jot down in his notebook that Queen Elizabeth wore a wig, and that red! He goes on to remark that she had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops and that the bosom was uncovered.

She was dressed in white silk bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads. Instead of a chain she had on an oblong collar of gold and jewels. He adds that "wherever she turned her face every one fell upon his knees"—an act of homage which on state occasions had been paid to her father, and Elizabeth never forgot or allowed others to forget that she was the daughter of Henry VIII.

SUCCESSFUL BLIND PEOPLE.

F. E. CLEAVELAND.

In this department, which is dedicated to the cause for the advancement of which this periodical is published, we hope to serve a double purpose. We wish first to call the attention of the seeing world to what it is possible for blind persons to accomplish.

Second, to have this knowledge, by means of the thoughtful kindness of our subscribers, reach the sightless everywhere and stimulate them to make the most of their lives.

Every blind man or woman, young or vigorous, with a favorable opportunity may become self-sustaining. The right amount of perseverance will command the opportunity. All who wish to know what is being accomplished to increase the methods by which blind people may become independent are invited to open correspondence with the American Association to Promote the Education and Employment of the Blind, 3124 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply.

Mr. Clarence Hawkes of Hadley, Mass., a picture of whom appears in this issue, has been blind since early boyhood. He was educated at the Perkins Institute at South Boston and while studying there also read law with a Boston lawyer and attended a school of oratory. Five years of over study left its mark on his health and being physically unable to apply his acquired knowledge in any of the ways he had intended, he took up literary work.

While at Perkins he had edited the Echo, a paper pubiished by the students, with marked success, doing original work both in prose and poetry. This suggested to him a literary career in which he has already made a name for himself and his published works promise a brilliant future. He is a good speaker and has had many flattering press notices of his ability in that line. He lectures on literary subjects and recites from his own poems. At one time he took fourth prize among two thousand competitors for the prizes offered by the Magazine of Poetry. His poems show a surprising knowledge of human character, depth of sympathy and keenness of mental vision. Mr. Hawkes is exceedingly fond of fishing and is an expert at this sport. *Forest and Stream* says of him: "One thing is certain, and no less remarkable, that few habitues of the mountain streams which thread his native hills in

northwestern Massachusetts are more deft in casting the fly or worm, or handling a captive fish and bringing it to creel. We can conceive it to be simple enough for a blind man to sit in a punt and fish over the side with a hand line, but trout fishing enlists more active faculties. This marvelous gift of young Hawkes, which seems to centralize and stimulate all the remaining senses to supply the one destroyed, is certainly inexplicable; and it applies to all his walks and pursuits in life. The loss of his eyesight seems rather to enhance and intensify the pleasure which the other perceptive faculties afford."

In 1895 Mr. Hawkes' first volume of poems, *Pebbles and Shells*, appeared —and won instant favor with both the press and the public. From the Literati in all parts of America came letters of congralulation and appreciation. Among the first to express their approval of the work of the newly found genius were Mary E. Wilkins, James Whitcomb Riley, George W. Cable, Charles Elliot Norton, Julia Ward Howe, followed by a host of others. Rarely has it been accorded a volume of poems to succeed like this one even in these days of large editions.

In 1896 came *Three Little Folks*, from the same pen. This volume soon took a place with Stevenson's *Garden of Child Verse*, and Eugene Field's work in a similar vein. In Mr. Hawkes' child verses one always feels that it is really the child speaking, and not the adult. These original and dainty little poems, sparkling with childish conceits, are great favorites with the little folks, by whom they are recited at school, and for entertainments by children.

In 1897 appeared, *Idyls of Old New England*, which is a fine study of the quaintnesses of rural New England, especially of the life that is rapidly passing away. The other day, the author was the recipient of a letter from a New England woman whom illness has exiled to Italy. She wrote that the possession of Mr. Hawkes' book, in which the people that she had known in the Home-land, lived again, made it much easier to be exiled and so far from all that she loved.

In 1898 Mr. Hawkes published, *Songs for Columbia's Heroes*, which was dedicated to our second regiment. This is a volume of ringing war poems some of which have been set to music, and sung at patriotic gatherings. These poems fairly teem with martial spirit, and as a critic has said in reading them one can fairly smell smoke, and hear the rattle of the musketry.

With his usual tireless energy Mr. Hawkes has just nearly completed a new volume of verse which will appear this autumn, and it is also whispered that two volumes of stories and a novel are under way. Last October the young poet suffered the irreparable loss of his mother, and as he touchingly says, "It was her hand, that corrected my proof sheet and scanned my first copy, and her noble, and heroic life that first inspired me to write."

But there is a silver lining to Mr. Hawkes' cloud, as is frequently the case, for last autumn he was married to Bessie Bell, the daughter of S. R. Bell, a young lady of noble ideals and refinement, a lover of truth and beauty, and an artist of considerable talent. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes have much in common and many of her exquisite pen and ink illustrations adorn the pages of his books. Together they take long carriage drives over the Hampshire and Berkshire hills, but they do not like to be for too long a time away from their ideal home in Old Hadley where on its grand old street, beneath its benificent elms, the very spirit of poesy dwells. On other occasions, in company with some friends Mr. Hawkes takes long fishing excursions into the country. The morning walk to the post office is always taken in company with Master Frisky, a bright Scotch collie of whom the author is very fond. The dog knows that his master cannot see, and will stand upon his hind legs and bunt his head into Mr. Hawkes hand to let him know that he is along. Many amusing stories are told of this dog and they will some day probably be put between covers.

If the reader of this sketch ever finds himself in Old Hadley, let him call on the young author and hear from the poet's own lips, the story of his struggles against perverse fate in the face of terrible misfortune, unto a position of the highest honor and true helpfulness to his day and generation.

Katie McGirr is a blind deaf mute now about twenty-two years old. She has been educated at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. In many respects she equals Helen Kellar. She shows much talent and has written very acceptably for publication. She has studied arithmetic, history, geography, physiology and many of the higher branches and is proficient in them. She knits and sews a little, but literary work pleases her the best and her time is largely spent in reading and writing.

She is a dear, sweet girl and seems to enjoy life and understand it in spite of her seeming limitations.

There is a colored man in Shelby, Miss., who is employed at the station of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valey R. R. Of itself this fact is not surprising but the colored man is blind—totally blind. His name is Marshall Bright, and notwithstanding his limitation, he attends to the business of a railroad porter faithfully and well. He handles freight, puts out switch lights, and coals freight cars as correctly as any person could do who is blessed with good sight.

In fixing the switch lights in the evening he adjusts the flame of the lamp by passing his fingers over the blaze. His sense of touch is so acute that he can tell just when the lampwick is properly adjusted.

Bright has been employed around the station for a number of years, and although he is constantly around the railroad tracks he has never had but one mishap. Several years ago, before he became thoroughly familiar with the trains, he was brushed off the track by a slowly moving train. He was not hurt, though, by the accident.

Still another name can be added to the already long list of blind men who have made successes of their lives in spite of what seems to sighted people to be an almost overwhelming limitation. Mr. Gabriel K. Wood, of Pittsford, N. Y., although blind for many years has during that time been self-sustaining. He was depot agent for many years after he became blind and is now in charge of the telegraph office in Pittsford doing efficient work and carrying along the business as satisfactorily as a sighted person could do.

Telegraphy is an occupation particularly suitable for a blind person, as experts depend entirely upon the hearing.

The Problem has this to say of the Rev. I. A. Wilson, a young blind man who is making a success of his life: "No biographical sketch of a young man can be wisely written. The work they have done cannot be accurately estimated while they are yet actively engaged along similar lines. A few bold facts may be presented in the case of Mr. Wilson, however, without any risk of error or contradiction. * * * Mr. Wilson was born in Ohio, July 2nd, 1868, and lost his eyesight through measles and carelessness of physicians while his character was yet in the formative period.

He spent some time at the Ohio School for the Blind at Columbus, but came to Kansas when eighteen entering the Kansas School for the Blind to complete his education, being graduated in the spring of 1889. Following this he entered the Fulton-Trueblood School of Oratory at Kansas City, Missouri, and for several years occupied himself as a public entertainer. His ministerial career dates from the summer of 1894."

As a clergyman, Mr. Wilson has been very successful and makes friends wherever he goes or in whatever circumstance he is placed.

Catherine Schlosser, a blind young woman of New York City has been recently visited by many musicians of note who all predict for her a brilliant future as a musician. Miss Schlosser became blind when she was four years old. She was sent to the New York Institute for the blind to be educated and then her intense love for harmony was encouraged and she received instruction in music in addition to the general course of study. After leaving the Institution she spent her entire time at the piano. At the death of her father her piano was necessarily neglected as it became imperative that she earn something which she did by knitting baby sacques for a wholesale firm for

nineteen cents each. Later she sold the articles to individuals for $1.00 each and was thereby enabled to earn so much that she could spare some time for practice again.

Perseverance had its reward when she was asked to play by a wealthy woman who purchased several of her sacks, and all the pent up music in her soul burst forth, displaying her remarkable talent. The blind girl lived a new life after that, for her generous patron gave her encouragement and assistance in many ways. She was enabled to practice seven hours a day, and soon made up what she had lost during the dreary time of her almost hopeless poverty. Suitable books of music and instruction for the blind were given her, and she benefitted by the splendid musical training and experience of the woman who had become so interested in her future. Last fall a concert was arranged for Miss Schlosser at Chickering Hall, and her début before the musical public was considered a great success.

Since then she has made a little money playing at musicales in the homes of people to whom her patron presented her, and by teaching children the rudiments of piano playing. Miss Schlosser's great success in this latter capacity may be due to the gentle sympathy natural to her, or it may be due to the interest and curiosity of the pupils, who always boast of their "dear blind teacher." It is most interesting to see her give a music lesson. The child has an ordinary copy of what is to be played, and the teacher a duplicate of the piece prepared for the blind. With sensitive fingers she touches the raised points and follows the music as quickly as does the pupil. During the lesson the blind girl's hands frequently feel the position of the arm, hand and fingers of her pupil.

In this way the piano has been paid for, the mother has been relieved from much arduous labor, and the little home boasts of many newly acquired comforts.

CLARENCE HAWKES, A BLIND POET.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Their Own Names.

I knew a charming little girl,
Who'd say,
"Oh, see that flower!"
Whenever in the garden
Or woods she spent an hour.
And sometimes she would listen,
And say, "Oh, hear that bird!"
Whenever in the forest
Its clear, sweet note she heard.

But then I knew another—
Much wiser, don't you think?—
Who never called the bird a "bird,"
But said the "bobolink,"
Or "oriole," or "robin,"
Or "wren," as it might be;
She called them by their first name,
So intimate was she.

And in the woods or garden
She never picked "a flower,"
But "anemones," 'hepaticas,"
Or "crocus," by the hour.
Both little girls loved birds and flowers.
But one's love was the best;
I need not point the moral,
I am sure you see the rest.

For would it not be very queer
If when, perhaps, you came,
Your parents had not thought worth while
To give you any name?
I think you would be quite upset,
And feel your brain awhirl,
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"
But just "a little girl."

—*A True Republic.*

PET FROGS.

MRS. M. M. BUCKNER.

JOE and Meg were going to plant a rose-bush, and their mamma went to see that it was properly done, while little Grace leaned over the piazza railing and looked on with deep interest. Meg held the bush and Joe began to dig the hole.

"No, Joe, not so close under the eaves." said mamma, and she took the hoe to mark the exact spot where the bush was to grow. The very first chop she made unearthed a toad that looked for all the world as if he felt as a boy would on having the covering suddenly jerked from over him on a cold morning, before it is near time to get up.

"Let me kill him, mamma, quick, give me the hoe before he hops under the house."

But his mamma was putting the earth back carefully over the surprised toad.

"You must never kill frogs, Joe, they are very useful to destroy insects."

"But mamma, we don't want any ugly toads making their beds among our flowers," cried Meg.

"Yes, let him stay. They are friends to the flowers, because they eat the bugs and worms that would injure the flowers. Don't you remember the pet frogs that 'Mudder, used to have in her pit, that she said helped take care of the plants?" But the children were so young that they had forgotten about their grandmother's frogs and clamored with delighted anticipation to hear about them. Joe hurriedly trampled the ground around the bush and Meg poured on the last of the water to settle the earth closer about the roots. Then they all went to sit in the pagoda summer house, baby Grace toddling after them with wide-open, blue eyes, asking very earnestly:

"Did you pant de toady fog back in de dround, mamma?"

"No doubt the frogs jumped into the pit during the hot weather, when they were in quest of a cool retreat and being unable to get out made it their home."

"What did they find to eat there?" inquired eager Joe.

"They ate the mosquitoes that are found in such shady places, where it is damp for a long time after rain and I think they managed to catch enough insects to live on, as no starved frogs were ever seen there. Probably they might have depended a good deal on the feast of the flies that they had quite often. Your 'Mudder' remembered how they had caught the spiders and other insects destructive to plants and instead of having the flies emptied into a hole and buried, she would tell the boy to pour hot water over the wire net traps, so that the flies could not escape and then she would take them herself to the pit and call, 'Frogs, frogs, come froggies' and out from behind and under pots and boxes about a half dozen frogs would come hopping, looking up expectantly and when the flies were shaken from the traps into the pit they would devour them as greedily as pigs would corn.

Everybody who saw the frogs said, they were very funny looking pets and thought it wonderful how they had learned the voice of their friend and were not afraid to come out from their hiding places when she called them."

Fairfax, S. C.

TWO REAL PEOPLE.

Many suppose "Mother Goose" to be an imaginary personage, but she was a real woman, and her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born in 1655, married Isaac Goose in 1692, a few years later became a

member of the Old South church of Boston, and died in 1757, at the age of 92, Her songs were originally sung to her grandchildren. They were first published in 1716 by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet of Boston.

The "Mary" that "had a little lamb" was Mary Elizabeth Sawyer, a Massachusetts girl, her lamb was one of twins, forsaken by an unnatural mother. Mary took it home and cared for it herself. They became fast friends, and when Mary started to school her pet missed her very much, so one morning it followed her. At school she tucked it under her desk and covered it with her shawl, but when she went out to her spelling class the lamb trotted after her. The children laughed wildly, and the teacher had the lamb removed from the room. On that morning a young student named Rawlston was a visitor at the school. The incident awakened his poetic genius, and a few days later he handed Mary the first three verses of the poem. He died soon after, ignorant of the immortality of his verses.

The lamb lived many years and met death by the horns of an angry cow. Mary's mother spun its wool into yarn, from which she knit her daughter a pair of stockings. Years passed and the stockings became yellow with age. Finally Mary ravelled them out, cut the yarn into bits, fluffed it out, sewed it to cards, and after writing on them verifying the genuineness of the yarn, sold them to secure money to help save the Old South church of Boston. These bits were sold for fifty cents and the editor of TALKS AND TALES has a picture of knitted yarn from the first fleete of Mary's Little Lamb—and also a picture of Mary, who owned the lamb, and one of the house in which Mary lived. The editor will he glad to show these pictures to all the little readers of The Children's Department of TALKS AND TALES, who will come to the office.

A BAND-OF-MERCY DOG.

When the gray cat had five kittens nobody supposed that rough old Major, the black dog, took any interest in the fact, but we don't know everything there is to know.

Thinking five too large a family, the cook drowned all but one kitten, and Mrs. Cat decided that she would have all or none, and so she went away and left the little, helpless ball of fur.

All the afternoon a man heard it crying, but he thought that puss would return. The next morning when Delia, the cook, was busy getting breakfast, in came Major from the stable, carrying carefully between his teeth the little gray kitten, which he placed gently on the floor at Delia's feet, and then he stood wagging his tail and looking up with pleading, friendly eyes, which said as plainly as words:

"Do please take care of this poor waif and feed her."

Delia understood and cared for the poor little motherless kitten, for the cook could not be less kind than a dog.

Don't you agree with me that Major is a Band-of-Mercy dog? Anyway, he wears a beautiful white star on his breast, and that you know, is the Band-of-Mercy Badge.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"To our silent heroes," little Willie read from the memorial bronze. "Popper, what are silent heroes?"

"Married men," said popper.

———o———

When a woman sails down a city sidewalk carrying an umbrella on a rainy day, every man who meets her begins to duck as soon as she appears in sight.

———o———

Sillicus—"You can't tell much about a man's financial condition from the clothes he wears,"

Cynicus—"No; you must see his wife's."

———o———

Pie should be always eaten with a fork alone. If you can't get through the bottom crust without a knife, you will be better off to leave it, even if you are at a neighbor's house.

———o———

She—"What a relief this conservatory is after that crowded ball-room. I felt as if I were being crushed to death."

He—"Yes, it was rather close."

She—"But I feel perfectly safe here with you."

———o———

A new boy in a printing office asked an apprentice what his rule of punctuation was: "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a comma; when I gap, I insert a semicolon; when I look at the clock I use a capital, and when I want a drink I make a paragraph."

"Wiggins—"Whose umbrella is this? It looks like the one I lost."

Higgins—"I don't see how it can, for I scraped the handle and altered it generally."

———o———

Hicks—"Did you see that scandalous story about Jenkins in the paper this morning?"

Wicks—"Why, no! I'll send out and get a copy right away."

———o———

"Mrs. Crowder has been president of your club a long time."

"Yes; none of us could call her to order, so we decided that we might as well let her regulate the rest of us."

———o———

"You say that the defendant passed the yard and whistled to the dog?" interrogated the attorney.

"Yes, sah," replied the witness.

"Then what followed?"

"Oh! Why, de dog, ob course."

———o———

Mack—"Did you give him back his ring when he broke the engagement?"

"Of course. But I queered him with the next girl he gets engaged to. I took the diamond out and had a paste imitation set in its place."

———o———

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was.

"Yes'm" replied one little fellow, "he was a poet."

Beth had never before seen a house with an ornamental fence around the roof. "My!" she exclaimed with wide-open eyes, "if they haven't trimmed that house with edging."

———o———

Magistrate (to witness)—"I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife."

Witness—"Yis, sor."

"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

———o———

Butterly—"Magnificent, sir! There are scenes in your comedy that Shakespeare himself could not have written."

Dapter—"You are too kind, really."

"Not at all, sir. Take, for instance, that railroad smashup in the third act."

———o———

Hix—"He patented an appliance to enable a girl to play two pianos at a time."

Dix—"Did he make anything out of it?"

Hix—"Yes—he made a move out of town. Neighbors threatened to mob him."

———o———

"Miss De Scord's piano playing always reminds me of a certain Scriptural injunction."

"What is that?"

"She does not let her left hand know what her right hand doeth."

———o———

"I hear that your husband is very sick, Aunt Dinah."

"Yes'm."

"Nothing serious, I hope. His condition is not critical?"

"Critical!" I should say he wuz. He ain't satisfied with nuffin'."

"I wonder if angels smoke?" remarked Meersham, as he filled his pipe and applied a match.

"I think not," replied Mrs. Meersham, "but according to tradition the other fellows do."

———o———

"I don't know what Smith does with his money."

"No?"

"No, I don't. Yesterday he was short, and he's short again to-day."

"Did he want to borrow from you?"

"No, hang it. I wanted to borrow from him."

———o———

"I suppose," he said as they undulated around the hall, "that my mother would be awfully worried if she knew I was here. She thinks it a terrible sin to dance."

"Oh, never mind," the girl said, "you are not doing anything of the kind."

———o———

Early one morning little Helen became restless and crawled out of her tiny bed. "What are you doing, Helen?" called her mother.

"I is lookin' for a match," was the reply.

"What do you want with a match?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I just want to light the gas to see if it's daylight," answered Helen.

———o———

Said the famous general to his chief of staff: "Are the correspondents ready?"

"They are, sir!"

"Have they been informed that I have my new uniform on?"

"Yes, general."

"Have the photographers done their duty?"

"They have, sir."

"Then let the battle be called off."

SELECTED MATTER.

Smile Whenever You Can.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread the morrow,
And thus bespoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you,
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind—
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined,
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse),
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whene'er you can.

—*Selected.*

IN Ithaca there are ruins which are generally known as the Castle of Ulysses. Although cyclopean walls with gate openings are found, and the site, which is 400 feet above the sea, was adapted for the residence of a pirate chief, many archæologists have been doubtful whether the identification of the place should continue to be accepted. Dr. Dorpfeld has been provided with funds to undertake a more thorough exploration of the ruins than has hitherto been attempted. Several years ago he examined the island of Ithaca and fixed on a site in another part of it. He has since come to the conclusion that the residence of Ulysses is not to be found there, but in the island of Leucadia or Santa Mora and near the town of Leucas, which some have identified as the Homeric Nericus. Leucadia, it will be remembered, has poetic associations, for from one of the cliffs Sapho committed suicide. She was passionately in love with a beautiful youth named Phaon, and as she failed to obtain a return of affection, she is said to have thrown herself from the promontory under the belief that those who took that leap would be cured of their love, if not destroyed. In some ways Leucadia corresponds more closely with the description in the Odyssey than does

Ithaca, but it will undoubtedly be difficult to persuade scholars to abandon such an ancient tradition.

A SERIES of experiments has recently been carried out in France by Messrs. Vallot, Jean and Louis Lecarme to determine whether aerial telegraphy can be carried out between the earth and a balloon which floats freely and without earth connections. The ascent was made by M. Vallot, who took the receiving apparatus in the balloon, the transmitter resting on the ground. The experiments seem to demonstrate that the earth wire is not indispensable for transmission under these circumstances, as when the balloon was elevated at a great height the signals were received clearly, even though the two masts were pointing in the same direction. The experiments also show that the difference of potential between the two posts does not appear to influence the reception of the signals, thus confirming the previous experiments in this direction made on Mount Blanc.

THE South African war has taken away so many farm hands, that much difficulty is experienced in feeding cattle. Consequently, the London Daily Mail says, they are to be fed by electricity. At several of the leading agricultural shows this season an electrical feeder will be shown, which, by means of an alarm clock, will supply animals with food at any hour required. The services of an attendant are entirely dispensed with.

A TELESCOPE was recently being tested at the Bausch & Lomb Optical Works, at Rochester, N. Y., and it was turned on a bridge and the observer saw a young thief take a tub of butter from a wagon and conceal it. The police were telephoned to and the thief was captured as he was attempting to carry away his prize a few hours later. This is an interesting use of the telescope.

THE first printing press ever set up in Montreal was that which Benjamin Franklin placed in a vault in the Chateau de Ramezay, in 1775, for the printing of manifestoes to excite Canada to rebellion. The press was afterward removed to this country, but the vault is now being restored to its original self and a table will be placed in it to memory of Franklin.

ONE of the great Christian Endeavor tents used in this country by the Endeavorers was shipped to London, where it was raised in Alexandria Park. The main auditorium for the London Christian Endeavor convention seated over 12,000 people. The platform had room for a choir of 2,000 voices.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, who is now over eighty years old, wrote the other day to the nurses of the Cape of Good Hope Red Cross Society expressing a regret that she was chained to her room by sickness and could not go to nurse the sick.

RUSSIA'S new battleships are lined with asbestos.

THE twentieth century will have 24 leap years, the greatest number possible; three Februaries with five Sundays each, and 380 eclipses. Though the unexpected will happen frequently in the next hundred years, the events mentioned may be counted on with a reasonable degree of confidence.

CLERGYWOMEN are now ordained by the Universalists, Unitarians, Congregationalists and some orders of Methodists and Baptists. They were always accepted by the Quakers. The last census puts down the number of women clergy in this country at 1,235, and it is constantly increasing.

RICE forms the principal industry of Siam. There are twenty steam rice mills in Bankok, and, although the first one in the country was started by an American, of these mills to-day four are European and all the rest are owned or managed by Chinese.

A SYSTEM of kindergarten is to be established as part of the public school system of Havana, Cuba, and Miss McKnight, of New York kindergartens, has been appointed to take charge of these organizations.

BEFORE the daily newspapers are exposed for public reading in the Leicester (England) free reading rooms, the betting columns of each paper are covered over with strips of paper so that it is impossible to read them.

IN the cocoanut palms of the Philippine islands small pearls have been found, which, like the true pearls, are composed of carbonate of lime. Opals have also been found in the joints of the bamboo.

THE governor of Georgia says that he has found from careful investigation that 83 per cent of the inmates of jails and prisons in that state have never been in Sunday school.

APOTHECARY shops with women clerks are not only becoming more common in Russia, but they are said to be specially favored by physicians and the public.

SO great has been the improvement of storage batteries of late that, according to an English engineer, a car now requires 500 pounds of cells that two years ago needed 1000 pounds.

AN eminent civil engineer says enough water passes through the streets of New York to supply 10,000,000 people, but most of it is wasted.

IT takes the tusks of 75,000 elephants a year to supply the world's piano keys, billiard balls and knife handles.

IT is asserted that one hundred million people lived and died in America before Columbus discovery.

IN 1850 Texas raised 58,072 bales of cotton. Now she raises 12,000,000 bales annually.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GLOBE-TROTTERS.

CHINA: — The real situation in China, especially in Peking, remains wrapped in mystery. That the members of the legations are being menaced, and possibly massacred as reports state, there can be no doubt, for no word, despite all efforts on the part of the several governments to communicate with them, has been received. Tien Tsin, where the allied troops have succeeded in reaching on their way to the relief of Peking, was the scene from July 5th to 8th of a constant bombardment by the Chinese, firing of foreign settlements and massacring of inmates. The international army was unsuccessful in driving them off until July 9th, when headed by the Japanese troops they repulsed them and entered the city. The Chinese suffered great loss in these engagements, and many fell from the ranks of the Japanese, Russian, British and American detachments. Hereafter this city will be made a base for supplying the allied army. From various sources, news has been received of the concentration of the Boxers, lead by Prince Tuan, father of the heir-apparent and a bitter anti-foreigner, in and around Peking. It is thought that their intention is the extermination of all foreigners in Peking, legations included. The unofficial report of the massacre of the inmates of the legations on July 6th, has been denied by the Chinese, and especially by Li-Hung Chang. He has started northward toward Peking to try by personally assuming control to bring matters to a peaceful settlement. Reports are rumored that he is, despite all appearance to the contrary, the instigator of the present trouble, and that he is suppressing all news concerning the Peking atrosities. On July 20th Secretary Hay of the State Department had the happiness of informing the people of the United States that he had received a cipher dispatch signed by Minister Conger. This is in answer to a telegram sent by Secretary Hay on July 11th, and transmitted through Wu, the Chinese representative at Washington, to Minister Conger. He states that the foreigners are all in the British legation, and are under constant bombardment by the Chinese troops, and if immediate relief is not sent, there will be a general massacre. The powers will make strenuous efforts to reach them in time to prevent such a disaster. Although the dispatch was undated, it is concluded that it was sent July 18. The Chinese invasion of Siberian territory has been completely checked

by Russian troops, and no further trouble in that direction is anticipated. The Boxer uprising is gradually spreading south, and even uneasiness is felt around Shanghai for the safety of foreigners. A circular has been sent to the Powers by the United States stating her attitude toward China. It is in brief that the United States does not consider herself at war with China, and after the present uprising has been overcome, will endeavor to solve the solution of the safety of foreigners hereafter on Chinese soil, and preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity.

THE PASSION PLAY.—One of the attractions in Europe this summer, second only to the Paris Exposition, is the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Oberrammergau as its name indicates is the upper valley of the little Ammer Creek. It is located in the Bavarian Alps nearly twenty-eight hundred feet above sea level. The Passion Play originated in 1634, as the fulfillment of a vow which had been taken the preceding year by the good peopel of the village, when the great plague which had been ravaging Europe reached out to Oberammergau for its victims. Every ten years, so they promise, a representation of the Saviour's mission and sacrfice should be given. It has suffered several interruptions, the last one occurring in 1870 when the news of the declaration of war between France and Germany reached Oberammergau in the midst of a presentation. The performance was immediately stopped and not continued till the following year. The play is divided into three parts; part one one covers the period from the entry of Christ into Jerusalem to His being taken on the Mount of Olives; part two, the period from Jesus before Annas to the condemnation by Pilate; and part three, from Via Crucis to the glorious Resurrection. The great climax is the Ascension scene. Each of the seventeen scenes of these three parts is preceded by one or more living pictures, showing its Old Testament prototype. The part of Mary is to be taken this year by the sweet-faced eighteen-year old Anna Flunger, daughter of the village postman, Magdalene is to be represented by a bright, fresh, pretty girl, Bertha Wolf, daughter of an inkeeper. Martha is the black-eyed black-haired, red-cheeked Anna Schwall. The Judas of 1890, the painter and decorator, Johann Zwink, because of his excellent interpretations at that time and his unchanged appearance, plays the same role again this year. The youthful John of 1890 again assumes that role. The choice of a Christ must have given the Committee little difficulty. Anton Lang, Jr., not of the family of wood-carving fame, but the son of a stove-maker and following his father's trade seems to have been the one person of the village looked upon by all as the Christ of 1900. It is said he was chosen because he has the ideal Christ head, beautiful hair and beard, and fine blue, soulful eyes. Such are some of the young people in whom Oberammergau is trusting for this year's production of her Passion

Play. The influence of this play on the lives of those who have taken the chief parts in it has been a sweetening and uplifting one, working out a gentleness, simplicity, loveliness and purity of character such as are rarely met with in these latter days.

HOBOKEN FIRE.—The fire at Hoboken piers on Saturday, June 30th, exceeded in its horrifying extent any disaster of its kind that has ever visited this country. It broke out among some cotton-bales stored on Pier No. 3 of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Once started the fire leaped from pier to pier and from vessel to vessel with inconceivable rapidity, and in less than fifteen minutes covered an area a quarter of a mile long, extending from the several shorelines to the bulkheads, from 600 to 1,000 feet away and caught four great ocean liners and over thirty smaller crafts in its grasp, putting in peril at least 1,500 lives and property worth over $10,000,000. Lying at their piers at the time were the Saale, the Bremen, the Maine and the famous Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, the fastest ocean steamer afloat, which luckily escaped destruction, by being moved out into the open river by tugs just in time. The other three vessels were unable to clear themselves from the flames in which they were held until they were reduced to ruins and scores of souls had perished. The most thrilling sight of all was that witnessed when the blazing ships were set drifting down the river, as if in a vain effort to find a refuge from the awful fate so fast overtaking them. The shores, wharves and buildings on both the New York and New Jersey sides were black with people, few then realizing or knowing of the frightful tragedies that were being enacted on board the doomed ships. Great praise is due to the firemen, the police and many citizens of Hoboken, who came promptly to the scene and labored heroically to save life and property. The Saale still lies sunken off Ellis Island. The Bremen and the Maine are imbedded in the mud near Weehawken; all three look like men-of-war destroyed in battle. The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse has sailed. Where the North German Lloyd and the Thingvalla line piers stood, ragged and jarred stumps jut from the water. Plans are being formulated for the erection of new piers of steel and stone instead of the former antiquated wooden structures.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—A total eclipse of the sun, a very rare phenomenon, took place May 28. The belt of totality extended from New Orleans to Norfolk but was confined to a narrow path. The weather was very favorable for observation. All along the path were stations where parties had gathered with telescopes, cameras, and spectroscopes. Totality lasted but a few minutes, but as the moon crept between the earth and the sun, Mercury, Venus and a few bright stars could be seen. The corona was visible extending on one side of the sun like an enormous fish-

tail and on the other side in the shape of a long pointed streamer. It was blueish green in color, but also has a silvery line. The eclipse proved to be of great scientific interest, as it was observed by many trained astronomers and many valuable photographs were taken.

SCIENCE.—From June till October of this year, Drs. L. W. Sanborn and G. C. Low, two English physicians are to live in a mosquito-proof hut in the most malarious part of Italy. Their theory is that malaria is contracted by the mosquito. If they appear well and strong at the end of the four months they will have shown the truth of their theory which may save thousands of lives. Frederick Adams of New York City has invented a train which he calls the "wind-splitter." It is being practically tested by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It reduces to a minimum atmospheric pressure thus increasing the speed of the train. A new system of telegraphy has been invented by which signals are given by means of rays from an arc lamp. Rays of short wave length are used. These rays are sent out from the sending station to the receiving station where they produce electric waves by which the signals are made visible as sparks, or, if preferred, may be printed by Morse apparatus.

Glimpses of Good Books.

Of *Idyls of Old New England*, by Clarence Hawkes, Hezekiah Butterworth says, "Such work as this is near to the people's hearts; in such poems the old home, its elms, its purple swifts, its flaming orioles, its orchards, meadows, and groves, and all the sacred habitude of social and domestic affection come back again. We hear in these poems the long gone voices of childhood: the natural story-teller lives again, the pine logs light the hearth, and the tales of the heroes of old cause a hush to fall on the candle-lighted room. But it is the simplest forms of the hardy life of the New England pioneers that make the picture most touching and true. The old oaken bucket, the red school-house, the birds whose home was in the dooryard trees, the ancient clock, the wayside orchards, the guidepost, —in such pictures his volume is happy; the incidents appear that make Old New England live again. There are patriotism and sacred influence in such work, and the public may well bless and make prosperous the pen that brings out of the past such memories."

To give our readers a glimpse of this good book we will quote some of the delicious bits which it contains.

THE FARMER'S ALARM CLOCK.

There is 'one clock I never hev ter wind,
It runs month in, month out, all through the year;
Each morn at four I'm allus brought ter mind
By cock-a doodle-doo, from chanticleer."

PRAISIN' GOD.

"At morn I think when all the woods are ringin'
The birds are praisin' God for warmth an' light,
An' then ag'in at night when they're a singin'
They're askin' him ter keep um through the night."

GOD IN NATER.

"The further off we humans git
From nater an' her sod,
The further off we air from truth
An' holiness an' God."

A NEW FLOWER.

"Once pickin' wild flowers with my Cousin May,
A Boston gal, I chanced ter step one side;
'Ah! here's a woodchuck's hole,' I said. She cried,
'O, pick me some of it for my boquet!'"

EARTH'S ANGELS.

"I hold this true, ter be an angel fair
Up yonder where they don't hev no despair,
Ain't half so big as 'tis ter be a man
Down on this earth where you must toil an' plan."

NATER'S PALACES.

"I.ve seen some places in Boston town,—
I 'low on um I really wouldn't frown,
But I could gaze a week an' then not see
All of the beauties in an ice-bound tree."

FOOTPATHS.

"A sidewalk allus makes yer walk jest so,
The Cop, he keeps yer ever on the go,
But cowpaths wind around by knol-an' tree,
Just as my fancy kinder pulls on me,'

HOW BE YER?

"I don't gin much for city ways
O 'ginnin' a hand shake,
This takin' hold o' people's hands
As though you thought they'd break;
I like to hev um grip my hand
Like 'twas an ax or plow,
An' gin my arm a wrench an' say
How be yer, anyhow?"

A pretty sentiment so the "Lily of the Valley,"—

"Ladder to Heaven, says a fable old,
By which the fairies climb to bliss untold.
Ah! could dull mortals shake off life's despair,
And climb to heaven on so rich a stair."

And another "The Seige of Fate,"

"Lay siege unto the citadel of fate,
With shot and shell grind down its massive walls
By day and night, until the fortress falls,
And e'en thine enemios shall call thee great."

A happy title, "Rowen,"—

"Some men don't git beyond the rowen state,—
They are kept down by envy, pride an' hate,
Yet think for noble manhood they can pass
When they are really hidden by the grass."

There are many long poems in the book which are fine and which show exquisite delicacy of feeling, notably "New England," "My Dog," "Song of the Ploughman," and "The Deserted Homestead." In a lighter vein but equally faithful are "The Ole Meetin-House," "The Height of Fashion," "What Air Our Statesmen Comin' Ter?" "Gettin' Hum," and many others. The variety of subjects and the artistic treatment of them is surprising when we remember that Mr. Hawkes has been blind since boyhood and much of his knowledge of nature must be intuitive.

Idyls of Old New England is charmingly illustrated by Bessie Bell and R. Lionell De Lisser.

Bessie Bell is now Mrs. Clarence Hawkes and the charm of her illustrations will add to the value of any future publications of her poet husband. Mr. Hawkes is a young man and we may look for much more work

from his facile and graceful pen.

He has published a book of verses for children, *Three Little Folks* which we shall notice later.

Idyls of Old New England contains 154 pages and can be obtained from the author, Hadley, Mass. Price, elegantly bound, $1.00.

"There is nothing in Literature more interesting than the story of a human life. Indeed, almost everything written or printed, describes Man, or the relation to him of things and events.

* * * * *

In *Dark Shadows*, we have really two Autobiographies in one: that of a boy who can see, and that of a man who is blind. We have the joyous, adventurous life of a youth, with senses practically unimpaired, endeavoring to make his way in the world,—taking with keen relish the joys of young life—and then all of a sudden' the curtain falls, the scene changes, and a blind man is before us. You have sometimes wondered how you would feel—what you would do—if you were suddenly struck blind. You shut your eyes: the panorama of varied and interesting views disappears—as if it were snatched away by the figure of destruction. You may imagine *this* to be a realization of blindness; but it is not. You know and feel that at any moment you can raise the eye-lids, heal this self-imposed infliction and draw the world back. You awake at night, perhaps; all is dark around you, you participate in Nature's temporary blindness. But you can still gaze from the windows, * * * you can look forward a few hours to the glorious morning, when the mysteries will all be an open book."

"Little wonder, that the author, at first 'envied the lowest reptile that could see'; that in the first writhings of his new and terrible agony he 'clutched with a trembling hand the unsheathed dagger of suicide.' But Hope was still visible;—she can creep even within blindness, and always may be seen with the eyes of a brave heart. She was faithful to our friend, she made him think he could recover his sight. As is often her way, she deceived him—yet it was for a useful purpose. In his efforts to be cured of his malady, she led him to a humane and God-inspired Institution for the Blind, where there were others who conld sympathize with him because in the same condition as himself, where those who could see would kindle his ambition and tell him that the sightless need not keep away from the ladder of endeavor and achievement. and where even the blind could 'lead the blind' not 'into the ditch' but toward the mountain-tops."

"The author has amid all the trials and fatigues of travel found time to write several successful books in prose and verse, he has composed both words and melody to a number of popular songs, and he has made a reputation for himself as a gentleman, a scholar and a good and valuable citizen of our country.

He has shown a spirit of self-helpfulness, and that, upon a high, progressive and noble plane.

He has had sorrows and misfortunes, but rose from them every time using the true receipt for success, honest and courageous toil, and an abiding faith in the Great Parent of All.

As a fellow-student and personal friend of Mr. Fuller, and certainly as a citizen of the United States and a member of the great human family, I would ask all who have the opportunity to buy this new book-product of his pen, feeling that they will get their money's worth and at the same time assist God to keep one, who in spite of the most terrible misfortune still toils on bravely and helps himself."

Such is Will Carleton's Introduction to the book "Where Dark Shadows Play" by Mr. Harvey A. Fuller, the Blind Lecturer. The book can be obtained from the author at Hillsdale, Michigan. Price, $1.00.

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